MEMORIES OF A REAR-ADMIRAL

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Yours truly
W. B. Franklin

MEMORIES

OF

A REAR-ADMIRAL

Who has Served for More than Half a Century in the Navy of the United States

BY

S. R. FRANKLIN

REAR-ADMIRAL U. S. NAVY (RETIRED)

ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK AND LONDON

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THIS VOLUME

Is Dedicated

TO

THE MEMORY OF MY ESTEEMED FRIEND

THE LATE

ADMIRAL C. R. P. RODGERS

WHOSE CONGENIAL COMPANIONSHIP REMAINS
ONE OF THE PLEASANTEST MEMORIES
OF MY LIFE

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PREFACE

Having read with great interest the Biography of Charles Biddle, edited by Mr. Henry Biddle, of Philadelphia, and having had occasion to write to the latter concerning some matters about which I happened to know he was well informed, I referred to the work above mentioned, and told him how much genuine pleasure the perusal of its pages had afforded me. In his reply, after most kindly giving me the information which I desired, he said: "As you have probably yourself been so much around the world, you ought to leave some record of your travels and adventures, which I doubt not would be very entertaining and interesting."

Such an idea had never occurred to me before this suggestion; but when I reflected that I had served between fifty and sixty years in the Navy of the United States—that I had been Commander-in-Chief of the European Station, Superintendent of the Naval Observatory, Chief of Staff to commanding officers on several different occasions, President of the International Marine Conference, member of the International Meridian Conference, had served in two wars, had roamed about the globe since I was sixteen years of age, and met many distinguished and interesting people—I concluded that there might be some incidents in the experiences of all

those years that would make it worth while to commit them to writing.

When first I undertook what has been to me a most agreeable recreation, I was not at all sure that I ever should publish this narrative, but was satisfied that it would, at all events, make interesting reading for the members of my family, even if it never went beyond the manuscript.

The narrative contains the names of the following persons, with many of whom I have been intimately associated, and others I have known only casually:

Admiral Farragut; Admiral Porter; Admiral Worden; Admiral Dewey; Admiral Sampson; Admiral Luce; Lord Alcester; Admiral Denman, R.N.; Admiral Kaznakoff, Russian Navy; Vice-Admiral Sir Yelverton Hastings, R.N.; Vice-Admiral du Petit-Thouars; Rear-Admiral Bowden-Smith, R.N.; Rear-Admiral Sir George Nares, R.N.; Commodore T. ap Catesby Jones; Captain Mahan; Captain Sigsbee; ex-Secretary W. E. Chandler; President Arthur; President Cleveland; President McKinley; Pope Pius IX.; Pope Leo XIII.; the Emperor Alexander II., of Russia; the Emperor Alexander III. and the Empress Dagmar; the Emperor of Brazil; the King of Portugal; King Oscar, of Sweden, and Queen; King Christian, of Denmark, and Queen; the King and Queen of Greece and the Royal family; the Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Hamid; the Khedive of Egypt; the King of Hawaii, Kamehameha V.; Queen Emma, Queen Dowager of Hawaii; Liliuokalani, late Queen of Hawaii; Frederick, Prince Royal of Prussia, afterwards German Emperor, and his wife; the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh; the Duke of Connaught; Lord Lytton; Sir Edward Thornton; Sir John Adye, Governor of Gibraltar; Sir Lintorn Simmons, Governor

of Malta; Sir Charles Hall; Secretary Blaine; Mr. E. J. Phelps, Minister to Great Britain; Mr. John Lee Carroll, ex-Governor of Maryland; Mr. David A. Wells; Mr. John C. Ropes; members of the Adams family; members of the McLane family, etc., etc., etc.

S. R. Franklin,
Rear-Admiral, U. S. Navy.

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MEMORIES OF A REAR-ADMIRAL

CHAPTER I

Ancestry—New York in the Early Days of the Republic—Reception of President Washington—Old Merchants of New York—Lincoln and Stanton.

My great-grandfather, Thomas Franklin, was one of several brothers, members of an old Quaker family which resided in the City of New York during the days of the Revolution. Their ancestors settled in and about Flushing, Long Island, many years before that period. Walter Franklin, brother of Thomas, and my ancestral uncle, seems to have been the most prosperous of the brothers. Mrs. Lamb, in her history of the City of New York, speaks of him as a merchant engaged in the Eastern trade—said to have had as much wealth in Russia as in America. He built and occupied what was considered in those days perhaps the finest house in New York. It stood on what is now Franklin Square, and this Square, named for him, is said to have been the site of his gardens.

Two of Walter Franklin's daughters married brothers — De Witt Clinton and George Clinton. When General Washington went to New York to be inaugurated as the first President of the United States, the

house of Walter Franklin was selected for the Presidential Mansion, and was occupied as such for about a year. The accompanying letters will be found interesting as describing the preparations made to place the house in a suitable condition to receive His Excellency, and also to show how he was met by the citizens of New York in the simple methods of the early days of the Republic.

Kitty F. Wistar, to whom the following letter was addressed, was born in 1768, the third child of Caspar Wistar and Mary Franklin, who was the fourth daughter of Thomas Franklin (born January 20, 1703), who married Mary Pearsall in 1726. The Sarah Robinson who wrote the letter was a Franklin who married Rowland Robinson, of the firm of Franklin & Co., in the Eastern trade.

"New York, 30*th of the Fourth Month*, 1789.

"I feel exceedingly mortified and hurt, my dear cousin, that so many of my letters to thee have been miscarried. I have certainly written as many as half a dozen since thee left New York, although thou acknowledgest the receipt of but one, which almost discourages me from making another attempt, so uncertain is it whether it will ever reach Brandywine, but I cannot entirely give it up, as I am assured they afford you pleasure. I received thine of the 4th, and was pleased to hear you are well, and that my dear uncle and aunt talked of making a New York visit. I shall wish for a wedding in the family often, if it will bring such good strangers; so, my dear, insist on it, and do not let them disappoint us; we promise ourselves a great enjoyment in their company. . . .

"Great rejoicing in New York on the arrival of General Washington; an elegant Barge decorated with an awning of satin, 12 oarsmen dressed in white frocks and blue ribbons went down to E. Town last fourth day to bring him up. A stage was erected at the Coffee-house wharf, covered with a carpet for him to step on, where a company of Light horse, one of Artillery, and most of the inhabitants were waiting to receive him; they paraded through Queen street in good form, while the music of the drums and the ringing of the bells

were enough to stun one with the noise. Previous to his coming Uncle Walter's* house in Cherry street was taken for him, and every room furnished in the most elegant manner. Aunt Osgood† and Lady Kitty Duer had the whole management of it. I went the morning before the General's arrival to take a look at it, the best furniture in every room, and the greatest quantity of plate and China I ever saw; the whole of the first and second story is papered, and the floors covered with the richest kind of Turkey and Wilton carpets. The house did honour to my aunts, and Lady Kitty, they spared no pains nor expense on it. Thou must know that Uncles Osgood and Duer were appointed to procure a house and furnish it, accordingly they pitched on their wives as being likely to do better. I have not done yet, my dear. Is thee not almost tired? The evening after his Excellency's arrival there was a general Illumination took place, except among friends [Quakers] and those styled Anti-Federalist. The latter's windows suffered some, thou may imagine. As soon as the General was sworn in, a grand exhibition of fire-works is to be displayed, which is expected to be to-morrow; there is scarcely anything talked about now but General Washington and the Palace, and of little else have I told thee yet, tho' have spun my miserable scrawl already to a great length; but thou requested to know all that was going forward. I have just heard that William Titus, of Woodbury, is going to be married to a sister of Uncle Bowne, mother of Thomas Bowne, who I believe thee knows; Eliza Titus, her husband, and father, and mother, spent the evening with us last sixth day. Eliza is much altered since I saw her, is much thinner and plainer. Marie de Courcy, too, has been in the town a fortnight, she made her home at Uncle Osgood's, but was a great deal among us all; she is about making a little tour into Connecticut, on a visit to a friend Lucy Ball, with Joseph Bull, who is now in town. Our families are all well, Hetty is still with us, Rowland and the girls' love to you. Accept mine, my dear cousin, and write soon, to thy affectionate cousin.

"SARAH ROBINSON."

"Uncle Walter" Franklin was born in 1727, the oldest child of Thomas Franklin and Mary Pearsall. His house was between Cherry and Queen Streets (now

* Walter Franklin.

† The widow of Walter Franklin, who married Dr. Osgood. Her maiden name was Maria Bowne.

Pearl Street), and he was senior partner of the firm of Franklin & Co.

The letter addressed to Samuel Rhoades was written by the grandparents of the Kitty Wistar to whom the Sarah Robinson letter is addressed. Their son Thomas, who did marry Mary Rhoades, was their fourth child, born in 1734. Thomas Franklin was the great-grandfather of General W. B. Franklin, Admiral S. R. Franklin, and Colonel Walter S. Franklin.

"New York, 12 *mo.*, 20*th*, 1763.

"To Samuel Rhoades & Wife:

"*Dear Friends*,—As our son Thomas has for some time past acquainted us of his Love and Good Esteem for your daughter Mary, and we, conceiving a good opinion of her and family, were well pleased with his choice; but hearing it was a strait with you to part with her to come to this place, we could but sympathize with you in the affair, so were silent in the case on that account. However, he informs us that you have left her to liberty, and she has turned the scale for coming, we desire it will be made easy for you, and hope we shall always have a paternal care for her and conclude you are sensible. There is that attractive Power of Love in all hearts that can make one in the best part if adheared to; if this should be the happy case, then it will be a Great Comfort to us all. Tho' we have thus far expressed our minds, we know not what may happen between the cup and the lip, as the saying is, but shall contentedly submit all to the Great Director of all Good, and subscribe with love unfeigned to you and to your Dear Daughter Mary in particular.

(Signed), "Thomas Franklin,
"Mary Franklin."

From the autobiography of Mary Robinson Hunter, a daughter of Sarah Franklin and William T. Robinson. Mr. Hunter was our Minister at Rio when this was written:

"Rio de Janeiro, 6*th December*, 1845.

"My mother's grandfather on her father's side was a wealthy farmer of the State of New York, born of an English father and a Dutch mother. They had a large family of sons, of whom my grand-

father was the youngest, and two daughters. Of five sons I can speak, having known them all as a child, and all treating me with overweening love and indulgence. James, the eldest, followed the occupation of his father, and inherited the homestead. He married a lady of high breeding, who used to come down from the country once a year to visit the families of her husband's brothers, who were settled as merchants, three in New York and one in Philadelphia. I well remember the awe her presence inspired among us children ; the rustling of her silk, and her high-heeled shoes making her figure more commanding, and the reproach her never-ending knitting cast upon us idle and indulged children.

"Walter, John, and Samuel resided in New York. They inherited large fortunes from their parents, which they put into trade, and the produce of China and other countries was wafted to our shores in their ships. Walter retired with an immense fortune from the firm, lived in the style of a nobleman, and drove an elegant chariot. On an excursion to Long Island, driving by a country-house, he saw, milking in the barn-yard, where thirty cows had just been driven in at sunset, a beautiful young Quaker girl. He stopped, beckoned her, and asked who occupied the house. With great simplicity, and without embarrassment, she replied, 'My father, Daniel Bowne. Wilt thou not alight and take tea with him?' My uncle accepted the invitation, introduced himself, was well known by reputation. He conversed with the farmer on the appearance of the farm, on his fine cows, etc., but not a word about the fair milk-maid. Presently the door opened, and she came in to make tea for the 'city friend,' when her father said, 'Hannah, this is friend Walter Franklin, from New York.' She blushed deeply, finding he made no allusion to having seen her before. The blush heightened her loveliness. She had smoothed her hair, and a fine lawn kerchief covered her neck and bosom. After three visits he asked her in marriage, and the fair maid was seated by his side in the chariot, on her way to take possession as mistress of the most elegant house in the city, in Cherry Street, near the corner of Pearl. She had a numerous family of beautiful daughters. They swerved from the simplicity of Quakerism, and became worldly and fashionable belles. The eldest, Sally, married a very wealthy man by the name of Norton, I believe of English birth, who was heir to an immense fortune, left him by a Mr. Lake, who lived near New York. The second, Maria, was the wife of De Witt Clinton. The third, Hannah, married his brother, George Clinton. They all had children. Their mother was left a widow just before the third daughter was born — my uncle Walter

dying, and leaving a rich young widow, and twenty thousand pounds to each of his daughters. His widow afterwards married a very respectable Presbyterian named Osgood, who had some post under Government—commissary of the army in Washington's time, I believe. She had a number of children by Osgood. The eldest, Martha, married a brother of the famous Genet. My uncle Walter's house is now the Franklin Bank, named after its builder and owner.

"I cannot remember the maiden name of my uncle John's wife, for it is of him I am now speaking, but when he married her she was a widow Townsend, with one beautiful daughter. She owned and lived in a house at the lower end of Cherry Street. Well do I remember the delightful parties assembled at this hospitable board, and now and then, as a great favor, taking turns with my brothers and sisters in going with my parents to one of Uncle John's oyster suppers. He was of a joyous, happy temper, and loved to tease children. He used to tell me how he pitied me for being so homely, all in good-humor and irony, but it would wound my budding vanity. He had a large family of sons and daughters, all plain in person. His son Thomas is, or was, well known in New York as an active, flourishing man, where his sons have succeeded him — Marius, William, and some others, now on the stage of life. My uncle Thomas Franklin [great-uncle] settled as a merchant in Philadelphia, and left many children. His son Walter was an eminent lawyer in that city, and an accomplished, amiable man. Thus I have given an outline of my grandfather's brothers. His two sisters are now to be brought forward. Sally, the eldest, married Caspar Wistar, of Pennsylvania, one of nature's noblemen—a farmer living on the Brandywine, of German parentage, as his name designates. He lived in great luxury and hospitality, and had several children; his eldest daughter, Sally, married a merchant of Philadelphia, by the name of Pennock. Another favorite daughter, highly gifted in intellect, married late in life a Mr. Sharples, and had two sons, one named Caspar. They married, I believe, two daughters of Bishop Onderdonk, but of this I am not quite certain; one, I know, married a daughter of his.*

"My grandfather's second sister, Mary, married a Colonel De Lancey, of French extraction. His father, I believe, came from France. I remember him as a little girl; he did not love children, was of a morose disposition, and I trembled when I heard him ap-

* Caspar Wistar Sharples married Elizabeth, and Abraham Wistar Sharples married Anne, both daughters of the Rt. Rev. Henry Ustick Onderdonk, Bishop of Pennsylvania.—S. R. F.

proach, in a red velvet cap and brocade dressing-gown and slippers, when I was playing about, whilst on a visit to my aunt on Long Island. They had only one child, a daughter, beautiful in face and person, and with much French sprightliness and *naïveté*. She married, at thirty, a Mr. Staples of New York, and had, like her mother, but one child, a daughter.

"I now proceed to my maternal grandfather, Samuel Franklin. While on a visit to his brother Thomas in Philadelphia, he became acquainted with and married Hester Mitchell, a young girl of an excellent Quaker family. One of her sisters married into another Quaker family, named Parish, of whom Dr. Parish, so justly celebrated as a skilful physician and a true Christian, is a member. Another sister of my grandmother's was the mother of a large family by the name of Marshall, in Philadelphia, several of whom are celebrated chemists and druggists.

"My grandfather brought his wife to New York, and bought or built what was then thought to be a fine house in Pearl Street, a few doors from the corner of Beekman Street. Here his children were born. Several died in infancy; only three lived to grow up. My mother was the eldest, a beautiful brunette, with brilliant eyes, curling hair, tall and graceful figure. The second, Abraham, married a very lovely woman named Ann Townsend, by whom he had thirteen children, now scattered about the world. The youngest, John, married a country girl of Long Island, named Charity Cornell, who was a good wife and a devoted mother to a large family of children. Mary, a beautiful girl, and said to resemble me in a striking way, married a Mr. Bond, I believe of Baltimore. My uncle Abraham died many years ago. My uncle John still lives in New York, but he must be more than seventy years of age. My mother grew and bloomed amidst the stirring times of the Revolutionary War, when the English were in possession of New York."

The foregoing letters will be interesting to any of the Franklins, and those bearing other names who come from the same stock, and also, it may be, to the general reader, as depicting to some extent the manners and customs of the Colonial period.

My grandfather was an officer of the Army, and married the daughter of the Colonel of his regiment, Jonas Simonds. Colonel Simonds was an officer of the

Army during the period of the Revolution, and was an original member of the Cincinnati. My brother, General Franklin, is now a member of that Society. and inherits through my grandmother, Colonel Simonds having left no male heirs.

My father was an only child. He was a law student at the school at Litchfield, Connecticut, presided over for a number of years by Judge Gould and Judge Reeve. Many men who afterwards became distinguished in the political history of the country received their education there as lawyers. Among others, I remember that Calhoun and Clayton were likewise students there, both prominent Senators in their day, from South Carolina and Delaware respectively. As I write from memory, many incidents of my life are so vague that they have passed almost entirely out of my mind, which, if they were recorded here, might have been interesting reading to those who come after me. These memoirs, therefore, must be taken for what they are worth — a somewhat fragmentary narrative of my recollection of persons, and also of events, many of which occurred years and years ago.

My father married about the time he completed his studies as a student of law at the school to which I referred above. He married at the early age of twenty-one. The object of his choice was Sarah Buel, a daughter of Dr. Buel, of Litchfield. She became the mother of six children, all of whom lived and grew up. My father was not destined to enjoy his family very long, for he was attacked with a malignant fever, and died from its effects when he was only thirty-eight years of age. He was convalescent when Mr. Buchanan, afterwards President of the United States, made him a visit, and we thought they had an exciting political conversa-

tion which produced a relapse from which he never rallied. He was a man in the fulness of health and vigor, possessed of a splendid constitution, and the chances were that he would reach a mature age; but it was otherwise ordered, and he died, mourned and lamented by all who knew him. He was an able and most popular man, beloved by every one, and, had he lived, I believe he would have reached an exalted position in this country. My mother was thus left to struggle through life with her six children, and was rewarded for her love for them, and for her devotion to their interests, by living to see them all well established in life. She died full of years, beloved by all, having reached the ripe old age of eighty-four.

My father died in 1838. My elder brother, General Franklin, was sent the following year to West Point, where he was graduated four years later at the head of his class. He was placed in the Corps of Topographical Engineers, in which he held important positions of trust and responsibility until the breaking-out of the Civil War, when he rose rapidly to the rank of Major-General of Volunteers, commanded a corps d'armée, and, later, the left Grand Division of the Army of the Potomac at Fredericksburg. These facts are familiar to students of the history of the Civil War; but still I feel that this is not an unfitting place again to call them to mind. I purpose to relate two or three incidents in his career which might be termed fragments of the unwritten history of the War.

The first of these was told to me at Saratoga by General Slocum, whom I had known as a general officer under my brother's command in the Army of the Potomac. He said that on a visit to Washington, from the headquarters of the Army, he had a conversation with Mr.

Lincoln about the condition of affairs there—this was at the time when the Army was suffering from the incompetency of its leaders—he said to Mr. Lincoln to this effect, though probably not in the same language, "that we of the Army of the Potomac, who have assisted in fighting its battles, and who are pretty well acquainted with the capacity of its Generals, are satisfied that the proper man to command that Army is General Franklin." The President promptly replied to this effect: "I know that as well as you do, General Slocum, but it is more than I dare to do, to order him to that command." This answer explains itself when it is known that General Franklin was always a constant and uncompromising Democrat.

Another incident may illustrate the *animus* of Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, with regard to General Franklin. The General was at his home, slowly convalescing from a wound which he had received in the campaign on the Red River, when his horse was killed from under him by the same bullet which disabled him. At the time to which I refer, General Grant was with the Army in front of Petersburg. He sent to Franklin to come to him at his headquarters, to consult with him with a view of giving him the command of the Army then operating, or about to operate, in the valley of the Shenandoah. When Grant communicated with Stanton in reference to the matter, he found him so much prejudiced against Franklin that he declined to accede to his request. While Franklin was on his way back from Grant's Army he was captured, near Baltimore, by Harry Gilmore, but made his escape and returned to his home. Nothing more was said about the detail, and, to borrow a diplomatic expression, the incident was closed. Sheridan was ordered to command that

Army, and, as everybody knows, with the happiest results.

Towards the close of the War, my brother went into business with the Colt Arms works at Hartford, Connecticut, and was made Vice-President of the Company. For the past sixteen years he has been chosen by Congress as a member of the Board of Managers of volunteer soldiers' homes, and has been the President of that body for the same length of time. He was appointed by Mr. Cleveland as the Commissioner from this country to the Paris Exposition of 1889. It might be interesting to any one who peruses these memoirs to know of one of the influences which was brought to bear upon the President in making this appointment, which, I will state in advance, was entirely unsolicited by General Franklin. It was related to me by Colonel J. Schuyler Crosby. He said that he was dining with Colonel Jérôme Bonaparte, in the company of Mr. Robert McLane, our Minister to France, and that in the course of conversation the question arose, and was discussed among them, who would be the proper person to represent this country on that occasion. Colonel Crosby told me that three names were mentioned — General Franklin, Admiral Raymond Rodgers, and myself. The consensus of opinion was in favor of General Franklin, for Mr. McLane had an interview with the President the following day, the result of which was that he was nominated, and confirmed almost immediately. The appointment did not interfere with his position as President of the Soldiers' Home Board, which he continued to hold, and, as I have stated, still holds at the present time.

My only surviving brother besides the General is Colonel Walter S. Franklin. He entered the Army in the

early part of the War, and was assigned to one of the new three-battalion regiments. He served on the Staffs of General Sedgwick and General Wright, and came out of the War a Colonel. He was afterwards Commander of the Subdivision of Winchester, and, later, was assigned to one of the Western Universities as an instructor of tactics. Soon afterwards he left the Army and went into the iron business, in which he remained a number of years. Having been graduated at the Scientific School at Harvard, with the first honors of his class, he was appointed by President Arthur one of the United States Light-House Board, of which he is now the senior member. He is also President of the Baltimore City Street Railroad, to which position he was elected a few years ago, and now resides in Baltimore.

CHAPTER II

The Rear-Admiral as Midshipman — Naval Conditions Half a Century Ago — A Training-Ship in New York — Beginning of Sea Duties — The Frigate *United States* and Her Officers.

I was appointed an acting midshipman in the Navy by Secretary Paulding, on the 18th day of February, 1841. In those days the appointments were thus made, and, if the Commanding officer with whom an acting midshipman served made a favorable report on his aptitude for the service at the end of six months, a warrant was given to him creating him a midshipman. He was then what was called a warrant officer, but not a commissioned officer—a most important distinction at that time, for there was an impassable gulf between these two classes, to which all can testify who have "gone through the mill." The warrant man was often made to feel by the commission man that he was not only an inferior officer, but an inferior being altogether. My home at that time was York, Pennsylvania, where I was born and bred. William Gibson, a classmate of mine, also made York his home. He was appointed about the same time I was. He used to wear a little round jacket with Navy buttons on it, upon which I looked with envious eyes. He also wrote for the local newspapers, which was another cause of envy in me. I would write mental articles to try and get even with him. I thought mine pretty good, but no one ever saw them or knew of them but myself —while his were published and read, mine never saw the

light. I was between fifteen and sixteen; Gibson was, I think, a little my senior. We both went to sea soon after. He became quite a distinguished poet, and was highly commended by N. P. Willis for his productions. We were always good friends in the service, but our paths seldom crossed. He died a number of years ago.

At the period about which I am writing, the interval of time from the War which closed in 1815 was less than that between the end of the Civil War and the present time. There was no such thing as a Naval School deserving the name.* Midshipmen were sent to the Naval Asylum at Philadelphia (a sort of sailors' home) after six years' service, and there made a kind of preparation for examination, but there was no organization. They did as they pleased, studied or idled as suited their whims. There was a Professor of Mathematics, and also a Professor of French. There was no discipline. The name of the French Professor was Miere; on entering the recitation-room one morning he found written on the black-board: "The study of the French Language, under the present circumstances, is a *miere* humbug." Of course the Professor was angry, but, as I stated above, there was no discipline, and such offences went unpunished; the Professors were obliged to get along as best they could. Not very long before the

* Since writing this passage I have learned from Professor Soley's *History of the Naval Academy* that an effort was made to have Schools for Midshipmen at the Navy-Yards at Boston, New York, and Norfolk; and, as a matter of fact, such did really exist. I will quote from Professor Soley's book:

"Attached to each were one or two instructors and a few pupils. The Department had lately issued an order (so called in the report, but more properly a suggestion) to all Midshipmen not otherwise employed, to repair to one of those schools to receive instruction; but as there was no provision for allowing them travelling expenses, few had taken advantage of it."

time of which I have just spoken, the Midshipmen were examined at Barnum's Hotel, in Baltimore, for then there was no Naval School whatsoever. But there has been a great change since those days, and now the Navy can boast, with reason and pride, of one of the best educational establishments in this or any other country.

About the time I was appointed there were between two and three hundred Acting Midshipmen created, owing to the fact that there were three or four Secretaries of the Navy during the year 1841; the three I remember were Paulding, Henshaw, and Upshur. There seemed to be no legal limit to the number they could appoint, so each one exercised his power in providing for his friends, and the Navy was so filled up with Midshipmen that, in order to employ them, it was necessary to crowd the steerages—the places where the Midshipmen lived on board ship—far beyond their capacity, so that in the Frigate in which I first went to sea the space which, looked upon from a non-seafaring point of view, was hardly enough to accommodate four people, had to be utilized for twenty-four. Another disadvantage of this over-appointing was that no appointments were made for five years, if I except the year 1842, when there were only twelve, or even a less number, of Acting Midshipmen created. So it happened that this useful class of young officers became very scarce, and had to be supplemented by Masters' Mates, a system which did not work well. They were not in a line of promotion, and hence without *esprit de corps*. Indeed, it took some years to overcome the inconvenience that this overstocking produced.

In the spring of 1841 I was ordered to the Receiving-Ship *North Carolina*, at New York. This line-of-battle ship was utilized for the purpose of receiving on board

enlisted men, who were detained there until they were drafted for some sea-going ship. She, as well as the 100-gun ship *Pennsylvania*, at Norfolk, served as a rendezvous for Acting Midshipmen who were sent to them in order that they might pick up some of the "ways of the sea" before they were ordered to a regular cruiser. On board the old *North*, as we used to call her, there was a Professor of Mathematics, of the name of Ward, and there was some pretence of having school, but it did not amount to much. All that I remember is that I was taught some expressions, such as "diff.," "lat.," and "departure," but I do not think I had the most remote idea what they meant. I have never forgotten how the Professor, when twelve o'clock was sounded, always sent for his plate of ship's soup which was served to the crew, and how he smacked his lips and enjoyed it, which, indeed, we all did, for I remember how exceedingly good it was.

There were two messes for the Midshipmen on board the *North Carolina*—one, the gun-room mess, as it was called, and the other the steerage mess. I was assigned to the steerage, where we lived like pigs. The gun-room was far more respectable. It was there that the Passed Midshipmen lived, and I think the Assistant Surgeons. As these were grown men, and knew how to take care of themselves, they had a very nice mess. Things became so bad in the steerage that it was finally abandoned and we were transferred to the gun-room, much to my delight. I formed friendships there that were continued throughout my service, and my whole condition was very much changed for the better. Captain Gallagher commanded, and the First Lieutenant was a man of the name of Morehead—at times Lieutenant Whetmore acted in the same capacity. He wore spec-

tacles, and we used to call him "Old Four-Eyes." They were both odd fish, as I look back at them now, but the Navy was filled with odd material in those days. Some of the officers whom I remember kindly were Benham, Barton, Neville, Woodhull, Schenck, Green Bay, and others. They are all dead now. The one who was especially kind to me was Benham. I have always held him in affectionate remembrance. He died many years ago.

During the summer months the ship was anchored off the Battery, and, to some extent, the duties were much the same as those performed in a regular cruiser. We had our watches to keep and our duty to perform, but there was not much to point her out as a war machine. There had been a long peace, and such training as now takes place on board our ships of war was not even dreamed of then. Indeed, there was comparatively little of it in our regular cruisers; people thought a great deal more of being sailor-men than military men. Sailor-men were, of course, very necessary, but the more important—that is, the fighting-machine — should never have held a secondary place. I soon became weary of the inactive and monotonous life I was leading. The future seemed to hold out nothing that was very alluring, and I strongly contemplated resigning and trying my fortune in some other walk of life. I talked over the matter with my uncle, Dr. Buel, who was a practising physician in New York, and he agreed with me that the prospects were not very brilliant. However, both thought over the matter for several days, and agreed that as there must be Naval officers, and as I had embarked upon a career in which there was a certainty of existence, while any other would be an experiment, at all events doubtful, I should continue it; and now I felt

that I was fairly launched in my profession. I made several ineffectual attempts during the summer to get orders to sea, and even applied for the Brig *Boxer*, which was fitting for a cruise to the coast of Labrador. Finally, in September, I was ordered to the Frigate *United States*, which was fitting out at the Norfolk Navy-Yard. Accordingly, I repaired to my new post, and, staying on the way at the United States Hotel, at Philadelphia, for a night, I there encountered my new Commanding officer, Captain James Armstrong, a stalwart Kentuckian, about six feet tall and large in proportion. I remember he wore a sort of leather cap adorned with a gold band with ragged edges. It was a slight thing to remember, but the grotesqueness of his whole appearance made an impression upon my youthful mind which has never been effaced. He found out who I was, and that I was going to join his ship, and engaged me in an agreeable conversation which made me feel comfortable, and seemed to me an auspicious beginning of my cruise.

I reported at the Norfolk Yard to Commodore Warrington early in October, and, as the ship was not yet ready to receive the officers and crew, remained for several days at French's Hotel. I never shall forget how good the Lynn Haven Bay oysters tasted when the negro waiters produced them before me, with the exclamation, "Navy officers very fond of oysters!" and I remember to have enjoyed my few days of ease there very much indeed. I met at the hotel my future messmates, who were to be my close companions for three years; there we formed our plans for messing, and discussed the coming cruise with that enthusiasm which belongs to youth alone.

We were not long permitted to enjoy our ease. Orders

came for us to repair on board the Frigate, and we were placed in our proper messes in the steerage, had our places in watches and divisions assigned to us, and soon settled down to regular work. I was put in the larboard mess—somehow, for what reason I do not know, regarded as the "swell" place. Most of my friends, those with whom I had served in the *Carolina*, were there with me, and as we had seen more service in what Jack used to call the Guardo, we had a pretty good opinion of ourselves, and were disposed to look down on the men of the starboard steerage as youngsters, many of them having been recently appointed, and sent to the ship without any previous training whatsoever. We were green enough, ourselves, but they were greener Midshipmen still, and were consequently subjected to the hazing and running which fell to our lot on board the *North Carolina*, and which has been from time immemorial practised in all institutions by the older boys upon the younger ones, and, although a good deal modified now, will continue to be a custom forever.

After many trials and vicissitudes we finally settled down to the regular routine of a man-of-war. We elected a caterer of the mess, and lived comfortably enough for the time. Our trials came on with the night, for, as I have said, our mess-room, which was our bedroom also, was about large enough fairly to accommodate two people, yet twelve of us were huddled together in this apartment like so many pigs in a pen. Our hammocks, instead of hanging loose to the sport of the wind, formed a sort of continuous sheet of canvas, dotted over with mattresses. We could neither turn in or out of them without disturbing our neighbors, causing growling and quarrelling which often led to serious conse-

quences. I think there was but one basin for the morning toilet—at the most, two—but we made the best of our inconveniences, and accepted the situation with a good grace. Ranged around this luxurious apartment were the lockers for our clothes. They were not ample, but we accommodated ourselves to their capacity, and managed to get on with small wardrobes. We were permitted to go on shore occasionally, when we laid in our private stores, books for our journals, our quadrants, etc.

In due time the Commander-in-Chief of the Pacific Squadron, Commander Thomas ap Catesby Jones, arrived, and hoisted his broad pennant. The Commodore was, I think, considered one of the best officers of his day. He had commanded a gunboat in the waters of Louisiana with great credit, being wounded in the arm in some affair in which his command was engaged, the effect of which he carried to his grave. He was allowed a servant by the Government, to assist him in putting on and taking off his coat, which was quite impossible for him to do alone. His contemporaries were Shubrick, Warrington, Morris, Wilkinson, Claxton, and others, all of whom had served in the War of 1812. Stewart also commanded a squadron about this time, but he was older than those I have mentioned, and could hardly be called a contemporary. It will not, perhaps, be out of place here to relate a little anecdote which was told by Commodore Stewart to my old friend and classmate, the late Commodore W. T. Truxton. It seems that Commodore Truxton, the grandfather of my friend, commanded the Naval Station at Baltimore. At the time to which I refer, Commodore Stewart commanded a brig which was fitted out there, and had been ordered by Truxton to proceed to sea on

a certain day. Stewart reported on that day that he was altogether unprepared, and that it was impossible for him to sail, as he had not yet hoisted in his main-mast. Truxton's reply was: "Obey your orders." Stewart did sail at the appointed time, towing his main-mast astern. The wind was fortunately fair, and he continued on until he reached a point beyond the limits of Truxton's command, where he anchored, hoisted in his main-mast, and completed his preparations for sea.

The *Constitution*, the former flag-ship of the Pacific Station, passed us on her way to the Norfolk Navy-Yard while we were lying at the buoy off Town Point. I shall never forget the impression the song of the leadsmen made upon me, as they called out: "By the mark five," "By the deep six," etc.; it was music to my ear then, and has been ever since. I think the old song has ceased to charm, and has gone into disuse with the ships in which it was used. With our rapid-moving craft the Captain must know the soundings quicker than he did when they came to him only at the end of a stave of the old song.

While it is not at all likely that these lines will ever meet the eye of any one who knew the officers of the Frigate *United States* as contemporaries, yet it might not be amiss to mention their names, as it is possible they might be seen by some of their descendants, for it is generally pleasant to know what our ancestors were doing, and where they were, many years ago. The First Lieutenant was Isaac S. Sterrett, of Baltimore—"Mobtown," as he used to like to call it, for it had earned that reputation at the time of which I speak. He was a good seaman, and knew his duties well. He did not remain long with us, since a vacancy occurred in a command soon after we reached the Pacific Station, and he

was ordered to fill it. The Second Lieutenant, who was in those days the senior watch-officer, was Murray Mason. He was by no means a favorite with the Midshipmen, for he had no hesitation in sending us to the mast-head for punishment. He was transferred soon after we reached the station to the *Cyane*, as First Lieutenant. The other Lieutenants were Henderson, Dulaney, Ball, and Avery. The Master was W. A. Parker. At that time the junior of the ward-room line officers was called Master, which corresponded to the present Navigator, who ranks next to the Executive Officer. Why the junior ever occupied that position, I have never been able to understand, as it is one of the most important and responsible ones on board of a ship of war. The change to the present system is, I think, a great improvement. The junior Lieutenant, Avery, was by far the best sea-officer I have ever seen on the deck of a man-of-war. His style was the best, his manner the most seaman-like, his voice was like music, and all the qualities that go to make up the best type of deck-officer were embodied in him. The men jumped at his call, and, although he did not spare them, they adored him. No officer on board ship could get the work out of them that he could. The Captain had the most implicit confidence in him, and when we were buffeting about off Cape Horn, when he was Officer of the watch "all hands" were never called for getting the ship under short canvas, for he, with the watch on deck, was sufficient of himself. Herman Melville, in *White Jacket*, calls him "mad Jack," and when he was making the ship snug in a heavy gale of wind he well deserved the sobriquet, although at other times he was as quiet as a lamb. To sum him up, he was a gentleman seaman of the first order.

Of the other officers I do not remember any special peculiarities which they possessed that distinguished them from others of their class. They were generally good seamen, and looked out for the ship well when in charge of the deck.

The only surviving officer that I call to my recollection as I write is General Lockwood. He must be very nearly, if not quite, eighty years of age. He was our Professor of Mathematics, and was most zealous in his efforts to instil into our youthful minds the rudiments of algebra and geometry. He carried us up to analytical geometry, and made those of us who took an interest in his teachings very good navigators. He also taught us history, and never lost an opportunity to instruct us in what we ought to know. I have always felt grateful to him for giving me such a good groundwork in mathematics, as it enabled me to take a respectable standing in these studies when I went to Annapolis to prepare for my examination. He is now on the retired list of the Navy, as a Professor of Mathematics having served a long and honorable career not only in the Navy, but as a general officer during the Civil War. General Lockwood may be said to have been one of the pioneers of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, for, with the exception of the time he served in the Army during the War, he was associated with that institution from its infancy. Of the Midshipmen, twenty-nine in all, with whom I served in the Frigate *United States*, I know of no one now living, and I do not know that any of them lived long enough to attain Flag rank except myself. Jeffers became a Commodore, and died in that grade. They had nearly all disappeared, in one way and another, before the War, and, so far as I can recollect, Jeffers and I were the

only ones whose names were borne on the Navy Register after its close. This is all I have to say at present of my first shipmates, but it is quite likely that I shall refer to them further on in the course of this narrative.

CHAPTER III

The First Cruise—Madeira and Rio—Manners on Board Ship—Improvement in the Service—Boatswains and Gunners—British and American Ships—Uniforms—A Gallant French Seaman.

The Frigate *United States* sailed from Hampton Roads early in January, 1842. She was a ship about the size of the old *Constitution*, and was launched in the latter part of the last century. She was known among the old seamen of those days as the *States* Frigate, and had the reputation of being the swiftest ship in the Navy, and perhaps in the world. She was not what might be called a pretty ship in these days, and did not sit as gracefully on the water as the *Constitution*, for her best sailing-point was when she was trimmed by the head, which detracts very much from the appearance of any ship; but she was so good in all other respects that her ugliness was forgotten. In the rating of the day, she was what was called a forty-four-gun Frigate; and although I do not remember the exact number of guns she carried, yet it was more than she was rated. The main-deck guns were long twenty-fours; they had been taken from one of the captured British Frigates, and had a crown moulded on the upper part of the breech. The spar-deck battery consisted of forty-two-pounder carronades, and twenty-four-pounder bow-chasers. The higher calibre guns had not yet come into general use—at all events we had none of them on board the *United States*.

We shaped our course for Madeira; the wind was fair, and we soon reached the Gulf Stream. We were glad to leave the cold weather behind us, for our discomforts in fitting out during the winter were very great. I have never forgotten the pleasing impression that this thawing out, so to speak, made upon my youthful mind. The sea, to be sure, was rough, but there was the bright sky overhead, and the deep blue sea underneath, and we were fairly off on our cruise. There was no more shivering as we marched up and down the deck in our night watches, and everything now seemed *couleur de rose.* The passage to Madeira was, I think, the ordinary length, about eighteen or twenty days. We managed to run into a gale of wind just as we sighted the Island, and were buffeted about for two or three days. It was not thought prudent to make the anchorage, for there is no harbor at Funchal, and it is necessary to anchor in very deep water, with the ship prepared to get under way upon the approach of bad weather. Vessels were always warned by the firing of a gun on shore when it was deemed unsafe to remain at anchor, so they always went to sea when this signal was given, for if they remained too long, they were in great danger of being driven ashore. After the gale subsided, and the sea calmed down, we came to anchor near Loo Rock, and, soon after, the natives swarmed on board, bringing with them the most delicious grapes, and fruits of every variety. It is not difficult to imagine how eager we were to get at them after our long passage at sea; and then the fresh grub which followed soon after in the shape of beefsteak and onions and soft tack (bread), produced a sensation never to be forgotten.

Our stay at Madeira was to be short—I think it was only three days—so we Midshipmen were allowed to go

on shore, half of our number at a time. It was our first foreign port, and we of course enjoyed it to the fullest extent. I do not remember much of what we did, but I recall that we each hired a horse, and dashed wildly about the Island, reckless of consequences, each fellow trying to get ahead of the other, the owner or attendant of the horse hanging on by his tail all the time. How they managed to do it, I do not know, but they did, somehow or other. At this time our Consul was Mr. Howard March; he was also a wine merchant, and lived in great luxury. I dined with him once, but I do not remember whether it was at this time or upon some subsequent visit. I remember distinctly, however, that he produced some rare old Madeira that was nearly as white as water. At the time about which I am writing, Madeira wine was still much drunk in this country. We received on board many casks of it for the Commodore and his friends who had given him orders for it, and who wished their wine to have the benefit of a three years' shaking up before it was delivered to them at home. I recollect distinctly some of the names of well-known people on the barrels, as they came on board to be stored away for a cruise, deep down in the spirit-room of the Frigate. After everybody had had an opportunity of a run on shore, and our stores for the next passage had been received on board, the spirit-room well stocked for its curing process, and after the delights of our three days' sojourn, we were not unwilling to proceed towards our station in the Pacific, for there was a feeling that I think we all shared, of strong desire to be there.

We sailed from Madeira in the early days of February, bound for Rio de Janeiro. We soon took the N.E. trades, and steered for the meridian at which we were to cross the equator; for it is necessary, as all seamen know, to

give one's self plenty of Easting, in order that when the S.E. trade-winds strike the ship she will have abundant room to weather Cape St. Roque, for ships have been known, when falling to leeward, to have to run back into the variables to make their Easting, and try it over again. When we reached the equator there was, as is usual, great excitement, for not one of the Midshipmen had ever crossed the line before, and the first crossing is always an interesting epoch to all who go to sea. Fortunately, Neptune's visit was not permitted on board the *United States*, as it is in most ships of war. I never knew why, but I suppose the reason was that there were so many greenhorns on board that it would have given him and his assistants altogether too much to do.

Nothing of especial interest occurred until we sighted Cape Frio, the first land that is made in approaching the harbor of Rio. The next day we sighted the Sugar Loaf, a very striking landmark at the entrance of the harbor, and with a fine sea-breeze we shot past it and entered one of the most beautiful bays in the world—indeed, taken together with its great capacity and gorgeous scenery, it is not equalled by any other that I have ever seen. We moored ship for a somewhat protracted stay. It was necessary to calk, provision, and water her, and make such other preparations as would render her snug for the passage around the Horn. We had completely changed the season, for, although we were in February, it was summer in Rio, and the weather was hot enough. It was, however, tempered by the sea-breeze, which blows here with the regularity of a monsoon every afternoon; and as the awnings were kept spread, the ship was comparatively cool and comfortable. We soon settled down to the routine of harbor work. The necessary preparations for the Cape passage went regularly

on. The officers were permitted to visit the shore, as their liberty days, as they were called, came around. I think we all enjoyed the change from the sea-life. The fact of having fresh grub and fruit after our salt-horse (beef) and pork at sea was most agreeable. Our crockery was broken at sea, and our stores nearly all wasted, by the time we reached Rio. One of the principal articles of our table furniture was a cigar-box, from which we used to eat our soup, taking it in turns. We called it the steamboat—why, I do not remember. The salt beef would be placed on the table, and whoever said "First beef!" had the first cut. There was always a choice, because the delicate part of salt-horse is the fat, and the fellow speaking first, always got the best of that. We made it a point of honor that the first speaker should have the first choice. I often wonder that there was not a row about it, and how we managed to keep the peace when the condition of things was so crude. There was something very cruel, as I look back at it, in permitting a lot of boys to be huddled together, with no one to look out for their well-being, most of them only sixteen or under, with no experience, and expected to manage a mess. To be sure, one of the number was appointed by themselves caterer, but what could he know about keeping a boarding-house or disciplining servants, for such really were the duties he was expected to perform. There was something very faulty in this regard in those days, and we were sufferers from a bad system. It is all changed now. The graduates of the Naval Academy are men when they leave there, and are prepared for anything; but then it was otherwise; we were only green boys, knowing nothing.

The American man-of-war in the days about which I am now writing differed but in a slight degree from the

British ships of war of the time about which Marryat wrote, and made himself famous by his charming stories of the sea. To be sure, the flogging of Midshipmen was not permitted, but there is one instance on record when this was resorted to, although it is the only one which has ever come to my knowledge. The names of the parties to this transaction, and the circumstances attending it, have long since passed from my mind, but I remember distinctly how the matter was discussed by us Midshipmen fifty years ago, and how the case was disposed of by the authorities, in such a way as to make us feel assured that it would never occur again. In most other respects our ships were the same in their internal economy as those on which Midshipmen Easy and Peter Simple had seen their service. Mast-heading was still resorted to, and I remember, in my own case, I was once kept aloft so long that I went quietly to sleep in the bunt of the foresail. On the occasion to which I refer, I was sent only to the foremast-head, but another time I passed many hours at the maintopmast-head. I recall distinctly how we managed to smuggle a small bottle of whiskey to one of our messmates who was mast-headed; and, while it was not enough to make him drunk, he was in a very happy frame of mind when he came down. This method of punishment, however, was brought to an end in the Squadron in which I saw my first service, by charges having been preferred against some Lieutenant for illegal punishment, of which mast-heading was one of the specifications. The Lieutenant came to grief, and that system of punishment was never again resorted to in that Squadron. I have never heard of an instance of it from that day to this; but yet we were a good deal "bullyragged" in various ways. I do not remember many instances when we were absolutely

cursed by our superior officers, but the general tone and style were much the same as Marryat describes when he so vividly represents a First Lieutenant giving utterance in the most polite manner to the choicest expressions upon reprimanding some delinquent, and winding up by applying epithets to him which are familiar to the readers of Marryat's novels. The Boatswains and Gunners of those days were very much the same as those of Marryat's cruisers. The Boatswain of the Frigate in which I made my first cruise was an Englishman by birth, and had been promoted from the ranks. He had been a Boatswain's mate, and was what is called on board ship a good man, which means a man that does his work intelligently and well. He had the failing of most of his class: he would drink, and sometimes to excess. On one occasion, when he had been indulging steadily for some time, and was on the verge of *delirium tremens*, some of the Midshipmen convinced him that he was dead, took him to his room, laid him out, put cents on his eyes, and left him in that condition. He soon recovered, however, and returned to his duties. Such offences were readily condoned in those days, for they were frequent, not only with Jack, but with his master. The former no longer thinks it necessary to get drunk when he goes on shore, and the improvement in this regard among naval officers has been most marked during the past fifty years. While at the time to which I refer drunkenness was very common, it is now, as a habit, almost unknown. A wholesome dread of the examining boards, and the general improvement of the times in matters of temperance, have been instrumental in producing a *personnel* which is perhaps as little addicted to the vice of intemperance as that of any Navy in the world.

While Boatswains have many of the peculiarities of the class from which most of them have sprung, which perhaps would unfit them for promotion to the higher ranks, there is no officer on board ship who is, in a general way, more useful than they are. Advanced to the position which he occupies, first because he is a first-class seaman, and owing to his ability to lead men, the Boatswain is always on hand when any general work is going on, and is of the greatest assistance to the Executive Officer in managing the crew as a whole. Of course, as there is nothing to be done aloft these days in our new men-of-war, it might be said that his usefulness would be somewhat impaired; but if I were in command, now, of one of the modern ships, I should be very sorry to be without a Boatswain. The Gunner of the old days was not altogether unlike the Boatswain; like him, he was generally promoted from the ranks, and, like him, must necessarily be a good seaman and leader of men. In addition to the charge of the guns and everything connected with the battery, he was also responsible for the main-rigging and everything belonging to the main-sail, and as his domain bordered so closely upon that of the Boatswain, who had charge of the main-mast from the main-yard up to the main-truck, many a row between these old salts took place, and there was a sort of border warfare always going on. The Gunner with whom I served on my first cruise was a rare character. He had no mercy upon any delinquent subordinate, more especially if he sat upon the match-tubs, or interfered in the slightest degree with anything in connection with the battery, even though that interference might be entirely harmless. The match-tubs were little wooden vessels, having a top with a hole in it, in which a lighted match,

fixed upon an upright stick, was placed, and made to stand erect by a sharp iron point on the end opposite the match. It must be remembered that I am writing of the days when guns had to be touched off by matches. I am thus particular in describing the match-tubs, because the old Gunner, finding that the men used them for seats, placed some sharp iron spikes in them, so that any one sitting on them might receive an ugly wound, or, if he stepped upon them with bare feet, might be seriously injured. But what did he care? The match-tubs were diverted from their proper use, and he proposed to get even with the perpetrators of so flagrant an offence. Of course he was not sustained; the matter was brought to the notice of the proper authorities, and he was obliged to remove the spikes. He had the satisfaction, however, of showing what a high crime and misdemeanor he considered it, to sit on one of his match-tubs. This old Gunner is called by Herman Melville, in *White Jacket*, "Old Combustibles." Melville was a shipmate of mine, and of the Gunner as well. I shall probably have occasion to refer to him again in the course of this narrative.

The customs of an American man-of-war came down by natural inheritance from those in force on board the ships of the mother-country. We piped to dinner, we rolled to grog, we played "The Roast Beef of Old England," we had our Jimmy Ducks, whose duty it was to look out for the live-stock, our Jack o' the Dust, who brought up the tail end of the Purser's staff, got up the grog, assisted in serving out provisions, and attended generally to any work that was going on in the Purser's department. Then there was "Jimmy Legs," the Master-at-Arms. Why this sobriquet was given to him I never knew, but possibly Jackie thought it appropriate,

because it was his duty to put his legs in irons when he deserved it. I might mention many other points of resemblance, which, indeed, were so striking in many instances that but for the Flag and the Crown on the one, and the Flag and the Eagle on the other, one might have imagined himself, if his eyes had been suddenly unbandaged, to be on board a ship of either nation. To be sure, there was more homogeneity in the crew of the British ship; they looked alike, as if they belonged to the same nation, which, indeed, with rare exceptions, they did, while the American man-of-war of those days had a crew composed of men of all nations, and it was rarely the case that a majority of them were native-born Americans.

Unlike any other Navy, the ships of Great Britain and the United States both carried a guard of infantry called Marines. They were looked upon somewhat in the light of the old Swiss Guards, a sort of protection to the throne. At that time Jack was altogether a different character from what he is now. The day of the usefulness of the Marines in that sense has passed away, and the matter of dispensing with them altogether is being discussed; but they are such a useful body for the protection of Consulates, and service of a kindred nature, while they are still a portion of the crew, that I doubt the wisdom of withdrawing them from our men-of-war, in which opinion, I fear, I differ from many naval officers.

While upon the subject of the old days of the Navy, it may not be out of place here to make some mention of the uniform that was worn at the time I entered it. When one reflects that the epaulets now worn originated from something that was once used to protect the shoulders from a sabre-cut, it seems strange enough that we

should have worn but one, but such was really the case when I first went to sea. It was the uniform of a Lieutenant, and was worn upon the right shoulder. There was no such thing as a frock-coat known to the service at that time, and it was long before the conservative feeling about the "swallow-tail" could be overcome. I remember that some officer who was a strong advocate for the frock-coat remarked that there was no especial objection to the swallow-tail, if the tails were changed to the front, as stomach protectors. There was no objection to the wearing of silk high hats in uniform in those days, but, although I have seen them worn myself, the custom was rapidly dying out. Gray trousers might be worn with blue jackets—in fact, there was an indifference about uniform which at this day it is difficult to appreciate. In the perusal of Dr. McCauley's *Life of Admiral Anson*, to which I am indebted for what I say here about British naval uniform, I find that there was the same indifference to it formerly in the British service as there was later in our own. He says that up to the middle of the last century there was no special dress or costume in the Royal Navy; that on the Mediterranean Station it was a common thing for Lieutenants to purchase the soldiers' old coats at Port Mahon and Gibraltar, when, trimming them with black, they would wear them as uniforms. The color of the breeches on every Station was quite immaterial, and left to the fancy of each officer. They were generally black or scarlet. Major Sennell, in a letter, says: "Sixty-two years ago—in 1759—I saw a Master of a man-of-war who wore a red coat trimmed with black, and thought himself very smart. Perhaps," he says, "it was one of the Lieutenants' old coats, as they then wore blue uniforms."

Navy blue was then but newly introduced, and was a novelty in the middle of the century. In a letter from Captain Keppel to Captain Saumarez, dated London, 25th of August, 1747, he says: "My Lord Anson is desirous that many of us should make coats after our own tastes, and that then a choice should be made of one to be general, and if you will appear in it here, he says he will be answerable that your taste will not be among the worst." What the uniform then selected was does not appear, nor can any Order in Council be found either in the Council Office or at the Admiralty, where Sir John Barrow caused careful search to be made. The gossiping wits of the town said that the Duke of Bedford, the First Lord of the Admiralty, took the idea of blue, with white collars, cuffs, and facings, from the Duchess of Bedford's riding-habit. Be this as it may, the adoption of blue as the Naval color dates from that time. I presume the author means, by that time, about the middle of the last century. If any modifications in the details of uniforms were gradually introduced, the record of these must be found in the portraits of Naval Officers in picture-galleries, or in the costumes preserved in family wardrobes and old chests, or in historical relics, such as the famous Nelson's coat in the show-case at Greenwich Hospital.

In the same work of Dr. McCauley from which I have just been quoting, I was so much struck with what I read of the gallantry of seamen under adverse circumstances that I thought it might not be amiss to relate here what he says in speaking of one of Anson's fights. It is as follows: "In the sea-fight between the fleets of Lord Anson and M. de Jonquière, in which the former beat the Frenchman, M. St. George, the Commander of the *Invincible*, kept his colors flying some time

after the French Admiral had struck. M. St. George struck to Anson's ship, the *Prince George*, and when he went on board to deliver up his sword to the Admiral, all were impressed by the courtesy and coolness of this French officer of the old, chivalrous type. He went frankly up to Anson, presenting his sword with the words: "Monsieur, vous avez vaincu *L'Invincible*, et *La Gloire* vous suit;" referring to the companion French ship, which was also captured. This neat compliment was delivered in a charming manner, and the scene proved the beginning of a personal friendship which became very intimate, and ceased only with the Admiral's death.

CHAPTER IV

Dom Pedro—Duelling in the Navy—Around the Horn—In Valparaiso — Callao and Lima — Sailors' Tricks — A Conquest of California.

But to return to my narrative. Our stay at Rio was drawing rapidly to a close. Quite a number of the officers were presented to the Emperor Dom Pedro, I amongst the number. He was a boy, himself, then, not much older, if any, than we were. He became distinguished as a scientific student and philanthropist years after, and ruled in Brazil with a mild and beneficent sway. The people became impatient for a Republic, and could not await the death of the good Emperor, but dethroned him, and set up a Government of their own. They would not have had to wait long, even in the course of nature; it broke his heart, and he died soon after he lost his throne.

In those days, duelling was not punished by dismissal, as it is now. Midshipmen, upon the slightest provocation, would go out and have a crack at each other. One morning while we were in Rio, a party of friends of one side and the other went to see fair play, and witness the fight which took place between two youngsters, one of our mess, and one of the starboard mess. The distance was, I think, ten paces, and the weapons small pocket-pistols. The bullet of one of the youngsters passed unpleasantly near the head of the other, and, after firing two or three rounds without hitting, the

seconds made the matter up, and the duel was off. But the principals never became friends. I presume there is no reason now why their names should not be mentioned. One was a very clever man of my class, and a messmate, A. C. Jackson; the other, also a classmate, a very good fellow, of the name of Baldwin. They are both dead now, and the duel was fought more than fifty years ago. The cause which brought about the fight was most trifling, as were the causes of most of the infantile duels of those days. This pocket-pistol row, however, resulted in putting a stop to that method of settling difficulties in the Pacific Squadron; the Commander-in-Chief, upon hearing of it, which he did soon after it took place, issued what was then known as "the duelling pledge." By the provisions of the pledge, every Midshipman in the Squadron was obliged to sign it upon pain of being detained indefinitely on board ship, without any leave whatever. Of course there was a show of rebellion in the youthful mind, but in the end we all signed it but one. In some of the ships of the Squadron which we joined later, it met with great opposition, and I think the midshipmen of the *Yorktown* all refused to sign. I fancy, on the whole, Commodore Jones did well, and may have saved lives which otherwise would have been uselessly sacrificed, for even youngsters did not always fight with pocket-pistols.

Somewhere in the latter part of February, 1842, we sent down our long poles, sent up our stump top-gallant masts, bent our best suit of sails, and got under way to round the Horn, the stormy Cape at the lower extremity of the Continent, which must be doubled before we could reach our much-desired station. The first week or two the weather was pleasant enough, but as we approached the Falkland Islands premonitory symptoms

of what we might expect began to appear. We passed through the Strait of La Maire, and before many days we were up with the Cape. The winds were generally from the westward, so we banged about for days, making but little headway, being able to carry but short sail, and not gaining much on our course as the days went by. We were approaching the Cape Horn winter, and the nights were long, dark, and cold. There was but little to relieve the gloom and monotony. We saw plenty of albatrosses and Cape pigeons, and before we reached Valparaiso we caught some of the latter and made a pie of them, which I remember was uncommonly good, from our point of view, although the birds were fishy and strong, and hardly fit to eat. The ward-room officers had laid in a good supply of Madeira when we were at the Island which produces it, and during the weary hours of the first watch there came up from below a sound of revelry that was very cheering, and helped to speed the tedious hours as we rolled and tossed and tumbled about off the pitch of the stormy Cape. I remember well some of the words of a Canadian boat-song, which they sang night after night, and which made such an impression upon my youthful mind that I have never forgotten it. I never saw it in print, and remember only the refrain and a few lines of the song itself. Of course, without the air it loses its effect. It went something in this way:

"Happy are we, fearless and free,
Rowing our boat o'er the deep blue sea.
Ladies, at best, hold landsmen cheap—
Pull away merrily, all pull cheerily.
Beauty smiles on the sons of the deep—
Pull away merrily, all pull cheerily.
Happy are we, fearless and free,
Rowing our boat o'er the deep blue sea."

The Cape was finally doubled, and we were fairly on our way to Valparaiso, with the sweetest breeze behind us, blowing us along at the rate of ten knots or more, while the air was becoming softer each day as we sped on our way. The barometer, which had been low for many days, began to rise, and so did our spirits, for visions of beefsteaks and onions and all the accompaniments rose vividly before us, and they were to be within our reach after a few more night-watches had rolled around. Just before we reached port, the Commodore killed a pig, and was good enough to send a portion of it to our mess. It happened to be my watch on deck, so my share was saved for me until it was over. When I went below I found it waiting me with some boiled rice, and although I have eaten a great many good dinners since, yet none have left such lasting impression upon me as did the Commodore's roast pig and rice. It was about the only fresh grub, except the Cape pigeons, that I had had since we left Rio. Finally the land was made, we rounded the Point of Angels, known as reef top-sail point, on account of the sudden squalls that strike ships there, and came to anchor in deep water in the Bay of Valparaiso.

Valparaiso, at the time of which I write, was perhaps the largest and most important seaport on the Pacific Coast. The largest mercantile houses, generally in the hands of English and Americans, were located here, branches of which were to be found in Lima as well. The most important were those of Alsop & Co. and Gibbs, Crawley & Co. To the former firm belonged Mr. George Hobson, of whom Americans might justly be proud. He lived in very handsome style, and altogether did great credit to the country of which he was an honored citizen. He had several charming daugh-

ters, who were great belles amongst the officers, and one of them, Hepsy, afterwards married Reed Werden, who died as a Rear-Admiral on the retired list. I have been very intimate with Werden and his wife, and entertained a very high regard for them both. The Admiral died a few years ago. Mrs. Werden is still living. I have had many pleasant talks with her about the old days in Valparaiso. She passed all of her girlhood there, and had a very extensive acquaintance with Naval officers, so many of whom had from time to time touched at that port. We did not remain long in harbor, and in a few days got under way for Callao. The S. E. trade-winds prevail along the coast of Chili and Peru, so we were not many days making the passage. The weather was fine, and every one was glad at the prospect of reaching the headquarters of the Station, which Callao was at that time. There was our store-ship, and it was there that the Squadron assembled from time to time, to take on board provisions and stores. Upon our arrival we found a portion of the Pacific Squadron at anchor in the harbor; the *Cyane*, the *St. Louis*, the schooner *Shark*, and the store-ship *Relief* were amongst them. The *Yorktown* and *Dale* were off somewhere on a cruise. The vessels that I have named comprised the Squadron. It was not a bad showing of a Naval force in those distant seas, considering that the nation, since the adoption of the Constitution, was only about fifty years old, but there was a growing American commerce at that time, and the whaling interests on the Pacific were large. Besides that, California was looked upon with envious eyes, both by the United States and Great Britain, so, after all, the force was none too strong.

Callao is the seaport of Lima, about six miles distant from that city. At the time about which I write, it

contained but few inhabitants, and these were nearly all connected with commerce and shipping interests, in one way and another. There were two hotels in the place, and any one who happened to be in Callao in 1842 will probably remember, as he stepped on to the landing from his boat, a large sign that appeared before him, with these words upon it, "Marine Hotel, by Zuderell." It was a famous resort in those days for the officers of the Squadron. Zuderell was a Frenchman, a handsome, well-dressed fellow, and polite as a dancing-master. He gave very nice dinners, and when he wished to be especially polite to any one he would say, "Dine with me to-day; I engage you" — which meant that you were not to pay for your dinner. Every night there was gambling at his establishment, which was always conducted in a most orderly way, for all improper persons were excluded from his house. The game that was played there I have never seen anywhere else. There was a green cloth on the table, crossed in the centre by two white lines at right angles with each other. In the alternate angles were marked the letters A and S. The A's were opposite each other, and the S's opposite in the same way. The banker threw a pair of dice from his hand, and certain figures of what turned up were for the A's, and certain others were for the S's. Of course, when one letter won, the other lost. Around the table could be seen, almost any night, officers of the Navy of all nations, from Midshipmen up well into the higher grades. Occasionally there would be a difficulty between two of the players, but such things were very rare. I remember one night a Midshipman, a friend of mine, who had probably been drinking, as he was greatly addicted to that vice, snapped a pistol at the head of one of the players. Fortunately, it did not go off. My

friend expressed to me afterwards his great delight that the result was not serious. Had the pistol gone off, he probably would have killed the man, and saddened his own life for ever. The poor fellow of whom I speak became a drunkard, was out of the Navy and back again several times, but I believe the habit became so confirmed that he never could conquer it. There was another house of good cheer, which any old Pacific cruiser of those days will remember. I do not know that it had any name but "Davy Howell's." It was kept by Davy, who married a Spanish wife about three times his size. I can see her now, after a lapse of fifty years, hustling about the house, and carrying things with a high hand, while Davy himself was always meek and humble, and dared not say that his soul was his own in the presence of Isodora. This establishment was more a resort for merchant Captains and Mates than for Naval officers, but I well remember how, when I was Midshipman of the market-boat, I would go there and get a most delicious cup of coffee and toasted French rolls. Truly there are some things one never forgets, trifling as they may be, and, in my case, this is one of them. There were an abundance of grog-shops for sailors, and a few little thread-and-needle stores; but what I have mentioned above was about all there was of Callao in those days.

The Commander-in-Chief, immediately after our arrival, gave orders to the Fleet to provision and water ship, and prepare for sea. The most experienced of the Midshipmen were placed in charge of the large boats of the Frigate, which were filled with water-casks and despatched to the mole, day after day, until the watering was completed. I mention the watering on this occasion because of an ingenious way of smuggling

liquor on board, that Jack had discovered as the work proceeded. It seems that the water was conveyed to the mole through pipes. The fountain-head, which I believe was a receiver that was filled by a pump served by the men, was some distance from the mole. When there was a sufficient head of water in the receiver, Jacky would place a small skin (intestine), filled with liquor, in the upper part of the pipe, whence it would be conveyed by the water rushing through to the mole. The Jacky in the boat, being in collusion with those at the upper end, would feel it as it passed through the canvas hose which led from the mole end of the pipe into the cask in the boat. The cask was then marked, and the other Jacky on board, who was striking the water below, and who was also in collusion with the others, would thus know where to look for it. So, in this way, they managed to get a good deal of liquor on board before the trick was discovered. Men-of-war's men, in those days, would resort to the most ingenious devices to get liquor. In a ship in which I served during the War, before the spirit ration had been discontinued, it seemed that the men of the Engineer Department were getting drunk in the most unaccountable manner, and as there was no way, at the time to which I refer, of getting liquor from the shore, an examination of the spirit-room was made, when it was discovered that a large cask filled with whiskey butted up against an iron bulkhead (partition) which separated the spirit-room from the engine-room. The men in the last-mentioned place were smart enough to inform themselves of this fact. They drilled a hole through the iron, and then through the cask, and then inserted a faucet into the cask. It is needless to say that they had many a good spree before the clever trick was discovered.

While on this subject, I think it will not be out of place to mention an occurrence which took place in Norfolk, while we were getting the whiskey on board for the outward-bound cruise. At such times unusual vigilance is practised, and every safeguard possible, to prevent the men from getting possession of any of it, is made use of in the vicinity of the place where it is being handled. Strange as it may seem, notwithstanding all these precautions, some clever Jackies managed to roll a barrel forward. It was late in the day, and no results appeared until after dark. Then such a bedlam broke loose as it is difficult to imagine. Nearly every man forward of the main-mast seemed to be drunk. The Executive Officer, and, indeed, all the officers, were obliged to rush forward and knock down and drag out until a scene of debauchery such as I have rarely witnessed could be controlled; and yet the contents of the barrel had not all been consumed. Under the guns and on the berth-deck were found quantities of whiskey in buckets and tin pots, which were captured and put in places of safety. It must be remembered that the Frigate had a crew of five hundred men. Many of them were so drunk that they gave no trouble, but others had to be roughly handled and ironed, so that they could do no harm to themselves or any one else. It was a scene never to be forgotten, and such a one as, I fancy, has rarely occurred on board a ship of war. By ten o'clock everything had quieted down without any serious results, although at one time it did look bad enough. The next morning, when the day of reckoning came, there were so many prisoners that it was thought better to condone the whole thing; so Jack had his spree and went unpunished.

While the Frigate remained at Callao we were all per-

mitted to have a run to Lima. I do not remember that there was any mode of transportation at that time except on horseback. Short as the distance was between the Port and the City, the route was infested by highwaymen, so that the trip was attended with considerable risk. However, our party made the journey there and back unmolested. Lima, at the time to which I refer, was one of the most considerable cities of South America. It was beautifully situated on a vast plain, and in the distance could be seen the snow-clad Cordilleras towering thousands of feet towards the sky. Through the city, passing in the middle of the streets, a limpid, sparkling stream rushed rapidly by on its way to the sea. The town seemed clean, and well-built in the Spanish style. The houses, at most, are only two stories high, built in order to eliminate as much as possible the danger from earthquakes, which had been very destructive in Peru; so much so that Callao was at one time almost entirely submerged. Lima has not kept pace with the other important cities of South America; it has been torn for a century and more by internal dissensions, and I presume has been a prey to revolutions from its infancy. The War with Chili was a tremendous blow to its progress, from which it has never recovered; and its unstable government, that seems the normal condition, will, unless a radical change takes place, be a constant impediment to the City's growth and to the progress and advancement of the people. The hotel at which the American officers generally put up was the Bolo de Oro. It will be remembered by any one who visited Lima in 1842 as the best-known house of entertainment. The fare was good enough, but the beds were infested with fleas—indeed, one might say that every bed in South America at that time was in the same condition. I have

slept in a great many of them in the course of my life, and have always found that to be the case.

The Squadron was now prepared for sea, and one fine morning the Commodore made signal to weigh, and the ships formed in column, the flag-ship in advance. We were close-hauled, and, as we were going to Valparaiso, which was to windward, were by the wind during nearly the whole passage. We finally reached there, after a voyage of nearly a month. Ships going from Callao to Valparaiso haul by the wind, on port tack, with the southeast trades, and remain on that tack until they reach "the variables," about the latitude of Valparaiso, and to westward of the Island of Juan Fernandez, or Robinson Crusoe's Island; there they pick up a strong westerly wind, and boom along towards Valparaiso at their best speed. With us it was from eleven to twelve knots, which was fast for those days; but it must be remembered that the Frigate *United States* was the greyhound of the Navy at that time, and sustained her reputation for many years. The Squadron remained in and about Valparaiso long enough to give the men "liberty," as leave to go on shore was then called. Jack had not much indulgence of this kind at the time about which I write, for he was always a drunkard then, and during the time of the liberty-giving the ship was necessarily in a state of more or less disorganization. It is all changed now, and Jack can go on shore, and behave decently, and come back with his clothes on, which was not the case in those days, for he almost always sold his jacket before he returned to the ship. He was very much given to overstaying his leave, and we youngsters would be sent on shore with our swords buckled to our sides to bring him on board. If he was disposed to be amiable, he would come with

us; if not, he would resist. It was a curious sight to see a boy of sixteen managing, and often with great skill, a six-feet sailor large enough to eat him up. We remained but a short time at Valparaiso, and then got under way for Coquimbo, when liberty was given to those of the crew who did not get on shore at the former place. We had a good deal of trouble in getting them back, for they strayed off to Serena, an inland town, and it was necessary to send our police force after them before they would return. We sailed from Coquimbo for Callao, and arrived there in the usual time, which, as the southeast trade-winds blow continually, is about a week.

Soon after our arrival the Commodore issued orders for the Squadron again to prepare for sea for a cruise to the northward. About this time the relations between the United States and Mexico were very much strained. Commodore Jones had seen in some newspaper a correspondence between those high in authority in both countries, of such a character that he felt sure that war must inevitably follow. His mind was soon made up. The first blow to be struck on this coast must be the seizure of California; and to that end he bent all his energies for the next two months. The flag-ship, as well as I can remember, took the *Cyane* and *Dale* in company, and we all sailed away together for far-off California, which it took us many days to reach. We were constantly exercising, on our way up, and getting ourselves in the best possible trim for war. I remember that some of the Midshipmen gave so keen an edge to their cutlasses that one could almost shave with them. We never knew the object of the expedition upon which we were bound until we reached the coast of California. One morning, with a fresh top-gallant breeze, the Frigate *United States* and the Sloop *Cyane* swooped down upon two Mex-

ican merchantmen, that were bound to sea from Monterey, and we knew that some kind of a war had begun. We stood into the Bay of Monterey under English colors, turned the merchant vessels back, and they were for the time prizes to our ships.

And now the war began in earnest. We came to anchor in the harbor, a mimic army was at once organized, and we proceeded immediately to take possession of the place. The army was marched on shore, advanced up the hill to the Fort, and, finding it abandoned, we hauled down the Mexican flag which was left there flying when the garrison evacuated, and hoisted the Stars and Stripes in its place. I was one of the army of occupation, and the prospect of a little soldiering in a foreign land was a most pleasing anticipation; but, alas, after we had been there one night, and had had the excitement of the long roll, as a strange dog came within our lines, we were ordered on the day following the occupation to fold our tents, lash up our hammocks, and then to proceed down the same hill which, twenty-four hours before, we had marched up so gayly, with colors flying and drums beating, in all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war. It seems that the Commodore went on shore, after having disembarked his army, and had a consultation with the American Consul and the select-men of the town. Another newspaper was produced, so different in tone from that which had caused the war, that peace was immediately proclaimed, and the army of occupation ordered back to the ships. It was a bold dash on the part of Jones, but hardly a wise one. Of course the Government of the United States was obliged to give satisfaction to that of Mexico, so the Commodore was recalled and relieved from his command. The citizens of Monterey were of course very much alarmed at this raid

upon their town, and most of them fled to the country. It was not without a good deal of persuasion that they consented to return, especially the women, who were dreadfully frightened at this unexpected descent upon their quiet and unoffending homes. I think they were very much influenced to look more favorably upon us by Captain Cooper, who married a Californian woman. He had become domesticated here years before, and had been Captain of a whaler, or an American craft of some kind, before he finally settled down in California.

CHAPTER V

Winter in Monterey—Father Junipero—At the Sandwich Islands—Trip to Mauna Loa—Lively Times in Honolulu.

The Commodore now determined to remain in Monterey for the winter. It was the winter of 1842–1843. The people became very friendly, and many a dance and jolly time did we have at their houses. Indeed, it was a grand thing for us Midshipmen, this sojourn at Monterey, for the girls taught us how to dance, and nearly all took advantage of our opportunities. My especial instructress was Anita Cooper, the daughter of the Captain to whom I have referred above. We never could get the girls to go on board ship; the custom of the country would not permit them to go without their mothers or duennas, who were, I presume, afraid of seasickness, for there was almost always more or less motion in Monterey Bay. The old people were always glad to have us at their houses, and there was a public room where we would often meet quite informally and have a dance. The favorite dance was the contradanza, made up of a great many figures, more than I have ever seen anywhere else. The country-dance, as it is sometimes called, is not uncommon in other parts of the world, but I have never seen it danced with so much grace as it was by these simple children of California. There were other Spanish dances which I had never seen or heard of before. Any one who happened to be in California in those days, and who went at all into the primitive

society of the country, will remember with how much grace and ease they would dance the Jota and the Jarabe dances, which were peculiar to California.

The trade in hides, so graphically described by Dana in his *Two Years Before the Mast*, came to a close a short time before the period of which I am now writing. It will be remembered by those who have read that most interesting work that the Boston ships that came to that coast in search of hides and tallow were fitted as stores, with regular counters like a dry-goods store on shore, where anything could be purchased from a cart-wheel to a penny whistle. While the crews of the ships would be on shore curing their hides and preparing them for shipment to the United States, the Supercargo and his aids would be selling goods over the counter on board ship to such customers as would care to purchase them; and there were many to whom it was a great accommodation, for these ships contained amongst other things the wearing apparel of ladies, such as it was difficult to find in that far-distant land, and they would often be thronged with these fair Californian dames, who were getting what they wished in exchange for the hides which their husbands and fathers had sold to the Boston Yankees. There were no butchers in Monterey, so every day one of us Midshipmen accompanied the ships' butchers to the shambles, to which point a couple of bullocks were brought, and there we would pass the afternoon. The purpose of our presence was to see that the butchers behaved themselves properly, and did not stray away or get drunk while at their work. We all thought it a sort of lark, and a pleasant way to pass the afternoon. If, by any chance, our charge happened to drink too much, as they sometimes did, in spite of all our vig-

ilance, it was all the worse for us on our return on board.

The winter was passing away, and the salt provisions of the Squadron were getting short. As long as we could remain at Monterey, there was an abundance of fresh beef, but the time was coming for a renewal of our cruising, and it was necessary to look to the future. There were plenty of salt provisions at Honolulu, so the Commodore shifted his flag to the *Cyane*, and sent the Frigate to that point, to fill up with all she could store and return to Monterey. In less than thirty days we were back again, much to the astonishment of every one. It was thought it would take us nearly sixty days, and when we were seen standing in the bay it was thought something had happened to us, and that we were returning without having accomplished the purpose for which we were sent. It was the quickest trip on record at the time, and I do not believe that any sailing-ship has ever made better time since.

Upon the site of the old fort which we had recently so ingloriously captured stands, at the present time, a statue of Father Junipero, modelled out of a solid block of granite. The figure of the Reverend Father stands on the bow of his boat with its arm outstretched, grasping in its hand a Cross, emblematic of his mission to that distant part of the world.

In 1769, Father Miguel José Serra Junipero was appointed Superior of a band of Franciscan Priests, who were sent to California to take charge of the Missions in that country. After encountering many obstacles, he reached San Diego on the 16th of July, 1769, where he founded his first Mission. He afterwards went to Monterey and founded the Mission of St. Carlos, on the 3d of June, 1770. He then travelled over all California,

founding Missions and making many converts to Christianity. Finally he returned to Monterey on the 1st of January, 1783, and from that time his health rapidly declined.

The monument to which I have referred was erected by the bounty of Mrs. Stanford, of California, as a fitting tribute to one who, one hundred years before, had been such a conspicuous figure in the country which afterwards became her home.

Our work in California was now accomplished. The people seemed to have forgotten that we came there with hostile intent, and nothing could exceed the friendly feeling that existed between us and the Californians. We remained long enough to bring about this state of things, and now it was time to go. It is very difficult for me, after the long interval of time, to remember the disposition of the Fleet after we left the coast of California, and I am a little at a loss to remember exactly where we went, immediately, in the Flag-ship; but my impression is that we touched at Mazatlan, *en route* to Callao, where we arrived after a passage of fifty or sixty days. As I was in the Pacific on this my first cruise about five years, and served in three different vessels, I am a good deal confused about places and dates. To some of the ports I went so often that I am sometimes mixed in my mind as to whether events which come up before me occurred when I was attached to one ship or another; and as I write from memory, and am trying to relate incidents which occurred more than fifty years ago, I must be pardoned if the narrative seems from time to time confusing to the reader, as well as to me.

Upon arrival at Callao from our northern expedition, we immediately made preparations for a cruise amongst the South Sea Islands. We first went to Honolulu; I

do not remember if it was before we started or after the cruise to the Islands had begun that information reached us that Commodore Dallas was ordered out to relieve Commodore Jones. At all events, we were to be absent from the coast for some time, and it would be no easy matter for the new Commodore to catch us; indeed, it did look very much as if we were running away from him. I remember one day, as we were rolling along with a fine breeze after us, we carried away the maintop-gallant-mast, when the broad pennant came down by the run, and Lieutenant Avery remarked that it had been kept up *by the run* for some time. We reached the Sandwich Islands, after a passage of about forty days. We first went to Byron's Bay, where the town of Hilo is situated, and came to anchor quite close inshore. Everything was very green and beautiful, and towering over our heads was the great volcano of Mauna Loa. Close to the town was a charming waterfall, and a fresh-water stream, which was the favorite bathing-place of the Kanaka girls, who were like ducks in the water, and would jump from fearful heights into the boiling, tumbling waters beneath the falls. We found, after our arrival, that Lord George Paulet, Commanding H.M.S. *Carysfort*, was at the Islands. It seems he had some difficulty with the authorities, and, like our Jones in California, took temporary possession of the country. He removed all the taboos, which produced a good deal of demoralization amongst the natives, and undid for the time much of the good work that the missionaries had done. He soon discovered, however, that he had made a mistake, and restored the Islands to their proper owners. At the head of the missions at Hilo was the Reverend Mr. Coan. He seemed to be an excellent man, and no doubt had the

interest of the natives entirely at heart. Mr. Coan was of great assistance to us in fitting out our expedition to visit the great volcano. He came on board one Sunday and took the place of the Chaplain, and, although more than fifty years have elapsed since, I remember the text to this day; it was, "The Law of the Lord is perfect."

Permission was granted to as many of us as could be spared to join the party that was making up for a visit to the Volcano of Mauna Loa, one of the greatest natural curiosities in the world. So much has been written about it and its various eruptions by Mr. Coan himself that I feel that I could add very little to what has already been said. Our expedition consisted of about thirty people and about the same number of horses. Most of the white people had horses, although some preferred to walk, while the Kanakas, one of whom was told off to each of us, were all on foot. They carried immense calabashes in which were stored a change of linen for us, and such other articles as we were obliged to take along. We made a gay-looking caravan as we emerged from the little village of Hilo. After proceeding some hours we came to a halt for rest at a mission-school, where we refreshed ourselves, and then continued our journey to the edge of the great crater, where we arrived about nightfall. We had only time to get a view of the magnificent scenery that was spread out before us, and see the lurid light away down in the crater, before darkness set in, when we made our dispositions for the night. As the darkness increased, the great seething, boiling, heaving mass of molten lava, as it rushed about the great lake of fire, grew brighter and brighter until the whole heavens were illuminated with a brilliant red light, that, combined with what I have

just mentioned, produced a scene exceedingly beautiful. We gazed upon it until the fatigue we had undergone admonished us that we had better turn into such beds as we could improvise. They were rough enough, but we were young, and could put up with almost anything.

We made an early start, and did all the exploring that was possible in the one day that we had allowed ourselves to be in the crater. We could not approach very close to the molten lake, but there were little streams flowing into it to which we could get close enough to insert our walking-staffs and bring out pieces of lava which would harden on the end of the sticks. It was a grand and rare sight to see this lake of liquid fire, its waves rushing from side to side with no regular motion, but meeting each other and producing a jet of lava which would rush many feet into the air with an indescribable bang and roar. After we had made ourselves tired and weary with seeing and exploring, we were glad enough to return to our camp on the edge of the great crater and enjoy our supper, after which we turned in for the night. The next morning we started back for Hilo, thoroughly satisfied with our most interesting and instructive expedition. We remained after our trip but a short time in Byron's Bay. We got under way from there early in the morning of the day upon which we sailed, and with a fresh trade-wind rushed through the Islands, passing Lanai about mid-day, and, as we were making about twelve knots an hour, we reached Oahu and anchored off Honolulu before dark.

The *Constellation*, with Commodore Kearny, was at the Islands with us. She was the Flag-ship of the East India Station, as it was then called, on her way home by way of Cape Horn, having gone out by way of Good

Hope, thus making the voyage around the world. The *United States* and *Constellation* drew too much water to enter the inner harbor, and the anchorage outside of the reef was a rough place to lie. To get from there to the shore was a long and weary pull. The *Cyane* was lying inside, so altogether it seemed like a large force for our little Navy in that far-distant land. The presence of so many officers made it gay for Honolulu, and the town was painted red many times while we were there together. The *Constellation* made quite a stay in port after her long passage across, and her officers had received a good deal of hospitality. They gave a large and handsome ball in appreciation of the kindnesses they had received, to which all Honolulu was invited. It was a most exciting event for us youngsters, who had been so much at sea that a large ball was a great novelty, and those of us who went enjoyed it immensely. There were but few young girls in Honolulu at that time—I mean few besides the natives, who could hardly be said to be society girls at that period in the history of Hawaii; but there were there a number of interesting married women, who were representatives of all nations, and, as I remember, they made an excellent appearance. At all events, it made that impression upon my youthful mind, and I have no doubt that the ball was a very handsome affair. I remember a nice-looking girl to whom my attention was called by Temple, who recently died as a Rear-Admiral. He informed me that she was the only spinster in the room. I looked at her with wonder and admiration, but I doubt whether I knew in those days what a spinster was. Any one who was in Honolulu during the year of 1843 will remember the charming little hotel in existence at that time, the proprietors of which were jolly Fred Thompson and

Mr. Carter, both well-known names in Honolulu in those days. The whole community was indebted to them for the only public-house that existed at that time.

Honolulu always was, and always will be, one of the most attractive places in the world. The climate is delicious. Life is made easy, or was in those days, by the facilities which rendered house-keeping a pleasure and an agreeable pastime. It was a *dolce far niente* kind of a life which every one led; servants were abundant; houses were never closed when the occupants happened to go out, and nothing was ever missed on their return; so life passed easily along. The natives seemed happy, the foreigners wore an air of content, which indicated that they were satisfied with life and what Honolulu gave them, and altogether there was a charm about existence there at that time more easily to be imagined than described.

CHAPTER VI

The Marquesas and Tahiti — Salute Stories — Herman Melville — Flogging in the Navy—Change of Commodores—A Coast Cruise —Idle in Callao—A New Mess—Opera in South America—Commodore Sloat—The *Levant's* Company.

It was not without feelings of regret that we left this charming spot and got under way for the Island of Nukuhiva, of the Marquesas group. The sailing was beautiful, as the trade-winds drove us along from eight to twelve knots an hour, and, after the usual passage, we anchored in the lovely Bay of Nukuhiva. This Bay makes one of the most beautiful harbors I have ever seen. Completely landlocked, it would be difficult to discover the entrance were it not for a very pronounced landmark near it. The mark is a vertical streak of some discolored matter, which is easily made out, and by sailing directly for it the entrance comes full in view. The natives of the Marquesas group were far behind those of the Sandwich Islands. I believe, even up to the time I write, the Missionaries have made no impression upon them. I am not sure but some of these had been eaten, for the Marquesans were cannibals of the worst kind, and no one who desired to escape roasting ever ventured away from the coast, where, if this horrible custom existed at all, it was in a very modified form. No traces of it ever came under our observation, but gruesome stories were told of what constantly took place in the interior.

We did not remain long at these Islands, where there was nothing to do but look at a lot of half-naked savages, but got under way and sailed for Tahiti, passing by numerous islands, which formed a sort of Archipelago of the South Seas. The islands are of coral formation, many of them already complete and flourishing, while others were just forming, and showed but a few feet above the water. In a few days we reached Tahiti, where we took a pilot, which I mention only because he insisted in calling Point Venus Point "Wenus"; I can see him now on the poop, in the most emphatic manner telling the Captain from time to time that he must "weather Point Wenus before he could fetch the anchorage." After working to windward for some time we finally succeeded in accomplishing that necessary feat, and anchored in Matavai Bay. This Bay was easier of access for vessels of heavy draft than Papiete Bay, although the latter was a better harbor, entirely protected by the reef, which locked it in completely. We remained a week or ten days at this charming Island, which we all enjoyed very much. The luxuriant growth of everything here, the variety of the flora, and the rich coloring of all that the earth produces were most pleasing to the eye. One never tired of what was called the Broom Road, which was a green archway, resembling, more than anything else to which I can liken it, a tunnel through the thickest of foliage. This road was about a mile long, connecting the two villages of Matavai and Papiete, and the archway was made up of every conceivable tropical plant. Bits of sunlight occasionally found their way through the foliage, but this lovely promenade was always in the shade, and at all times of the day one could be cool and comfortable within its green walls. The natives are, I think, the

most comely of all the aborigines who inhabit the Pacific Islands. It was here that the mutineers of the *Bounty* found the wives that they carried off with them to Pitcairn's Island. At the time about which I am writing the French had not yet assumed a protectorate over the Society Islands, but they did soon afterwards. There was a Queen who came on board, but I do not remember whether it was Pomare, well known in the history of the Islands, or some other Queen. Ladies of that rank were not uncommon in those days in the South Seas. At all events, she was a Queen to be saluted, and we gave her five guns, which made her very happy. She was very much tattooed, and I remember she drew up her cotton skirt and exhibited her leg, covered with India-ink. She was treated with every consideration by the Commodore, and returned to her Island feeling more like a Queen than ever.

Speaking of the salute reminds me of the following story: It is the custom of men-of-war of all nations to salute the flag of the country whose port they enter. When there is any doubt about the salute being returned, an officer is sent to inform the authorities that a salute will be fired, provided it is returned. One of our ships on entering a Chinese port sent word to the Mandarin in command that the Captain would be happy to salute him if he would return the salute. The reply of the Mandarin was, that the idea was a very beautiful one, but that he had no powder. There is another salute story which I may as well repeat here. An old classmate of mine was the Aid to a Captain of the old days, and once accompanied him on a visit to a Portuguese man-of-war. The Captain, when he got into his boat, saw some preparations for saluting being made, when he rushed up the ladder and called out, "No salute!

no salute!" and when he had again taken his seat in the boat he said to his Aid, "You have no idea, Mr. ——, of the advantages of speaking the foreign languages." The fact is, he knew no language but his own.

We had now been cruising amongst the Islands of the Pacific for some months, and were not sorry when the time came to get under way for the coast. Savage and half-civilized life become very irksome when the novelty is worn off; after having been a long time in the eastern part of the Mediterranean, I have felt a sense of relief upon reaching a place where I could no longer see a fez. At Tahiti we picked up some seamen who were there on the Consul's hands. They were entered on the books of the ship, and became a portion of the crew. One of the number was Herman Melville, who became famous afterwards as a writer and an admiralty lawyer. He had gone to sea for his health, and found himself stranded in the South Pacific. I do not remember what the trouble was, but he and his comrades had left the ship of which they were a portion of the crew. Melville wrote a book, well known in its day, called *White Jacket*, which had more influence in abolishing corporal punishment in the Navy than anything else. This book was placed on the desk of every member of Congress, and was a most eloquent appeal to the humane sentiment of the country. As an evidence of the good it did, a law was passed soon after the book appeared abolishing flogging in the Navy absolutely, without substituting any other mode of punishment in its stead; and this was exactly in accordance with Melville's appeal. He said: "Abolish it at once, even if you substitute nothing for it; but abolish it."

I do not think that I remember Melville at all; occa-

sionally will flash across my memory a maintop-man flitting about the starboard gangway with a white jacket on, but there is not much reality in the picture which it presents to my mind. In his book he speaks of a certain seaman, Jack Chase, who was Captain of the maintop, of whom I have a very distinct recollection. He was about as fine a specimen of a seaman as I have ever seen in all my cruising. He was not only that, but he was a man of intelligence and a born leader. His top-mates adored him, although he kept them up to the mark, and made every man do his share of work. Melville has given him considerable space in his book, and seems to have had intense admiration for him. He mentions also a number of officers whom it is not difficult to recognize. The Commanding Officer, who had a very red face, he called Captain Claret; a small but very energetic Midshipman, who made himself felt and heard about the decks, he called Mr. Pert; the Gunner was "Old Combustibles." He gives no names, but to any one who served in the Frigate *United States* it was easy to recognize the men by their sobriquets. Melville certainly did a grand work in bringing his ability as a writer and his experience as a seaman to bear upon this important matter—I mean corporal punishment—which had been the subject of so much discussion in and out of Congress. He was an eye-witness of the system, and able to judge of it from personal observation; he knew how much it might be abused by an unfeeling and tyrannical Captain. I saw enough of it myself to be sickened with its use and abuse. I saw a man once flogged around the Fleet, which means that he was taken from ship to ship, and at each one received a portion of the one hundred or more lashes which he had been condemned to receive. Not that he might not have de-

served very severe punishment, but there was something very painful in having to be an unwilling witness to this kind of torture.

Herman Melville was so deeply impressed by the injustice that this system worked, and felt so strongly upon the subject, that he says, referring to some matter in which he himself was the person in question and when this punishment might have been resorted to, that he had made up his mind, when the worst came to the worst and there was no escape, to seize the Captain by the waist and jump overboard with him locked in his arms. I will dismiss this unpleasant subject by mentioning a case of peculiar hardship which came more immediately under my observation on board a ship on which I once served, because the person in question seemed to have a special liking for me. He was a man of some education, and had drifted into the service and away from his home for some cause which, if I ever knew, I have forgotten now. I think he was employed as a writer on board the ship in which I was serving at the time, and made himself useful in that way. He used often to talk to me and tell me of his troubles, and I would listen. He had a sort of literary tendency, and kept a journal in which he jotted down from time to time events of one kind and another that had occurred on board. Somehow it came to the ears of the authorities, the journal was examined, and something was discovered for which it was thought he deserved to be flogged. I always thought it a peculiarly hard case, for it seemed to me this man had as much right to make such notes as he pleased in a private journal as he had to do anything else in the world. The poor fellow, whose name I will not mention, displayed his literary fancies in doggerel rhymes and acrostics. He once wrote an acrostic to me, some of the lines

of which I remember, and which I will produce here to show of what curious material the crew of a man-of-war was, at that time, composed. It ran thus:

"Since thou hast chosen for thy lot
A home upon the heaving main,
May sorrows be by thee forgot,
Unfelt a tyrant's chain.
Each day may conscious virtue bring
Light-hearted joy to cheer thy way,
Refreshing like the flowers of spring
Fierce winter's cheerless ray."

The remainder has passed entirely out of my mind, except the last three lines, and they ran as follows:

"Like him, the sage whose name you own,
In journeying down thy pathway, lone,
Ne'er heed the shafts of malice thrown."

I lost sight of this poor fellow when I was transferred to another ship, but he was humiliated and heart-broken, and I do not think he ever felt the same after the trouble came upon him which I have just mentioned.

We had an uneventful passage from Tahiti to Valparaiso, as we bowled along with the fresh southwest winds. Before we reached our port we sighted the Islands of *Mas-á-Fuera* and *Mas-á-Tierra*, a few hundred miles off the coast of Chili, nearly due west from Valparaiso. It was one of these Islands upon which Defoe laid the scene of the story of *Robinson Crusoe*. In passing them, one cannot help thinking of the desolate life of Alexander Selkirk, and the dreary years he passed here in solitude, and everything connected with that sad but interesting history. He was left here by the Captain of the ship on which he was serving, in consequence of a quarrel he had with him, and was rescued some years

afterwards by Captain Woodes Rodgers, who commanded a British privateer. Dampier, who was with Rodgers, had known Selkirk in former years, and pronounced him an excellent man. He was afterwards given the command of Rodgers's Hospital Ship, and did good service in his little Fleet. Afterwards he went to England, where he was made much of, and a monument was erected at Juan Fernandez to his memory, either by the British Government or by the officers of some man-of-war that had been long stationed in those waters.

As I have no journals or notes of any kind to which I might refer for dates, I can only say that about the time of which I am now writing we had reached the middle of the third year from the time when the ship was put in commission, which would make it 1843. Upon our arrival at Valparaiso, the first news that reached us was that Commodore Dallas had arrived on the Station to relieve Jones. The *Constellation* happening to be in Valparaiso when we were there, Jones quietly stepped on board of her and sailed away, round Cape Horn, for home, leaving Dallas to pick up the Squadron as best he could, thus avoiding the unpleasantness of the ceremony of a regular relief, which under the circumstances would have been very embarrassing, as Dallas no doubt felt that Jones had gone off on his Island cruise in order that he might retain his command for a longer period. It was thought that a meeting at that time might have led to serious consequences, and that a duel might have been the result; so it was better as it was. Poor Dallas died soon after, and Jones lived to command the Pacific Squadron for the second time.

After the departure of Jones, the Frigate *United States* sailed for Callao, now ceasing to be a Flag-ship. Upon our arrival we found the Frigate *Savannah*, which

had been sent out to be the Flag-ship of the new Commodore. We were not permitted to remain long in the harbor, for Dallas sent us on a long cruise to the coast of Mexico. The object of the cruise was, I think, to see if we could pick up what was then called freight, which meant the conveying of silver from Mazatlan to some point where it could be shipped to England. We made the trip, and returned to Callao. Nothing could have been more uninteresting than this long and tedious voyage, which occupied more than a hundred days. As we were standing in for anchorage and began to make out things in the harbor, we discovered a long line of boats in procession pulling in for shore. Then we saw the Pennant of the Flag-ship at half-mast, and then heard the booming of minute-guns. Poor Dallas was being conveyed to his last resting-place. He had not enjoyed his command long, having been upon the Station only about four months. He was a popular officer, and had many warm friends that sincerely mourned his loss. The command of the Squadron now devolved upon Captain Armstrong. He immediately transferred the command of the *United States* to Captain Stribling, and took command of the *Savannah* himself, and also of the Squadron, as Senior Officer on the Station. The Frigate *United States* was ordered to prepare for the homeward-bound cruise. The Store-ship *Relief* was lying at Callao in want of watch-officers. As an inducement to me and others to volunteer to remain out, it was held out to us that we should have regular charge of a watch, and that all the duties and responsibilities of a watch-officer would devolve upon us. Wilcox and I were very warm friends, and we agreed to remain.

The *Relief* was commanded by Lieutenant H. K. Hoff, and was a fixture in the harbor of Callao. What

I did during the idle months which I passed in her there it is now difficult for me to conceive. We had a pleasant mess, consisting of Hammersley, a Passed Midshipman, who was Acting Lieutenant, Wilcox, John K. Wilson, and myself, Midshipmen. Purser Storer and his clerk were also in the mess, although the former had a room in the cabin. The Purser, Mr. Storer, passed most of his time in Lima, so I saw but little of him. After several months of this lounging, idle life, the *Relief* was ordered to Valparaiso for some purpose, either to show the flag or to get stores. We sailed accordingly, and after a rather long passage came to anchor off the city. We had now reached the year 1844, more than two years after I first visited Valparaiso, during which time it had advanced considerably in population and importance. A new and exceedingly fine opera-house had been constructed; the best kind of Italian opera was given by first-class artistes, and the opera-house and all connected therewith was the absorbing topic. All the world went, and the two prime donne were the heroines of the day. So great was the impression they made upon my youthful mind that although I have seen and heard many singers since, whose names at the time were very familiar to me, yet they have many of them passed entirely from my mind, while the names of Tadolini and Rossini are still fresh in my memory. One was a contralto, the other a soprano. I had no personal acquaintance with them, but I looked upon them with that sort of admiration with which I might look upon a Queen now. The operas that they most frequently figured in were "I Puritani" and "Lucia"; and when I could hear them in these I used to think my happiness was complete.

Up to the time about which I write there had been no hotels in Valparaiso worthy of the name. Two young

Americans, Thibault and Pollard, and an Englishman of the name of Townsend, supplied the deficiency by establishing one, which I presume might be called a first-class house. It was certainly excellent for that day, but I heard afterwards that they went into it too extravagantly, and soon came to grief. In those days we saw many more merchant vessels flying the American flag than we do now; then our sails whitened every sea; now it is a rare thing to see one. There were several at Valparaiso at the time the *Relief* was there; one that I recall distinctly, the *Seaman*, of Baltimore. Her Captain was Captain Myrick, who had his wife on board; and we of the *Relief* visited them frequently. There was also on board, either as a passenger or Supercargo, Mr. Oliver O'Donnell, of Baltimore, with whom I was very intimate. He was a handsome, charming young fellow in those days, and we all became very fond of him. He afterwards married the sister of Governor Carroll, of Maryland. The Governor is now one of my most intimate friends, of whom I see a great deal in the winter at Washington. I often see also the daughter of my old friend O'Donnell, who is a charming girl. I mention these things because they are associated in my mind with those of far-off days in Valparaiso, when we Americans used to spend our evenings together, generally at the opera. One of our party, whose image comes back to me now as I write, was a delightful young fellow from Virginia, son of our Minister to Chili, Mr. Crump, who was a highly creditable representative of our country, and one of whom all Americans could be proud.

We were soon obliged to tear ourselves away from these pleasant scenes and make our way back, to resume the dulness and monotony of life at Callao, where we

anchored after the usual eight or ten days' passage. Our ships made it in that time, running as they did before a fair trade-wind. We resumed our idle life, which, happily, was not destined to be of long continuance. Commodore Sloat soon afterwards arrived, and assumed command of the Squadron; and the *Levant* happening in about that time, I was, at my own request, ordered to join her. On board of the *Levant* were two of my most intimate friends, Midshipmen Welsh and Wells. I was made very happy by this change, not only on that account, but because I longed for more active service, and she was a cruiser that was always on the go.

We were not long idle, but were sent off at once to Panama, as much for the mails as anything else; for the facilities for getting letters in those days were very poor. I was once without them, during my cruise, for a period of eighteen months. We would miss them at one place and then another, and they were forwarded along, so they would follow us all around the Pacific. We made an extraordinarily long passage, having encountered a succession of calms that persecuted us for many days. We had all this calm weather in the Bay of Panama, which can probably beat the world for the stillness of its surroundings; I never have known any region where calm continues so great a length of time. The officers of the *Levant* were Commander H. N. Page, Lieutenants Handy (commonly known as Bob), Joe Adams, Alexander Murray, Louis McLane, and Dorsey Read. The Surgeon was Gilchrist, and the Purser Rittenhouse. My impression is that Louis McLane and I are the only survivors. Welsh died young. Wells lived to be a Rear-Admiral, as also did Murray. They both died only a few years ago. They were fine fellows, and it is pleasant to be able to look back upon my ser-

vice with men so agreeable as were my shipmates of the *Levant*. Louis McLane left the Navy soon after the Mexican War. He was successful in business in California, and made a large fortune; he stands very high both socially and in the business community of Baltimore, where he now resides. I have known him off and on for more than fifty years, and have never known in all respects a higher type of man. He was a great loss to the Navy, as he would have been to any calling in which he might have been engaged. He was the leading man in the *Levant*, and would be such in any position in which he might be placed. McLane belongs to a distinguished American family. His father was Secretary of the Treasury and Minister to England. His brother Robert has been our Minister to France, and has filled other distinguished positions. The strain which produces such men is largely developed in Louis.

CHAPTER VII

In Panama—A Nicaraguan Journey—In the City of Leon—Beginnings of the War with Mexico—Frémont and Kit Carson — Another Capture of Monterey—Brazilian Midshipmen—Stay at Rio—Home Again.

We did not remain long at Panama. I went on shore several times, and found it interesting, inasmuch as it differed entirely from the other South American cities with which I was familiar. The houses seemed to me to be three or four stories high, and there was an appearance of antiquity about them that was very alluring. Everything else I had seen in the Southern Continent seemed new and fresh. The passage back to Callao was long and tedious. It had to be made against a light headwind with an adverse current. I can conceive nothing in all sea-going life more dull than beating up the coast of Peru for Callao. Some days we would make nothing to windward; some days we would lose, and be worse off than we were the day before; and then again, by keeping in-shore, we would get a slant and make a good leg along. We finally arrived at Callao, and rejoined our Squadron.

Commodore Sloat soon dispersed the ships, and scattered them through the North Pacific. My friends Welsh and Wells were to be examined for their promotion, and as we were now in the year 1845, and their examination took place in 1846, they left us, and went home for instruction at the Naval Academy, which was

soon to be established at Annapolis. I had now only one messmate, Midshipman Gordon; he and I shared the port steerage together, so that we had the greatest abundance of room. We were excellent friends, but one day we had a quarrel, and did not speak for some time; but a visiting Midshipman came on board who was a friend to both of us, and, soon seeing the situation, said: "What is the matter? The whole mess seems to be in a row." And so, in this playful way, the matter was made up. We remained intimate friends ever afterwards. My cruising, henceforth, until the return of the *Levant* to the United States, was in the North Pacific. We went to the Sandwich Islands, which made my third visit to that interesting group; we cruised along the coast of Central America, and remained for a while at Realejo, where there was then a snug little anchorage, in the mouth of the river, which now is, I think, the site of the present Corinto.

From this point a party was made up for an expedition towards the interior of Nicaragua. It had no object but that of seeing the country and enjoying a little relaxation from the monotony of life on board ship. It is, I find, very difficult after this long interval to remember who composed the party besides myself, but I do remember one charming fellow who was with us; he was known in those days as little Dorsey Read. He was our Sailing-Master—bright, high-spirited—the life of the party. Purser Rittenhouse also accompanied us. Any one who ever knew him remembers this kindly, genial gentleman. I shall never forget the beautiful, bright morning that we started from the ship; it was not yet daylight; the stars shone brightly as we pulled along the banks of the beautiful stream towards the point where we were to take our horses for the trip.

The weather was warm at Realejo, but I shall always remember the freshness of the morning air as we sped along to our destination, where our guide with the horses saddled them, and every preparation was made for a start. We soon found ourselves passing through a beautiful country, with the finest forest trees I have ever seen. I did not then know what they were, but, as the mahogany-tree grows to a great size, I presume that many of them were of this beautiful wood. As we proceeded, the weather became hot, so that we were obliged to discontinue our journey and lie by during the heat of the day. We always found some hospitable hut, where the family and the chickens seemed all to live together, and where we could always be provided with a comfortable meal. In the evening we would resume our journey, and continue on late into the night. We then stopped for a few hours to rest, stretched on the hide beds of the country, for there were no such things as mattresses. We were tired men, however, and the sleep was most refreshing. Long before day we would be off again, and continue until again arrested by the heat. I often dropped off to sleep as we rode along, and then would wake up surprised to find that I had not fallen from my horse.

We continued in this way for two or three days, through a beautiful country all the time, never tiring of the lovely scenery by which we were surrounded. We passed through many interesting little villages, the inhabitants of which were a mixture of aborigines and Spaniards; for in Central-American countries the races mingled more than they did with us, and, although native characteristics were predominant, yet Spanish was the language spoken throughout nearly all the land. My impression is that the original language

had entirely died out, for it must be remembered that Spanish influence had been felt there for several centuries. We finally reached the city of Leon, which was practically the end of our journey. There were no hotels in the city, so we billeted ourselves upon an Englishman named Jonas Dibble. He had married a wife of the women of the country, who was very pretty, and did the honors of his establishment very gracefully. He had been so long in the country, and was so unused to hearing English spoken, that he had almost forgotten his own language, or rather, I should say, did so to that extent that he would use English words that conveyed a meaning which he did not intend. I do not remember that he was engaged in any particular occupation, but he seemed happy enough, although he complained that the Revolutionists sacked and ransacked, to use his own expression, from time to time, so that he felt very poor, and was full of apologies for the plain manner in which he was obliged to live. However, he was very kind and hospitable, and I do not know what we should have done without the food and shelter which he gave us during the two or three days we were at Leon. The day after our arrival we visited the lake of the same name. It was a fine sheet of water, and when the Nicaragua Canal shall have been in operation for a century its shores will no doubt be studded with villas and its waters ploughed by steamers and yachts and water-craft of every description.

We returned to the ship much in the same manner as we came from it, and, although we had a charming trip, we were, nevertheless, glad to get back to our ship's home and the comforts which surrounded us there. It is always found after a sojourn on shore that a ship has a great many comforts which one not accustomed to ship-life can hardly understand, especially when she is on a

foreign cruise and the ship is one's own home. I am reminded, as I write, of a little incident, apropos of this subject, told to me by my friend Lieutenant-Commander Ames, long since dead. There was an old seaman who was employed at Annapolis, in a better position than he had probably ever occupied in his life. He had saved some money, had built himself a house, and was altogether comfortable. He went to Ames one day and said: "Mr. Ames, I am getting a kind o' tired of this here kind of life, and I feels, sir, as how I'd like to be off again. To be sure," he went on to say, "they pays me well, and treats me well, and I has a house, sir—a good house. Why, Mr. Ames, my house has all the comforts of a ship into it, sir, but I ain't happy here nohow, and I wants to be off." So Jack has an appreciation of the comforts of a ship as well as his master.

We sailed from Realejo, and soon after found ourselves at Mazatlan, where the rest of the Fleet was assembled as a sort of Squadron of observation. The year 1846 had arrived, and the Mexican War was close upon us. While we were at Mazatlan, Lieutenant Gillespie, of the Marine Corps, arrived with despatches for Frémont and Mr. Larkin, our Consul at Monterey. He traversed Mexico from Vera Cruz, having passed himself off as a merchant. Strange to say, his real character does not seem to have been suspected by the Mexicans, so he came through unmolested. Commodore Sloat, in order to avert suspicion, sent him to Monterey by way of the Sandwich Islands. In January, 1846, Frémont, who was upon one of his exploring expeditions, found himself about one hundred miles east of Monterey in the San Joachim Valley, when he required rest for his horses. He went in person to Monterey to see General Castro, who was in command there, in order to get per-

mission to remain in the Valley during the winter. Castro granted his request, but, as it was not approved by the Mexican Government, he took opposite ground, and tried to rouse the people to look upon Frémont and his party as public enemies. The American settlers in the Valley wished Frémont to assume the offensive, offering to assist him, but as he knew nothing yet of a state of war existing between the two countries, and not wishing to compromise his own, he declined. However, he marched his small party, consisting of sixty backwoodsmen, to within thirty miles of Monterey, when he took up a position on the Sierra Nevada Mountains, raised the American flag, and prepared for resistance.

Castro marched out towards Frémont's party, but did not attack them. Finally Frémont, thinking there was no immediate probability of war with Mexico, started on his march for Oregon. He had not proceeded very far when he was overtaken by Gillespie, who followed him up through a hostile Indian country and delivered his despatches. Frémont now lost no time in retracing his steps, and in about a fortnight reached the Valley of the Sacramento, near Sutter's Fort, a place of defence which had been established by Captain Sutter, a Swiss, who had been settled in the country for some time. From that point Frémont sent Gillespie to San Francisco for provisions. When he reached there, Captain Montgomery, of the *Portsmouth*, sent Lieutenant Hunter in charge of a launch to meet Frémont, which he did on the American Fork. Hunter was accompanied on this expedition by Purser Watmough, afterwards Paymaster-General of the Navy, and Assistant Surgeon Duval, who desired to visit Frémont's camp. A sort of warfare had at this time begun between the Californians and the American settlers. Some of our people had captured

Sonoma, and brought in as a prisoner General Vallejo. So the Revolution, as it was called, was inaugurated. I do not think that the parties on either side yet knew that war existed between Mexico and the United States; the settlers asserted that they were driven to revolution in self-defence.

Some fighting took place, and a proclamation was issued by a settler, setting forth the causes of the war, and declaring California independent of Mexico. A flag was adopted, which was a grizzly-bear upon a white field. A very interesting character at that time was Kit Carson, Frémont's second in command; indeed, his whole force formed a most attractive group as they camped on the green where they had established their bivouac for the night. A party of us went out from Monterey to call upon them. We were amply repaid for it, for they talked with us pleasantly for a long time, and what they had to say could not be otherwise than most interesting, for each one was unique in his own particular way. They had come all the way from the borders of our Eastern civilization, and this of itself surrounded them with a sort of romantic interest, which I have never felt to the same extent in any other group of men. Kit Carson paved his way to a commission in the Army. I never knew what became of the others.*

While all this was going on, war was actually in existence, and Commodore Sloat had arrived in Monterey. The conduct of the war in California is a matter of history. I was one of the landing-party that took possession of Monterey, and expected to belong to Purser Fauntleroy's troop, which was being formed as a sort of

* For that part of the narrative in which Frémont, Gillespie, Castro, and Vallejo figure, I am indebted to General Wilcox's *History of the Mexican War*.—S. R. F.

web-foot dragoon corps; but McLane was going to be one of that force, and Captain Page was not willing further to deprive his ship of officers, so I was not permitted to go. The troop was actually formed, and did good service, and not until Commodore Biddle took command of the Squadron was it disbanded, and the officers ordered back to their ships. I heard afterwards that Biddle, upon his arrival to take command, sent for the officers who composed this troop, and put the question to each one: "Well, sir, what are you — Colonel or Major or Captain?" and when he would get the reply he would say: "Well, Major, you proceed on board your ship and report to your Captain as a Naval officer." I believe Biddle was very much given to sarcasm, and what I have just stated is an illustration of that peculiarity.

Soon after the occupation of the ports on the coast of California, and while the war was progressing towards a successful termination, the *Levant* was ordered to return to the United States. About this time Sloat was relieved by Stockton, and, later, Biddle appeared on the coast in the *Columbus* and assumed command. My recollection of the events which occurred between the taking possession of Monterey and the time the *Levant* sailed for home is very vague. The names of some of the streets in San Francisco recall to my mind some of the officers of the Squadron who figured at that time; as, for instance, Stockton Street, Powell Street, Montgomery Square, etc. Some of these officers figured in the efforts to establish civil government in California at that time. They were Alcaldes of towns, etc. Powell was the Surgeon of the *Warren*, Montgomery the Captain of the *Portsmouth*, and so it went; and thus it was that the impress of these names was

made upon the infant city of San Francisco, which soon became the metropolis of the Pacific. I am under the impression that we conveyed Commodore Sloat to Panama, and that he returned to the United States in that way. I remember that we went there, and took with us Lieutenant Trapier of the *Cyane*, who was going home to resign, to become an Episcopal clergyman. Such a transformation was so rare, that the fact of his being with us on our homeward-bound trip fixed itself in my mind so firmly that I remember him, while I do not positively remember the presence of a more important person, the Commodore himself.

We had a long passage to Valparaiso, where we touched *en route* to the United States. While we were there the *Columbus*, with Commodore Biddle, came in. She was a splendid specimen of the line-of-battle ship of that period. She had been a long time in commission, and was commanded by Captain Wyman. Her Executive Officer was Commander Selfridge, now living, upward of ninety years of age. There were no finer officers, each in his particular way, than the three I have just mentioned in our Navy, or, indeed, in any other at that time. Biddle found orders for himself here to proceed to California and assume command of the Naval forces there, which he accordingly did, as I have stated above.

I had by this time done so much cruising and had so much experience at sea that I was entrusted with a Lieutenant's watch, and became one of the regular watch-officers of the ship. I do not remember what the occasion was, but the Captain told me one day that he had as much confidence in me as he had in any officer on board. I felt, of course, very much complimented,

and I felt also that I had not entirely wasted my time during the five years of my cruising in the Pacific. A number of my classmates, who were on board the *Columbus*, were transferred to the *Levant*, in order that they might go home and prepare for their examinations. Amongst them was a fine fellow—Whiting. He was a watch-officer on the way home as well as myself. Whiting always stood well in the service, and became Chief of the Bureau of Navigation. He finally grew blind, and was obliged to retire as a Captain. Congress, however, as a reward for good service, made him a Commodore on the retired list. He died but lately, in consequence of an accident. There was another Midshipman of my class who came on board, a man named Forrest. He was a peculiar fellow; had something the matter with his eyes, and when any one used the pepper-box at the table he jumped up, as if he were shot, and felt that he had met with a personal affront, so much did he dread getting the pepper in his eyes.

The *Columbus* had on board for instruction five or six Brazilian Midshipmen who were transferred to the *Levant* for passage to Rio. They did not seem to have profited much by the cruise, as only one of them had acquired English, and that in a very small way. They had been taken on board at Rio by the *Columbus*, on her way out, and had had the benefit of their cruise to China and back to Valparaiso. As we were at war with Mexico, it was embarrassing to have foreign officers on board, so they were sent home with us. They were young men of good Brazilian families. When we were at Rio, on our way home, we received a good deal of attention from their relations and friends. While on board the *Columbus*, they of course messed with the

Midshipmen, but, somehow or other, they did not get on well, and, with two or three exceptions, managed to make themselves very unpopular. When they came to us they labored under the disadvantage of coming not pleasantly recommended.

We had a comfortable passage around the Horn. As it was the summer season, we had abundant daylight, so we crept up close to the stormy Cape, and had studding-sails set while in sight of it. This is something that can rarely be said of Cape Horn, for one is much more likely to be under short canvas all the time while cruising in those seas. We reached Rio de Janeiro in due course of time, and came to anchor in its beautiful harbor. At the time of which I write, our Minister at Rio was Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, who had been a Member of Congress, and was well known. He had been the second of Graves when he killed Cilley in the celebrated duel which was fought a few years before. Cilley had a son in my class, and it is said, with how much truth I do not know, that the son was at Rio while Mr. Wise was Minister, and that he was in charge of a boat that conveyed Mr. Wise to the ship on board of which Cilley was serving as a Midshipman. The Minister's house was the headquarters of the officers, who visited there very pleasantly. One of his daughters was married afterwards to Dr. Garnett of the Navy, who happened to be attached to a ship which I presume was a good deal at Rio. There was another American family there, that of the Naval Store-keeper Mr. Ferguson. He belonged to what had been a very useful class of officers in their time. They were Masters not in the line of promotion, employed as Naval Store-keepers on foreign stations, and, indeed, wherever they could be found useful. Mr. Ferguson was a man of high char-

acter, strictly attentive to his duties, and filled with great ability the position which he occupied. I mention him so particularly because I had such high respect for him. His daughter, who was then Miss Kate Ferguson, married Paymaster Watson. They had three children; one is now a Commander in the Navy, and the daughters married, one Lieutenant Miller, and the other Paymaster Rand. Mr. Ferguson was very precise in his manner of talking, and I shall never forget his description of some empty barrels which had once contained flour. I was a member of the survey upon what these barrels once held. In Mr. Ferguson's description of the articles he said, "These barrels once contained flour; they have been perforated by rats, and the contents thereof destroyed." It struck me at the time as being such a precise and quaint way of putting it before us that I have never forgotten it.

We soon finished our preparations for the homeward-bound passage and sailed for Norfolk, having a delightful journey home through the trade-wind region. One incident of the trip is worth recording; it is this: It was my morning watch. The weather was lovely, the trade-winds blew fresh, and we were rattling along at about eight knots an hour, when a flying-fish missed his calculation, and, instead of passing over the ship in his flight, landed at my feet. It was a beautiful sight for one who had not tasted anything fresh for twenty days. It can be well conceived that I lost no time in capturing him and sending him down to the cook to be prepared for breakfast. I need not say that I enjoyed the meal. We were a very happy party when Cape Henry was sighted. I had been absent from friends and home for more than five years, and when I landed in Norfolk I felt like a stranger in my own land. And now my

long cruise was ended, and my Midshipman days practically over; the next thing was my examination. What I may term the first part of my career was closed when the *Levant* went out of commission and the crew were paid off.

CHAPTER VIII

At the Naval School — Life at Annapolis Fifty Years Since—After-Fortunes of the Class—"Reform Banquets"—Coast-Survey Service—Washington Society.

I was granted three months' leave of absence, and went to York, Pennsylvania, where I passed the summer of 1847 with my mother, who resided there. A portion of my class was at that time at the Naval School at Annapolis, preparing for examination. They had been there since October. Those of us who had just returned to the United States would have lost the advantage of half the time which was allotted to us if we had gone immediately there upon our arrival in the country. We were given the option of either going to the school or waiting until the coming October. Most of us, if not all, adopted the latter course. I remained at home until October, and then reported for instruction at Annapolis.

The "date" of 1841 was so large that it was thought best to divide it into three sections; the first section was graduated in 1847, the second in 1848, and the third in 1849. The Naval Academy was then in its infancy. Two classes only had been graduated there—that of 1840 and the first part of that of 1841. We formerly spoke of a class as a "date"; this referred to the year of our entry into the Navy. Since those days it has been called "class," and the class of such and such a year means the year in which it is graduated. The

Superintendent of the Academy in 1847 was Captain Upshur. He was a very worthy man, possessed of a kindly nature, and exceedingly conscientious and zealous in the performance of his duties, and in all respects a most creditable Superintendent. He had an unruly set of devils to manage, for we were no longer boys, most of us being more than twenty-one years of age. We often tried the old gentleman sorely by our youthful pranks of one kind and another, for, although there was an effort at discipline, we were just at that age when we were hard to control. I shall never forget one occasion when there had been a row in town between some roughs and some Midshipmen who were out on a lark. Word was passed to those inside, and nearly the whole class, armed with pokers and other weapons which were near at hand, rushed out to the scene of action. However, by the time we reached there quiet had been restored, and nothing more serious than a broken head or two resulted from the fray. The next morning the Superintendent called us all up, and delivered to us a lecture upon the impropriety of our conduct. He began to lecture in such a precise and peculiar manner that the first phrase was long remembered and quoted by those who desired to be funny at the old gentleman's expense. It ran thus: "*Raining as it was, and sick as I was*, I was aroused from my bed," etc.

The professors of the Academy at that time were, Chauvenet in Mathematics, Lockwood in Navigation and Infantry tactics, and Giraud in French; Dr. Lockwood lectured to us in Chemistry, and some one taught us Ward's Gunnery. I went to the Academy with the advantage of having been through a course of Mathematics extending through Analytical Geometry, and in

Navigation, and through Nautical Astronomy. I had therefore a fair knowledge already of the subjects in which I was to be instructed. I at once took a good standing in the first section, and maintained it during the time I was at the Academy. Professor Chauvenet, our instructor in Mathematics, had the faculty of imparting what he knew to others in a higher degree than any man I have ever known, and he had also the peculiar faculty of discerning whether a man at the blackboard knew what he was talking about or not. He became, in time, perhaps the first mathematician in this or any other country. I have always retained for him a most profound respect and esteem. His transcendent talents soon placed him beyond the comparatively obscure position of a Professor of Mathematics in the Navy, and he was transferred to a higher sphere of usefulness in some Western institution of learning of high standing, where I believe he remained until he died. Professor Lockwood, who was associated with Chauvenet as an instructor in the early days of the Academy, is still living. He is a graduate of West Point, and was my shipmate in the Frigate *United States*. He taught me about all I knew, up to the time I went to the Naval School, and I have always felt under deep obligations to him for the pains and trouble he took to instil into me the rudiments of Mathematics, which I found afterwards so useful. He was associated with the Academy, more or less, from the time it was established until he was retired, with the exception of the time when he was with the Army during the Civil War, in which he served as a General officer of Volunteers. Professors Chauvenet and Lockwood were very important factors in the building-up of the Naval Academy, and were largely instrumental in starting it with the

high character it has ever since maintained. The Professor of French, Mr. Giraud, was an excellent instructor, and during the nine months we were taught by him we became sufficiently well grounded to enable us to pursue the study of the language afterwards with great advantage.

When the class—as I shall henceforth call it, in deference to the custom now in use—assembled at Annapolis, it was placed in four sections, arranged for convenience alphabetically. After a few days, when the Professors had learned enough about us to satisfy them as to our qualifications, we were arranged in four sections still, but now it was according to the knowledge we had displayed. It was my good-fortune to be put in the first section, not because I deserved to be there on account of special merit, but because I had the advantage of a Professor on board ship, while many of those in the fourth section had had no such good-fortune. Indeed, there were amongst the men in that section, Midshipmen of as much natural ability as those in the first, but they had served in small vessels which had no Professors, and so had not had the advantages that we had. The whole system of Naval education in those days was rough and crude, and did not seem altogether fair; the wonder is that we got on as well as we did. My room-mates were John Van Ness Philip, George E. Morgan, and William Mercer. The first two have been dead for many years. Philip left the Navy, but entered it again when the Civil War broke out. He died of yellow-fever as Executive officer of the *R. R. Cuyler*. His Captain, known in those days as Frank Winslow, died also. Strange to say, they were the only two cases on board that proved fatal; the rest of the officers and crew escaped entirely. Morgan died before the War, on board some ship of which

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he was the Navigating officer. Mercer resigned, and I think is now living in some place on the Hudson River. We occupied room No. 1, in what was then called Apollo Row. It should be known that the Academy is upon the site of what was once Fort Severn, and the only accommodations for the Midshipmen were the barracks formerly occupied by the soldiers. These barracks were situated in different parts of the enclosure, which in those days was called "the Yard," borrowed, I presume, from Navy-Yard. They were in disconnected groups. Each group had its designation. Ours was Apollo Row; then there was Rowdy Row and Brandywine Cottage and the Abbey. These names all had some significance. Brandywine Cottage was so called because it was occupied by Midshipmen who had recently returned from a cruise in the Frigate *Brandywine*. The Abbey was named by some elegant fellow who wished to have a high-sounding title to his temporary home; and Rowdy Row was so called because it somehow happened that the noisy and boisterous element always congregated there. I never knew why Apollo Row was so called.

Most of the men who were with me at the school have passed away. There were many fine fellows amongst them, men who made their mark in the world, and became distinguished not only as Naval officers, but in the walks of civil life as well. The names of men who come vividly before my mind now are Pembroke Jones, Billy Parker, Allan McLane, John Upshur, Nag Hunter, Gus McLaughlin, and others who stood prominently in the foreground. Jim Jouett was also there; he was a gallant fellow, who distinguished himself at the Battle of Mobile Bay, and captured with the *Metacomet*, under his command, the Confederate gunboat *Selma*. And there was

Roe, who distinguished himself in a naval engagement in Albemarle Sound, by gallantly dashing his wooden gunboat, the *Sassacus*, into the ironclad *Albemarle*, in an attempt to sink her. Both of these latter became Rear-Admirals, and both are still living. Of the men whom I have mentioned, the one in whom I have taken the most interest is Parker. He is still living, having occupied during his career many places of trust and responsibility. Parker went South when the Civil War broke out, or he would have been a Rear-Admiral on the retired list. He is a charming fellow altogether, and full of talent. I meet him now from time to time, and always with a great deal of pleasure. Pembroke Jones also served in the South during the War. I do not remember whether he resigned before the beginning of hostilities or not; he was one of the best men at the school, and it was always a pleasure to hear him recite, he was so clear and thorough. Chauvenet rarely asked him a question, but when he finished would, in his quiet way, say, "That is sufficient, sir." We always knew that Jones's mark was about perfect. In those days the marks ranged from 10 to 0. Now they range from 4 to 0. Allan McLane was a member of a distinguished Maryland family, to which I had occasion to refer when speaking of his brother Louis in another part of this narrative. He was a fine, manly fellow of great good sense. He did not remain long in the service after he passed his examination, but became identified, in one way or another, with the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and rose, by regular gradations, to its Presidency. When he retired from that position he went to Washington, built a fine house there, and made that city his place of residence until he died, only a few years ago. He had amassed a large fortune, made, like that of his

brother Louis, by his individual exertions. McLane was a man of excellent standing in the community in which he resided, and was in all respects a man of the highest character. Gus McLaughlin, as he was always called by his friends, was a lovely fellow. I was his groomsman when he married.

Life at the school was pleasant enough for those of us whose standing in our classes warranted the feeling that there was no doubt about the final result of our examination. With those in the fourth section, where there was a great deal of doubt in the minds of many, the nine months at the school were not passed on a bed of roses. I remember hearing a man say one day that, if he did not pass, Chauvenet's wife would be a widow. Of course this was an exaggeration, but it proved to me that the state of mind that many of them were in during those trying days was not a thing to be envied. There was a good deal of dissipation at the school at the time I was there, for checks upon our freedom of action were very few. There was not much discipline, for, as I have said before, we were all grown men, most of us of twenty-two years of age and upward. About this time the Chartists were holding their mass-meetings in London. There was no parallelism between what we called our "reform banquets" and the Chartist meetings, but I remember that it was these meetings which suggested the name. Every Saturday night, for several months, we assembled at the room of some choice spirit, where we were regaled with whiskey and cigars, and crackers and cheese, and swapped yarns and sang songs until nearly midnight. Towards that hour but few of the revellers were left. Those who were sober enough remained, and finally separated, each one going his way towards his quarters; and thus ended the "re-

form banquet." I happened one Sunday morning to be passing by a room where there had been a banquet the night before. Lieutenant Sidney Smith Lee — a brother of Robert E. Lee—who was Executive Officer of the school, was passing at the same moment. He called my attention to this "banquet-hall deserted," and, raising his hands with an air of intense disgust, asked me if I had ever witnessed such a sight. Empty bottles were lying about the floor, half-smoked cigars were scattered in all directions, chairs were turned upsidedown, and everything in the room indicated that it had been the scene of rollicking dissipation. Lieutenant Lee was an amiable man, and, while he deplored the existence of such irregularities, he seemed powerless to prevent them. As I have stated before, there was little or no discipline at the school in those days. The autumn, winter, and spring passed away. The days resembled each other very much, and I was glad when the time for our examination was at hand. The novelty had worn off, and was succeeded by a monotonous, school-boy sort of life, varied by some outside society and the Saturday nights which I have described above.

The Board which examined us assembled in June. As well as I can remember, the President was Commodore Morgan. Two of the Captains were Gwin and Armstrong; there were others, but they have passed out of my mind. The examination in Mathematics was by printed questions, to which we wrote out answers. They had to be handed in from our desks in the examination hall within a fixed time. The consequence was that, if we found much difficulty in any one question that was likely to detain us, we were obliged to give it the go-by in order to answer a reasonable number of

the others. In the examination for Seamanship, each Captain would take a Midshipman and give him a long, exhaustive sitting in that branch. To any one who had given much attention to the subject, it was not very difficult, for there were but few questions in Seamanship at that time with which an intelligent Midshipman was not more or less familiar. There was no Professor of Seamanship at the school, as there is now, but we drilled each other, and so became pretty well posted during the six years of probation that we had had before going to the school.

The examination was over, and a feeling of exhilaration came upon me that it is difficult to describe. I had been cramming for nine months, and the delight at being able to throw everything off my mind was something to be experienced but not described. We were all happy except the "bilgers." These poor fellows had not only the mortification of failure, but the prospect of another nine months at the school, for it was the rule to give the "bilger" a second, and I think sometimes a third, chance. My recollection is that we were all granted one month's leave, and that we were expected to report for duty at the end of that time. I was detailed for the Coast Survey, and about the middle of the summer joined the party of Lieutenant S. P. Lee. We worked off shore to the southward of Cape Henlopen. In the spring and autumn we would work in the Chesapeake Bay, and in the winter be stationed in Washington. We had a very pleasant party; some of the members of it were men who were well known in their day. Frank Winslow was our Executive Officer. Alexander Murray, Whiting, Simpson, Preble, McLaughlin, and others, who have passed out of my mind, also belonged to it. Most of these men became Rear-Admirals, and

did good service. The Chief of the party, Admiral Lee, and I, I believe, are the only survivors.

The people who lived on the coast of Maryland and Delaware in those days were but one degree removed from savages. They were a cross between the small farmer and the wrecker. They never cast their eyes upon a vessel but that the glance was accompanied with the thought of what a fine prize she would be. I heard one of the principal men amongst them say one day, upon looking at our steamer: "How I would like to *wrack* her." We were obliged to live with these people while we were at work on the coast, as we could rarely communicate with the vessel after the day's work was over. We did attempt camping out at times, but our appliances were very crude, and it was, if anything, a rougher life than that of living with the natives. When, however, our stations were near enough to make it convenient to meet after our work of the day was over, we found it on the whole pleasant to rough it in camp and do our own cooking. There was one family with which we lived that exceeded in roughness anything I have ever known in all my experience. One day at dinner one of the young women of the family was helping to some string-beans. I saw her examining the spoon with which she was serving them with much interest. It seemed to occur to her that it wanted washing; whereupon she inserted it into her mouth, and it came out washed. I asked the person to whom the beans were served, and whose head was turned away at the time, if he knew what had occurred. When I told him what it was, he said: "Oh, you ought not to see such things." One of the young women of this same family, relating to me how a schooner had come from Philadelphia and landed some excursionists near their place, said that the

schooner had "*fifty head* of girls on board." I mention these things to illustrate the crude condition of the people who occupied these shores fifty years ago. Since then, there is no doubt the school-master has been amongst them, and a watering-place — Rehoboth Beach —has risen where we then had our stamping-ground. Although these people were wreckers, they never attempted to extort from us, which will be at once seen when I mention the fact that we boarded for thirty-seven and a half cents a day on fairly good food. When we could manage to camp together, the outside work was pleasant enough; but when I was alone with an attendant, and was obliged to trudge two miles every evening after the day's work was over, and then sleep in a feather-bed, eaten up by mosquitoes, it was wretched enough.

When the working season was over, our party was transferred to the Coast Survey Office in Washington, where we passed the winter. Simpson and I took rooms together, and made ourselves very comfortable. We lived at Mrs. Lamb's boarding-house, opposite Willard's Hotel. The hotel in those days was a sort of head-quarters for officers of the Army and Navy, a kind of club, at a time when Washington had no clubs worth mentioning. We had a good many visitors in our quarters, for it was a convenient place to drop into from across the street. Amongst others that we used to see a great deal of were the brothers Hull and John Quincy Adams, both charming men, each in his way, but totally unlike. John died many years ago; he went down in the *Albany*, which ship was never heard of after leaving port. She disappeared somewhere in the West Indies, and her fate is unknown to this day. Adams was a bluff, sailor-man sort of a fellow, a thorough gentleman, always well dressed, and was in all respects a thoroughly

good man-of-war's man. As an illustration of his sailor way of putting things, I will relate an incident which occurred in Florence. He and I formed a portion of a party that went to the city for a stay of a few days. When we arrived there everybody was immediately making suggestions as to going here and there at once, whereupon John Adams spoke up and said: "Now if you will give me this evening to get the bearings and distances of things, I will go to hell with you to-morrow." We all agreed that he was right, and acted upon his suggestion. Hull Adams was the reverse of John; the latter hated society, while Hull was devoted to it, and was always one of its greatest favorites. He was full of talent, and if his lot had been cast in another direction he might have reached a position of prominence in the country, in common with many of the members of the distinguished family to which he belongs. One of his great attractions was the sweetest of tenor voices. I can hear him now, as he used to ring out the words:

> "O that a Dutchman's draught might be
> As deep as the rolling Zuyder Zee!"

He and his sister, Elizabeth Adams, never married. They have been the warmest of friends and companions for many years. I am strongly of the impression that they are both now living. If they are, she must be nearly ninety, and he cannot be very far behind her. Both Hull and John were great favorites in Washington that winter amongst the hosts of fine fellows that formed the male portion of the society of the city.

I went very little into society myself during the winter. I believe I was a subscriber to the Assembly Balls, which were held in the old Globe Building, somewhere in the neighborhood of Four and a Half Street, on Penn-

sylvania Avenue. It was the only dancing-hall in Washington at the time, except Carusi's Saloon, as it was called, and that was a small affair. I remember well some of the girls who figured at those balls, and who are now living. They were charming girls then, they are lovely old ladies now. If this narrative should ever meet their eyes, they may recognize themselves. They are hardly old enough yet, however, to be called old ladies, perhaps they never will be. I remember dining with Mr. and Mrs. Gales that winter. Mr. Gales was one of the firm of Gales & Seaton of the *National Intelligencer*. There were present at the dinner besides the host and hostess, Miss Gales, Miss Anne Lizzie Buckler, and Miss Anna Clarke. They are all three now living. Miss Gales, who at that time was one of the leaders in society, is now a translator of French and Spanish in the State Department. She has accepted the change in her circumstances with the greatest good grace, and seems as bright and cheerful now as she did in those far-off days. Miss Buckler, of Baltimore, married Rolando, of the Navy, who died years ago. I had the pleasure of seeing her only a few days since. Miss Clarke is a daughter of Matthew St. Clair Clarke, one of the greatest wits of his day; she married my brother, General Franklin. These ladies, as I said before, are all living now, and are in fairly good health. They are warm and devoted friends to this day.

CHAPTER IX

On Foreign Service—The Spragues of Gibraltar—Commodore Morgan — Mess of His Flag-ship — Winter Quarters — On Leave in Rome—Early Impressions.

Aside from the Assembly Balls and one or two dancing-parties, my recollections of that winter are very vague. It came to an end, however, and time for active work on the Survey was again approaching. The party reassembled somewhere near the mouth of the Patuxent River, and began running lines of soundings in Chesapeake Bay. We had not been employed many days at this work when orders came detaching me from the Coast Survey and ordering me to the Razee *Independence*. The *Independence* was fitting out at Norfolk to be the Flag-ship of the Mediterranean Squadron; and while I was pleasantly located with the familiar surveying-party, I could not help feeling that the prospect of a cruise in the Mediterranean was more alluring than the work upon which I was then engaged. I soon reported at Norfolk in obedience to my orders. Captain Conover was the Commanding Officer, and Tom Craven, as he was called in those days, the Executive. The ward-room was full to overflowing. Beaumont, who was the Second Master and Junior ward-room Officer, was without a room. "Beau," as we called him, was a very amusing fellow, the life of the ward-room mess, but was given to saying sharp things, and occasionally made enemies; he was liked, nevertheless, by

nearly every one. Beau and I were great friends during the cruise. We had one little difficulty, but we soon made it up.

We sailed from Hampton Roads about the middle of the summer of 1849. The steerage was composed of two messes, the Passed Midshipmen occupied the port steerage, and the Midshipmen the starboard. We had a comfortable mess and lived well. The conditions had changed very much since my first cruise, when we were all boys. Now we were men verging on twenty-five years of age. I do not remember whether any of my messmates ever attained to Flag rank. Two of the ward-room officers did, as did also one of the Midshipmen. The three to whom I refer were Craven, Beaumont, and Skerrett. The Civil War intervening, sent some of them South; they became scattered, and I lost the run of them.

We had a passage of about twenty days from Hampton Roads to Gibraltar. The weather was pleasant, and nothing of especial interest occurred during the run. At that time the Consul at Gibraltar was Mr. Sprague, father of the present incumbent. Father and son have filled the Consular office at that place for about seventy years. I do not remember the father, but tradition has handed him down as a man of the highest character, who filled the position he occupied with rare ability. His son, Horatio Sprague, I have known more or less intimately for many years, and it gives me much pleasure to say that I have never in all my experience known a Consulate that stood higher than that of Gibraltar as administered by Mr. Sprague. He has always been a great favorite with the British officials, as well on account of his high character as a gentleman as for the ability with which he discharges the duties

of his office. To the travelling Americans who happen to go to Gibraltar he is always kind and courteous; and when we have sick officers or seamen in the Government Hospitals, he very rarely permits a day to pass without visiting them in person and seeing that all their wants are attended to. I trust that he will live yet many years to do honor to the country which he represents with so much credit and ability, as well as to the Consular Corps, of which he is an old and distinguished member. Mr. Sprague was always doing something that made him agreeable to me during the many times I visited Gibraltar in the course of my cruising; it was either a dinner at his house, or a picnic at his country-place, or something to make my time pass agreeably at the Rock. He was always invited to the official dinners that were given to our Admirals, and no dinner given to us at the Rock ever seemed complete without the presence of Mr. Sprague. If our Consular Service was made subject to the Civil Service rules, and its members formed a permanent Corps, our interests would be much better cared for, and men like Mr. Sprague would be more frequently encountered. Any one who has had much to do with our Consuls abroad is entirely satisfied that the system as at present administered is a dismal failure; and, as long as these offices continue to be the refuge of the spoilsmen, the inefficiency of the incumbents will continue. I am glad to know, however, that there is a project on foot to improve the system, and to place it upon a basis calculated to reflect credit upon its promoters as well as upon the country.

The *Independence* did not remain long at Gibraltar. We sailed for Spézzia, which was then the headquarters of the Squadron. Here we found the steam Frigate *Mississippi*, with Commodore Morgan on board. He

shifted his flag to the *Independence*, and henceforth she became the Flag-ship. Commodore Morgan was one of the most interesting Naval characters of the day. He had served in the War of 1812, on board the *Constitution*, and had many curious stories to relate of those historic times. I do not know what his age was, but he seemed to me, as I look back, very old for his years, or for what ought to have been his age. He was extremely gouty, and moved about with difficulty; but as no great activity was necessary to command a Squadron in time of peace, I presume he made what in those days might have been considered a very fair Commander-in-Chief. He seemed to me to be a man of intelligence, had a good deal of humor, and was a good judge of character. His letters to the Department were all well written and the subjects well thought out. He was personally attractive, and any one who was intimately associated with him, as I was, could not help liking him. I was at one time on his staff, so that I saw a good deal of him and his family. At this time he was married to his second wife, who was a charming woman, the daughter of Mr. Ritchie, who had been our Consul at Madrid. She had been intimately thrown with Washington Irving, and in my conversations with her about him she conveyed to my mind a most pleasing impression of that distinguished writer. There were two children by this marriage, and although there was considerable disparity in years between the Commodore and Mrs. Morgan, yet, on the whole, it was a very happy, interesting family.

The Mediterranean Squadron at this time consisted of three large Frigates—the *Independence*, the *Cumberland*, and the old *Constitution*—the Steamship *Mississippi*, and the Sloop *Jamestown*. The coming together of the Squadron produced a great many changes. Some

officers were invalided home, and Passed Midshipmen were promoted to fill vacancies thus created. Amongst others so promoted was Nelson, who became a General of Volunteers during the Civil War. Every one at all familiar with those times will remember that he was shot to death by Jefferson C. Davis. Nelson was promoted from the *Mississippi* and ordered to the *Independence* as Second Master, Beaumont becoming First. Nelson stood more than six feet in his stockings, and was otherwise very large. Lieutenant George Chapman, one of the greatest wits of the day, used to speak of the two as Beaumont and Flesher. I was very fond of Nelson, but I do not think he was popular with his comrades. He knew a great deal himself, and had a very unpleasant way of telling others how little they knew. I presume it was this peculiarity which caused him to meet his death in the manner he did. I think, in his quarrel with Davis, he told him that he was surprised that a graduate of West Point should possess so little knowledge about the military point which they were discussing. I cannot help thinking that if Nelson had lived he would have greatly distinguished himself during the Civil War. Mr. Lincoln used to speak of him and the late Admiral Carter as his web-foot Generals. Nelson was a great talker, and had at command a good deal of native wit. No one surpassed him in an after-dinner speech, and, take him all in all, he was an exceedingly clever man. I could never understand whether he was getting off a practical joke upon our Minister at Naples, or whether he thought that he was giving him the proper advice; at all events, he told the Minister that when he went to court he should wear his sword on the right side, emblematic of his peaceful calling, which I believe he really did. Nelson was fond of

a joke, for I remember being with him at a party in Naples when some lady standing at his side, and having nothing more interesting to say, asked him who I was; whereupon he replied: "Why, do you not know who that is? He is the grandson of our great Benjamin Franklin." "Ah, yes," she replied, "I see the likeness at once." One or two rather amusing stories were told of him when he was in Washington on the eve of the Civil War. Being a Kentuckian, he was supposed to have Southern sympathies. On one occasion somebody said to him: "Now, Nelson, you are from Marysville, Kentucky; suppose you were ordered down there to fire into your native town." Nelson replied, without hesitation: "Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to knock that place down, for it is the d—dest, meanest place in the whole country." On another occasion he was in the company of some South Carolinians who were expressing their views about the situation very freely, when he said, "If the President will give me one thousand men and as many shovels, I will go down and shovel South Carolina into the Atlantic Ocean."

One of my messmates, whom I remember with a great deal of pleasure, was Joe Bradford. He was a sort of connection of the Commodore, and was one of my predecessors on his staff. He was a gallant fellow, and had fought a duel with a man whose name I think was Comegys; Bradford had a very narrow escape, and came near losing the number of his mess. He was struck in the chest, but the bullet glanced from his breastbone without penetrating. It was a close call, and he carried the scar to his grave. Although a fine character, he was not very popular with his messmates. He was at times bitterly sarcastic, and was withal a good deal of what we call on board ship "a growl." I

remember the caterer of our mess threatening one day to get a dog and tie him to the stanchion as a set-off against his growling. Bradford did good service during the Civil War. He was Chief of Staff to Admiral Dahlgren, and served with great energy and ability. I often met him after the cruise was over, and always with a great deal of pleasure. We were once at the Old Sweet Springs in Virginia together; one day he took it into his head that he wanted to drive over to the White Sulphur. He had some difficulty in getting a conveyance, when as a last resource he asked the son of the proprietor of the hotel, who was a great swell, if he could assist him in getting a buggy. I presume that the young man thought that Bradford took him for a livery-stable man, for he replied: "Do you wish to insult me?" whereupon Bradford replied: "I would like to know who you are before I answer that question." The young man then said: "My name is Norval." Bradford at once replied by asking him if he was a son of the man who fed his flocks on the Grampian Hills. Of course young Norval was very much infuriated by this time, and told Bradford that he was not, but that he was a fighting man, whereupon the former said: "I am not a fighting man, but am in the peaceful pursuit of a buggy." The matter was noised about the Springs, Bradford's ready reply about the Grampian Hills took with every one, and he was the lion of the hour. There is another anecdote about Bradford which I cannot help relating. We were beating up the Adriatic against a strong wind called a Bora. He was officer of the deck, and was working the ship very satisfactorily. The First Lieutenant was an officious fellow that Bradford did not like. He happened to see him through the corner of his eye letting go a rope. The Lieutenant did not

know that he had been seen, so Bradford gave himself a little time, when, turning to one of the mizzen-top men, he said, "What d——d chuckle-head let go that weather vang [rope]?" "Oh! I did that," said the First Lieutenant; when Bradford said, "Oh! I beg your pardon," knowing of course all the time who had done it. Some one heard the Lieutenant say a few moments afterwards, "These Passed Midshipmen are a d——d sight too smart." Bradford did not long survive the Civil War. He died of heart disease, from which he had suffered for years.

Before proceeding with this narrative of the cruise, I must mention, for my own satisfaction, my old classmates, Duval and Rochelle. Duval was a good deal older than the rest of us, and it was said that he had been a Postmaster before he was appointed a Midshipman. He was an immense man, and was one of those always trotted out when any one wanted to see the little Midshipmen; a man of genial, kind temperament, as all will testify who knew him in those days. I lost sight of him after the beginning of the Civil War. He was from North Carolina. Rochelle was a gallant fellow, a Virginian, who, like Duval, went with his State. He had a certain amount of dry humor, and when we spoke of the President's message at any time, and were discussing its merits, he would say, "That is all very well, but wait until you read the message of the Governor of Virginia." I heard of him during the Civil War, and think he did good service in the Confederacy.

The *Independence* did not cruise much during the autumn of 1849. She went into winter quarters in the harbor of Baiæ, a small seaport not far from the Bay of Naples. Here we made every preparation for a protracted stay, for it was not usual for the ships of war of any nation to cruise during the winter in the Mediterra-

nean unless there was some urgent necessity ; they were kept in harbor, for it is a stormy sea from December to March, and the wear and tear upon cruisers was very great. In the summer the weather is fine, and the cruising is done in that season. It was formerly said that the Mediterranean had but four harbors—June, July, August, and Port Mahon. The winter at Baiæ was dull enough. The trip to Naples was attended with a certain amount of trouble and expense, so with us Passed Midshipmen it was not often made. I took a month's leave of absence, and went to Rome, accompanied by a classmate, Gilmor Hoffman. There were no railroads, and it was necessary to choose between a poor steamer to Civita Vecchia and the *diligence* direct to Rome. We chose the latter method. It took a long time to go, travelling by night as well as by day. Besides Hoffman and myself, William Butler Duncan, who afterwards became a prominent banker in New York, was one of our party. There was a Mr. Ronalds, of whom we saw a great deal while in Rome, and I have always been under the impression that he afterwards became the husband of the famous Mrs. Ronalds, who was well known in Europe some years ago, and was remarkable for her beauty.

When we reached Rome, Hoffman and I took rooms in the Via Condotti, and dined at the Hôtel d'Angleterre. Our hostess was a pretty little Roman matron, who took excellent care of us, and gave us the freshest of eggs and the best of coffee for breakfast. We passed our time, as most tourists do, visiting churches, and ruins of baths, and picture-galleries without end. We always brought up about one o'clock in the Piazza del Popolo, where there was a place of refreshment, well known in those days, the name of which I have now

forgotten; it was a place to see everybody. We always took a curious kind of luncheon, consisting of delicious pastry and brandy-and-water. After this we would sally out again in the afternoon, and always finish with a visit to St. Peter's. I think it is the rule with tourists to visit St. Peter's every day; at all events, it was at that time. It seemed to me to grow in grandeur every time I passed its portals, and I never tired of roaming about this vast structure, filled with so much that is beautiful in painting and sculpture, the grandest monument on earth to the great Church which erected it. The Holy Father was not in Rome, but an exile in Naples. All Europe had run wild with revolutionary frenzy, and while Pius IX. was most liberal in his views, the revolution went beyond him, and he was obliged to fly to Portici, where the King of Naples had placed one of his palaces at his disposal. The French, under General Baraguay d'Hilliers, were in charge of the Government. The Roman revolution had been put down, but the French Government had not yet found the time ripe for the return of the Pope. This was in the winter of 1849–50. I think he went back soon afterwards.

We happened to be in Rome during the Carnival, and witnessed the procession of carriages in the Corso, the throwing of *confetti*, etc. While we were looking on from our balcony, we saw the Corso instantly cleared by the military. The cause of this was that an infernal machine of some kind had been thrown into the carriage of Prince Canino. The Prince, who belonged to the Bonaparte family, had taken sides with the Liberals. He had been warned, I believe, not to take part in the procession, and was told that if he did, something terrible might happen. He did not heed the advice, and the consequence was what I have just stated. Fortu-

nately, no one was hurt, although the torpedo exploded upon impact in the carriage. I believe the matter was dropped, for I never heard of it again.

Our Minister at Rome at this time was Mr. Cass, son of Lewis Cass, the well-known American statesman. He was very much respected, not only by the authorities, but by the Americans residing in and passing through Rome. It was during this visit that I first knew Mr. Hooker, then a young banker just rising into prominence. I met him years afterwards, a well-known, prosperous man, very much respected and liked by every one. He died only a few years ago. I fancy that most Americans who have visited Rome during the last forty years knew Mr. Hooker, and many of them have been the recipients of his kindness and attention.

The time had now arrived for returning to the ship. I had seen the Eternal City; and although I have visited it several times since, I feel that the impression made upon me then has been more lasting than that of any of my more recent visits. The greatest cathedral in the world stamped itself upon my mind so firmly that its image has never been effaced, while the memories of the Apollo Belvedere, the Laocoon, the Transfiguration, and the Beatrice Cenci have been a joy forever. I have seen them often since, but this first sight of them in my youth fixed them indelibly upon my mind. The work of art of all others which seemed to have taken the strongest hold upon me was the Apollo Belvedere. I often went to the gallery of the Vatican, and would find myself continually returning to this beautiful statue, to have another look at it before I left the Palace. It seems to me that this instinctive yearning to see over and over again a great work of art is of itself sufficient evidence of the great merit which it possesses.

CHAPTER X

In the Adriatic—A Royal Visit—Fun at Spezzia—Leghorn and Florence—Naples under Bomba—Balls at the Academy—The San Carlo—Pompeii and Vesuvius—A Mournful Accident.

During the following two years we cruised about the Mediterranean, going as far west as Lisbon, and as far east as Trieste. I shall not undertake to follow the ship in her passages from port to port, for, as I write from memory, it would be a difficult thing to do, nor would it be especially interesting to any one who should happen to peruse these pages. In those days of sailing-ships (with the light summer winds of the Mediterranean) it took a long time to get about, and we visited the same ports over and over again, our cruising being confined principally to the coast of Italy. I think there was some diplomatic reason for our going to Lisbon; I remember that our Minister, Mr. Clay, who was a son of the great statesman Henry Clay, took passage with us into the Mediterranean when we left there.

The cruise up the Adriatic as far as Trieste was made owing to some misunderstanding which occurred between the Captain of one of our ships and the Austrian authorities, while that ship was on a visit to Trieste. The Commodore considered the matter so serious that he felt it necessary to go there in person, in order to do away with the unpleasant impression that had been made by his Captain. The old gentleman succeeded in making himself very agreeable to the Aus-

trians, and when we left the *entente cordiale* had been entirely restored.

It was not common for so large a vessel as the *Independence* to visit Trieste. Thousands and thousands of people from all around the country came on board, to see what they considered a great curiosity. Peasants who had never before seen such a sight came from Croatia and Dalmatia, and the numerous provinces around the head of the Adriatic. Not only did the peasantry come, but we had also many distinguished visitors, among others the King of Saxony and the Ban of Croatia, the same prince who assisted the Austrians so effectually in putting down the Hungarian Revolution. He brought with him his wife, a very beautiful woman; and the Commodore, as he escorted her around the ship, moved his gouty legs over the ground with much more agility than was his usual custom. The old gentleman had been a great gallant in his youth, and this beautiful Princess seemed to have inspired him with some of his old-time sprightliness. The King of Saxony again stirred the old gentleman up to extraordinary exertions. We were all in full uniform to receive the King, and while assembled at the starboard gangway, expecting him to come on that side, the Commodore, discovering suddenly that he was making for the port ladder, rushed about as wildly as his legs would let him, and "shooed" us all over to the other side with an exclamation—"Don't you see the King coming on that side?" The yards were manned, and all the proper honors were paid, and I think His Majesty went away very much pleased. The Commodore, as I have intimated before, was a very queer character. It was often difficult to determine whether he was joking or in earnest. He had been accustomed to the usages of good

society all his life, but in showing the King around the ship, instead of addressing him according to the well-received usage in communicating with majesty, as "Your Majesty," he would say, "Step this way, King, if you please"; or, "Let me help you down this hatch, King." I never could quite understand whether it was drollery on his part or not. The Commodore was a great tobacco-chewer, and one day when he was going to dine with His Majesty I happened to be the officer of the boat which was conveying him to the shore. Drayton, his Flag Lieutenant, I observed, was watching him with great interest, and the reason was that we were getting very close to the place where he was to dine with the King, and yet he was chewing tobacco, with all the evidences of it around the corners of his mouth. Drayton could stand it no longer, and called his attention to it. The old gentleman apologized, and, with the aid of several pocket-handkerchiefs, made himself presentable. He dined a large number of Austrian officers one day, as a sort of wind-up to the festivities prior to our sailing away for the coast of Italy. They were all pretty well filled with wine by the time dinner was over, and adjourned to the poop-deck. He presented a most comical appearance, with his wig slued one side, and his eye, which always looked as if it were glass, rolling around in the most quizzical manner. He was surrounded by Austrians, who seemed all to be talking to him at the same time. He was backing away from them, as they were gesticulating at him, until he reached the end of the poop, and could go no farther without going overboard, when he threw up his hands in despair, exclaiming: "I don't understand a d——d word you say!" I do not know whether they understood or appreciated what he said, but to me, as I looked on, it

seemed as if he was tired to death with their German talk.

The *Independence* passed a good deal of her time at Spezzia. The Squadron was continually going there for provisions. The Sardinian Government had placed at the disposal of our Government some unoccupied buildings at the Lazaretto, which were generally well stored with beef and pork and other provisions, as well as Naval stores of all kinds. Our Store-keeper was a most efficient man of the name of Spaulding. He, as well as his successor (Colonel Long), will be long remembered by any Naval officer who happened to be there at the time under mention. There was very little to interest us in Spezzia. It was an exceedingly dull Italian town, though beautifully situated on a Bay of the same name, surrounded by the most beautiful scenery. From the ship the white marble of the quarries of Carrara was full in sight, and its contrast with the soft blue tinge of the Italian mountains formed one of the finest bits of scenery I have ever looked upon. There was but little to tempt us to the village itself; but at the Lazaretto, where we generally anchored, about five miles from town, there resided a family of the name of Bolero. The *Commessario*, as he was called, had charge of the Lazaretto, and the dwelling in which he lived consisted of a number of very large rooms, and was indeed a sort of an Italian *palazzo*. So, instead of going to Spezzia, we passed nearly all of our evenings at the house of the *Commessario*. The family consisted of Madame Bolero and four daughters, who were interesting, pleasing girls. We would take some of the bandsmen—just enough to play dance-music—with us, put them in one of the large rooms to which I have referred, and dance in any other. We would keep it up night after night until eleven or

twelve o'clock. How the four girls stood it I cannot imagine, for there were generally ten or twelve of us, and the girls were obliged to do duty for all. Cattarina, whom I remember now with a great deal of pleasure, who was the prettiest and brightest of all, was my especial favorite, and as she seemed to appreciate my liking for her, I think I had more than my share of the dancing. The old people fell into the American ways, and permitted their daughters to walk with us, even going so far as to let Cattarina correspond with me. They all learned more or less English, and Cattarina's letters were very quaint in their broken-English style. She became engaged to an Italian Naval officer, a very nice fellow, the son of an Admiral; but this engagement was broken, and she afterwards married the Captain of a transport, which was employed soon after in conveying troops and stores to the Crimea. After leaving the Mediterranean, I never saw anything of the family again, and entirely lost trace of them.

Occasionally we anchored off Leghorn. The breakwater had not then been constructed, so it was necessary to anchor a great way off, and we generally found it very rough getting to and from the shore. It is a blowy hole, and the passage back and forth, when the boats were crowded, was attended with considerable risk. Since then an extensive mole has been built, and it is now one of the safest and best harbors in the Mediterranean. Leghorn, many years ago, was settled by a rough set, but no traces of its rowdy origin seemed to be left at the time of our visit, and the sea-bathing is perhaps more celebrated than any other in the Mediterranean. People go from all parts of Italy to bathe in the beautiful blue sea which washes its shores. Leghorn can also boast of one of the finest hotels in

Europe—the Grand Hotel. It was built and is owned by a friend of mine, Signor Fabricotti, and although it does not pay expenses in the winter, yet he keeps it open all the year round, and the London *Times* can be read there every day of the year. Fabricotti built this hotel rather as a monument to his family than with the expectation of making money out of it. He is a very rich man, and his family have been the possessors of the quarries of Carrara marble for more than five hundred years.

In the year 1850, and perhaps some years before that, there was a railway from Leghorn to Florence. I think every one took advantage of the easy way in which this beautiful city could be reached. I was one of a party to make the journey to which I have referred before in speaking of my friend Lieutenant John Quincy Adams. In those days there were but two prominent hotels in Florence, the *Hôtel du Nord* and the *Hôtel de York*. I do not remember at which of these we stopped, for, somehow, my ideas of that trip at this distant day are very much mixed up. It seems to me that our short sojourn there rests in my mind now a sort of medley of the Venus de' Medici, the Arno, the Uffizi and Pitti palaces, flower-girls, the *café* where we took our coffee and eggs in the morning, and the Cascine. The time of our stay was very short, and everything we did and saw was so hurried that the resultant of all must necessarily be very confusing. But I could never forget, even if I had not seen them since, Rafael's Madonna della Seggíola, Titian's Flora, and the Venus de' Medici—three of the most beautiful works of art, each in its way, that have ever been produced by the hand of man.

The winter of 1850–51 we passed in Naples. In those days ships were obliged to anchor in the open Bay,

where there was little or no protection against the strong winds and heavy seas which drove in from the southeast. Now, there is a well-placed mole behind which they lie, and are as safe as if they were moored in a basin. At the period when we were there, many a chain was parted and many an anchor lost; there were times when the ship was in considerable jeopardy. By great good-luck we generally managed to get our anchors, but there was one gale during which two bower anchors were on the bottom without chains attached to them, and we were relying upon the two sheets, both of which were down; one of them with a hemp-cable bent to it. Often we could not communicate with the shore, so heavy was the sea thrown in the Bay by the southeast gale. At this time one of the Bourbon Ferdinands occupied the throne of Naples, or the Two Sicilies, as the kingdom was then called. The King was known as "Bomba" all over Europe. He was a fat, heavy, coarse man, whose throne was then tottering under him, destined soon to fall to pieces. His Government was an absolute despotism. The prisons were full of political prisoners, and people were dragged from their homes and from the *cafés* upon the information of police spies, and incarcerated in the most loathsome dungeons. It was said, in those days — and I believe with truth—that the most refined men would be chained to common felons in these horrible holes. Mr. Gladstone appeared in Naples about this time, and published to the world these horrible atrocities, so that when Naples fell, as she deserved to, there was no voice throughout the universe raised in her defence.

There were three brothers of the King who flourished in Naples in these days, and who were very much in evidence at the grand balls, at the theatres, or driv-

ing an English drag on the Riviera di Chiaja. I would say that they were all the superiors of their brother, which would not be saying much for them either. Prince Luigi was a handsome fellow; he could be seen almost any afternoon driving on the Chiaja and Villa Reale, his drag filled on the outside with his friends and boon companions. I think he aped the English, and liked to do things as they did. The Count of Syracuse was a coarse, heavy man. Count Trapani, the youngest brother, seemed to be a harmless sort of fellow; he was a great theatre-goer, and might be seen almost any evening at the San Carlo or the other Royal theatre, the Fonda. He was the only one of the brothers married at that time, and his wife, a delicate-looking Princess, always accompanied him on these occasions. I do not think it ever was a pleasant sight for these Bourbons to see the American flag flaunted before their eyes during the three winters that we passed there. Indeed, while they were obliged to make a show of civility, they placed all sorts of obstacles in the way of our going and remaining there, by long quarantines and other methods; but we went and remained all the same.

Naples was then probably more attractive to foreigners than it has been at any time since. Americans had their Minister to protect them, and were quite independent of the system of espionage which was conducted in all parts of the city, from the smallest wine-shop to the luxurious hotels of the Chiaja. We were always invited to the grand balls that were given by the Academy of Music and Dancing. They were the most elegant entertainments I have ever seen; there was no such thing as a supper, as we understand it, but at a buffet in one corner of the room coffee and tea and their accompaniments were served by powdered lackeys. The

elegance of these balls consisted in the selectness of the guests, in the superb costumes, and in the orderly manner in which they were conducted. No one could enter this charmed circle unless he could show quarterings on his shield, and even such as could were not admitted if they presented themselves at the entrance without slippers with silver buckles. The exceptions to this rule were the foreign military and naval men, who went in uniform, of course, and were not supposed to wear slippers in that dress. No dances were permitted except the *deux-temps* waltz and quadrilles. All others were considered vulgar in the eyes of this aristocratic circle. There was always an American contingent to be seen, nor were the Americans the least elegant of the many stylish women who graced these assemblies. They were generally arrayed in their best gowns, for the reputation of these balls was known throughout Italy, and as our countrywomen are renowned for their beauty and good taste all over Europe, we never had reason to fear that we should not be well represented. I have now in my mind's eye a lady whom I knew then, and with whom I often danced at these entertainments; it is Mrs. Hoffman, wife of Mr. Wickham Hoffman, a well-known American, who has served as Secretary of Legation in the most important capitals of Europe, and was afterwards our Minister to Denmark. Mrs. Hoffman was a very pretty woman, and was always exceedingly well dressed. I have had the pleasure of meeting her very often since. She now resides in Washington, and although, like myself, she is not as young as she was in those days, she is still an exceedingly attractive woman.

The San Carlo Theatre was at that time in the very heyday of its glory. Next to the Scala at Milan, it was

the largest in Europe, and its audiences were esteemed the most critical in the world; a prima donna, having passed the ordeal of an appearance on the boards of the San Carlo, might sing without hesitation in any opera-house in the world. The German music had not yet taken the high position which it now maintains, and the Italian composers held sway. Verdi's operas, with those of Bellini, Donizetti, Rossini, Mercadante, and others of less note, were alone produced on the stage of that day. It is wonderful how well they were gotten up, considering the small price paid for a place at the opera, which was, in our currency, thirty-two cents for a reserved seat. The ballet at the San Carlo was probably, at that time, the finest in the world; Europe was ransacked to find the best dancers. I have often known the opera to be neglected, but after the curtain dropped and the ballet began, the people would flock in crowds to see the dancing.

Of course, I visited Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Vesuvius. I read Bulwer's *Last Days of Pompeii* for a second time, and was prepared to feel an especial interest in the buried City. Indeed, no one can roam among its ruins without a feeling of sadness, as he reflects upon the awful doom which so suddenly fell upon it and its inhabitants. As I write, I am reminded, in connection with this subject, that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, by the remark of an American, who on visiting the ruins said that it was a great shame that the King of Naples permitted Pompeii to remain so long in want of repairs. I remember very little about Herculaneum. Indeed, there is but little to see. Its destruction was caused by molten lava, while that of Pompeii was the result of a shower of ashes, which lasted long enough effectually to do its work. My visit to Vesuvius

was but a counterpart of all excursions to that interesting point. I was young and vigorous then, and I thought it would be an easy matter to ascend the Cone. I saw that the guides hung about me, knowing, with their large experience, what was sure to happen, and in my case did happen very soon. I struggled for ten minutes, sliding back one step for every two that I took forward, until, weary and exhausted, I took not only one guide, but two, one to boost me from behind, and the other to pull me in front. Let no one ever attempt this feat thinking he is going to succeed, for ninety-nine out of a hundred are sure to fail. The descent is quite another affair. One has but to plant his feet in the ashes and start down, when he goes to the foot of the Cone by his own gravity.

While the *Independence* was at Naples a very active eruption of Vesuvius took place. All Naples went to see it. Amongst others was one of my messmates, Passed Midshipman Charley Bayard, a cousin of our late Ambassador in London. He stood looking on as the scoria was darting up into the heavens and flying off to leeward, apparently in no more danger than thousands of others, when a piece of red-hot lava, deviating from the course that the other pieces were taking, struck him on the shoulder, setting his clothes on fire, and inflicting a wound which lacerated his flesh in such a terrible manner that it became necessary to amputate his arm at the shoulder. The shock of the blow, together with the amputation, was too much for him: lockjaw set in, and he died in a few days. He was a charming fellow, and one of my most intimate friends. The affair produced the most profound feeling of sympathy throughout the whole of Naples, for it was known to every man, woman, and child in the city. Bayard had a cousin on board

the *Independence* who was a messmate of mine; he was then Carroll Tucker, but later he changed his name to Tucker Carroll. Poor Bayard's death was an especially heavy blow to him. Tucker was the Commodore's clerk, and Bayard was his aid. They two lived on shore, and were constantly together. Carroll, like his cousin Bayard, was a lovely fellow, for whom I formed a very strong attachment.

CHAPTER XI

Baths of Lucca—Pedestrian Efforts—The Store-keeper at Spezzia—Return to Naples—A Promotion—Louis Kossuth—Austrian Rule—Venice, and Porpora's Theatre—End of the Cruise.

The winter of 1850–51 passed away, and the *Independence* started off on her summer's cruise. I did not go in her, but joined the Commodore, of whose staff I was then a member, at the *Bagni di Lucca*. The military family consisted of Lieutenant Percival Drayton, Flag Lieutenant, Francis de Haas Janvier, the Commodore's Secretary, and myself. The Commodore was accompanied by his wife and two children. The old gentleman was trying the waters for his gout, but it was a hopeless case. I fancy he was never any better. The Baths of Lucca was a much more fashionable resort in those days than it is at present. The place belonged to the Dukedom of Tuscany, and the Grand Duchess made it notable by her presence there every summer. She always gave a ball during the season; we, of course, attended the one given while we were there. I remember it well, because I was introduced to an English girl, a Miss Franklin, who took me for a countryman of hers. She at once asked me if I was not attached to the *Thunderer*, then lying at Leghorn. I replied that I was an American, when she said, "Why, you do not talk like an American," which was no compliment, for I think we take fewer liberties with the English language than the English do themselves.

Drayton and I took our breakfast at a *café*, and dined, part of the time, at Pagnini's Hotel, and part of the time at a restaurant. I remember that our breakfast cost just eleven sous, which gave us a couple of eggs each and all the coffee and bread and butter that we wanted. The dinners at Pagnini's seemed to me much more stylish in those days than they did when I went there, as a Rear-Admiral, many years afterwards and lived at the same Hotel. I had the curiosity, during my last visit, to look at the hotel register, where I found the names of many of my shipmates who had visited the *Bagni* nearly forty years before. Drayton and I were both good walkers. We scoured the country around, and climbed many a mountain-peak in our pedestrian excursions. The tops of the hills were generally crowded with little villages, which resembled wasps' nests when viewed from a distance more than anything else to which I can compare them. Strange to say, although these places were separated from each other only by a few miles, the inhabitants of one would speak a different language from that of their neighbors, having the Italian language as a base.

The Commodore and his family left the Baths of Lucca by carriage; Drayton and I went on foot. We were travelling through the Apennines, and, as the country was hilly and rough, we were enabled to keep up with the carriage most of the time. We all arrived, in good condition, in Pietro Santo, Drayton and I having made about twenty-five miles in very good time. We were, of course, somewhat foot-sore upon our arrival. The carriage party were fatigued from their long drive, so we remained at Pietro Santo for the night to rest. The next day we went to Genoa *en route* to Spezzia, where we were all going, to await the arrival of the Flag-

ship. Drayton and I were so proud of our late pedestrian achievement that we determined that we would walk from Genoa to Spezzia, a distance of from seventy-five to eighty miles. We accordingly started off, in fine condition, as we thought, for the trip, and it turned out that Drayton was, but that I was not. He had become hardened to that kind of work in Switzerland, where he had walked a good deal, and I was a comparative novice. The first day we walked twenty-eight miles in seven hours and a half, little short of four miles an hour; but I was so stiff and used up that it was impossible for me to proceed on foot the next day. I consequently was obliged to take a carriage for the rest of the way. Drayton, however, continued, and made the same time the following day, and came into Spezzia the next. We found upon our arrival that the Flag-ship had not yet reached there, and we all took up our quarters at the *Hôtel Croce di Malta*. It was dull enough. We were almost the only occupants of the house. Day after day we awaited the arrival of the ship, but she did not come. The winds were light, so we were obliged to wait patiently. I was anxious to get afloat again, and was tired of roaming, away from my companions and shipmates. One day I was made very happy by the arrival from Alexandria of one of my classmates—McCauley. His father was our Consul-General there, where his son had been on a visit to him. It brightened up our little party to have some new blood infused into it, and we got on very well afterwards, until the arrival of the ship. McCauley and I were very intimate during the rest of the cruise. He died a few years ago, a Rear-Admiral on the retired list. The monotony of our life was somewhat relieved by the arrival of an Opera Company at Spezzia. I was very much surprised to find that an unimportant,

dull, uninteresting place like this could attract so good a Company. I took a season-ticket, for which I think I paid ten francs, and found that I was much more than repaid for my outlay. The opera that I especially remember was "Lucrezia Borgia," and although I had seen it at more pretentious theatres, I do not remember that I ever enjoyed it more. An Opera Company travelling in Italy, where even the peasants may be musical critics, cannot afford to be bad. It may be bad compared with companies of the very highest class, but to be successful at all the artists must be good.

If these pages should happen to meet the eye of any Naval man who was in Spezzia during the years of 1851–52, he cannot fail to remember Colonel Long, the Naval Store-keeper who succeeded Mr. Spaulding. As I recall him, he was a North Carolina politician, pure and simple. I doubt if he had ever been beyond the precincts of his Congressional District before he came abroad. He was doubtless given the position as a reward for political services to the party in power in his own especial locality. While he was a most kindly man, high-toned and honorable, and of the strictest integrity, he was hardly calculated to fill the post of Naval Store-keeper at Spezzia. The kind of life that he was now called upon to lead, his contact with a people whose habits and customs were so entirely different from those to which he had always been accustomed, were so embarrassing that the only wonder is that he got on as well as he did. Fortunately he brought out a clerk who was a linguist, and who therefore was of great assistance to him in his intercourse with the Italians. The old Colonel kept open house, and was the soul of hospitality. His establishment was a sort of headquarters for the officers of the Squadron. A bottle and glasses

always stood on the table in the centre of his reception-room. The Colonel was once ordered to send some stores to the Squadron at Naples. In those days the only way of getting material from a point where steamers did not touch was by means of small sailing-vessels, which I think were called *Bobos*. So the Colonel chartered a *Bobo*, and filled her with provisions. He was very conscientious, and felt it his duty to see, himself, that they were delivered in good condition to the Fleet. There was no other way of doing this, according to the Colonel's mode of thinking, than by going in the *Bobo* himself to see that no harm came to the stores for which he held himself responsible. So he went on board with his clerk, and they sailed away for Naples in their tiny craft. All went well at first, but a gale of wind came on, and the little vessel was belabored so sorely that they almost gave themselves up for lost. The skipper fell on his knees and implored protection from on high for himself; he had but little concern for the cargo, while that was, of course, the Colonel's chief interest. The latter then made him a speech in his best North Carolina style, and implored him to go to work and try and save the vessel and cargo. The skipper was at last moved to make a final effort, so, with the assistance of the Colonel and his clerk, he managed to get the *Bobo* once more under control. The gale soon afterwards abated, and they arrived safely in Naples with the Colonel's precious cargo. The kindly old gentleman never passed through such dangers before, and he was henceforth a hero in the eyes of his old friends in the Fleet, who were glad to welcome him after the perils he had encountered on his stormy voyage. I lost sight of him when I returned to America, but I shall never forget his kindly, genial nature. Everybody liked him, in

spite of his odd ways, his stump-speech style of conversation, and his manner of dress, which was always peculiar; he was dressed for dinner from morning to night; in other words, the Colonel lived in a swallow-tail coat, as many other Americans did at that time.

We were all glad to be once more in Naples. The winter of 1851–52 was to be our last. The Commodore had promoted me to fill a vacancy as Master, or, as it is now called, Navigator. I had, therefore, but little to do while the ship was in winter quarters. I passed a good deal of my time on shore, going to the Opera in the evenings, and occasionally to a ball or evening party. I did not go much into society. Indeed, with the exception of the large affairs, the visiting part of what is called society was confined principally to the boxes in the opera-house. It was there that we generally visited our friends, and between the acts the boxes presented a gay scene of well-dressed men and women. As I stated before, I was very intimate with McCauley. There was another McCawley, the junior Marine officer of the *Independence*, with whom I was on the same intimate terms; though of the same name they spelled it differently. We had a large room together, where we could all sleep, so that if the weather were bad, or we were up late at a ball, we always had a place to which we could retire. Our room was at a lodging-house in the Via Carmenelli, kept by an old woman who was a great talker. Drayton used to say, notwithstanding, that she spoke no language under the sun. She took good care of us, however, gave us clean beds, and our coffee and eggs when we cared to breakfast in our room. Of my room-mates, the Navy McCauley died as a retired Rear-Admiral, and the Marine officer McCawley became the Colonel Com-

mandant of the Marine Corps. They were both fine fellows, and we passed many happy days together.

Besides the balls of the Society of Music and Dancing, which I have before described, very handsome entertainments were given by the Bankers Muricoffre. At these balls could be seen all the distinguished strangers in Naples, as well as the resident society. I remember seeing there the great singer Lablache, well known in musical circles in those days. He left a stronger impression upon my mind than any other person, on account of his great size. Another entertainment which was largely attended was the fortnightly reception of the French Minister, Odillon Barrot, or his brother, I am not quite sure which. I remember distinctly the easy manner in which he received his guests, and the graceful ways of his wife, who stood by his side. These receptions, next to the grand balls to which I have before referred, were the most *recherchés* assemblages I have ever attended in Naples. Barrot was the representative of the Prince President, Louis Napoleon, and a man of charming personality. He bore, as every one familiar with the history of those times knows, a name which stood very high in France during the ascendency of Louis Bonaparte, at all events during the part of it about which I am now writing. His receptions were always well attended by the best people in Naples. Louis Kossuth was at this time one of the most prominent characters in Europe. The Government of the United States had placed at his disposal a ship of war, to convey him and his followers to the United States. It will be remembered that they had asylum in Turkey, and the Government of that country agreed to turn them over to the United States. The Steam Frigate *Mississippi* was sent to Constantinople

for them, and appeared at Spezzia while the Flag-ship was there. Commodore Morgan had an interview with Kossuth, at which I was present, and which I found extremely interesting. Kossuth had learned English from a dictionary, and from a copy of Shakespeare which he happened to have in his possession, and took advantage of his long sojourn in Turkey to make himself familiar with the language. I must confess I was very much surprised to find with how much fluency and eloquence he spoke it, and how beautiful his language was. He addressed Mrs. Morgan as "Your ladyship," thinking, I presume, that as she was the wife of a Flag Officer, she ought to have some title. I was very much impressed with the grandeur of this wonderful man. Had he been successful, he would have stood very high amongst the world's patriots, as indeed, he does now. The Austrians were successful for the time, but Hungary has emerged from her downtrodden condition, and has taken her place as the equal of her ancient oppressor.

At the time to which I refer Austria exercised her power in Italy in an offensive and disagreeable manner. As an example I will mention an occurrence which took place when the *Independence* was in Trieste. I was one of a small party of officers who visited Venice. Our passports were viséd in due form by the authorities, so that we should have been put to no inconvenience whatever. When we were about to leave, the passports of the party were sent for, as customary, by the people of the hotel at which we were staying. For some unknown reason mine did not arrive with the others, and I was informed that I must appear in person at the police station and receive my passport there. I do not remember that there was any explanation, or that any apology was made for putting me to this inconvenience.

I felt very much inclined to kick somebody, but I presume if I had indulged in this luxury I should have found myself in additional trouble, so I contented myself with grumbling and looking savage, and returned to the hotel, where I rejoined my party. This visit to Venice, aside from the little episode to which I have referred, was exceedingly pleasant. The city was a place of much less importance then than it is now, for it has become one of Italy's great Naval Arsenals, which makes it a port of great consequence. In 1850 it was a place of resort for those who desired to see the unique city of the world—a city whose streets are water-ways, and whose vehicles are swift-gliding gondolas. It was a novel and interesting experience to be conveyed for the first time from point to point in comfortable floating carriages, but it was a strange feeling to be traversing a great city and hearing no noise but the cry of the gondolier as he approached a street corner. This cry is given in order to advise those who were passing on the cross-street to be on the lookout. On one occasion our gondoliers were not on the lookout, and we were run into right amidships, without any especial damage being done to the gondola. Our men, however, were both precipitated into the water, but they immediately swam back and resumed their places on the bow and stern of their strange, peculiar craft, and went on rowing as before. A short time before this visit to Venice I had been reading George Sand's *Consuelo*, and had become much interested in the theatre of San Samuele, which in its day was the famous theatre of Venice, where the great Maestro Porpora was accustomed to bring out such pupils as he was educating for the stage. The book was so cleverly written that it invested this theatre with a peculiar interest, and I could not feel satisfied to

leave Venice without seeing it, if it was still in existence. So Drayton and I searched until we found it. The theatre had been out of use for many years, and now looked like an old storehouse that might be the receptacle of its departed glory; for, as I looked into it, I could see nothing but a wreck of scenery, broken benches, and the *débris* of what once had been the Grand Opera-house of Venice. Judging from the surprise of the old woman who seemed to have charge of this pile of rubbish, I doubt if any one had ever visited the place before with the same object that we had.

The cruise of the *Independence* was now drawing to a close, and we began to make preparations for the homeward-bound passage. The Commodore came on board with Mrs. Morgan and the children, and we squared away for Gibraltar. When we reached the Spanish coast the wind blew strong from the westward, so that we were obliged to beat up against it. We finally reached the Rock; after resting awhile, so to speak, under its lee, we succeeded in beating far enough to windward to fetch the anchorage finally, but it was hard work, and about all the old *Independence* could do. Apropos of getting into Gibraltar from the eastward, on another occasion the *Independence* was being towed by the *Mississippi*, when the latter signalled that she was getting short of coal, and if the wind continued strong was doubtful of her ability to tow us through. My friend Beaumont was talking to Drayton, who was making signals on our part, and finally asked him what they were talking about; whereupon Drayton replied in a playful way, "That is none of your business." Beaumont said, "I know what it is the *Mississippi* says:

"'If this wind does not abate,
I cannot tow you through this strait.'"

"And you say:

> "'As long as you have wood and coal,
> Tow away with heart and soul.'"

It so happened that what Beaumont put so happily in verse was practically what they were saying.

We sailed for home in June, 1852, and had a pleasant run down the trade-winds, towards the West Indies, then kept away for New York, where we arrived on the Fourth of July, having made a full three years' cruise. I had but little to do on the passage over, for, being the Second Master, I was not responsible for the navigation. I plotted the position on the Commodore's chart each day, which gave me an opportunity of frequently seeing Mrs. Morgan, who, as I have before stated, was a charming woman, and with whom I had almost daily chats. In a few days after we anchored at the Navy-Yard, the ship was paid off, the officers were granted three months' leave of absence, and so my second cruise was at an end.

CHAPTER XII

Deep-Sea Soundings—An Abortive Cruise—The *Dolphin* in a Hurricane—In Peril from Water and Fire—At Rest in Lisbon—Coast Survey — In Annapolis as Professor — Captain Goldsborough—A Practice Cruise—White Sulphur Springs.

I was not permitted to enjoy my leave of absence very long. Before three months had expired I was ordered to the Steam Frigate *Saranac*, very much against my inclinations. She was to go to the Station from which I had so recently returned. These orders, under different circumstances, would have been very agreeable, but I was not anxious to return to the Mediterranean so soon. I did not sail in her, however, being detached and ordered to the Brig *Dolphin*. About this time the *Dolphin* was being fitted for a cruise in the North Atlantic, to take deep-sea soundings between the coast of America and the coast of Ireland, with a view of ascertaining if a plateau existed which would render feasible the laying of a cable between the two shores. She had been already once employed in this arduous service. The appliances for this kind of work were very crude at that time, and I do not think the methods then employed could have been very satisfactory. Since those days deep-sea-sounding instruments have reached a high state of perfection. In addition to this work, we were directed to examine the ocean for dangers that were marked doubtful, with a view of erasing them from the charts, and also for determining surface and deep-

sea currents. It always seemed to me most absurd to start a small vessel, which in bad weather had all she could do to take care of herself, across that stormy area of the North Atlantic Ocean extending from New York to Ireland, just at the beginning of the season when gales were to be looked for, which it was but reasonable to suppose would, in all probability, continue to blow, with short intervals of moderate weather, more or less violently for the following six months. I understand that the reason given for this by the Observatory was that the *Dolphin*, having already been loaned to that institution for this especial work, would have been placed by the Navy Department on regular cruising duty if this examination had been deferred until spring. The result of the cruise goes to show how unwise it was, and how little forethought was exercised.

We sailed in October, bound on a cruise northeast, and, as might have been expected, were dashed into gale after gale; and, although we made some attempts at deep-sea sounding, I doubt if any of the work done during the cruise was of the least service. We continued on, however, when, upon reaching a point about the middle of the North Atlantic Ocean, we encountered a hurricane which gave us our *coup de grâce*, and caused us to square away for Lisbon, about the nearest point where we could find a harbor sufficiently secure to repair damages. Before proceeding further with my narrative, I will mention the names of the officers of the Brig *Dolphin*. Her Commander was Lieutenant Berryman; I was, although a Passed Midshipman, the Executive Officer and Navigator; the watch-officers were Truxtun, Morris, and Kennon, Passed Midshipmen, and Garland, who was a Midshipman; the Surgeon was Dr. A. A. Henderson.

On the night when the hurricane struck us I was ly-

ing in my bunk, and although I knew that it was blowing fresh, I had no idea of the violence of the wind until Truxtun, who had kept the first watch, came down to turn in. As he was marking the strength of the wind, I said, "What do you mark the wind?" "Twelve," he replied. "Why," I said, "twelve means a hurricane." He then said, "If this is not a hurricane, there never was one." But the wind continued to increase, and at daylight it was blowing harder than I had ever known it to blow in my experience. We were lying to, under the shortest possible canvas we could show—I have forgotten whether it was the fore trysail or main stay-sail. At all events, it was all she could stand, and with this she was heeling over nearly on her beam ends. The Captain suggested getting her before the wind. I advised him against it, and he did not insist upon it. My opinion then was that she would swamp, and I think so now. I told him I did not think we could do any better than we were doing under the circumstances. But the Brig continued, if any thing, to heel more than ever, and every now and then we would ship an ugly sea. The Captain and I then held a consultation, and we determined to throw the lee gun overboard. Our battery, which was on a peace footing, consisted of only two 32-pounders. I accordingly went to work with a gang of men, and had nearly all the preparations made when the Brig made a deep lurch, and at the same time shipped a tremendous sea, which swept me and my men down into the lee scuppers. I thought I was gone, and while I lay in the water for a very brief instant I felt a sort of indifference as to whether I was ever going to get up again or not. However, the Brig righted almost instantly, and to my surprise I found myself on my feet again. I then jumped up on to the cabin trunk, put my

arm around the main-boom, and with the assistance of my gang of men, who by this time were also on their feet and at their stations, the gun was launched into the ocean. We were obliged to throw overboard also a great many deep-sea-sounding reels, made very heavy by the twine with which they were bound; and as they were stowed in the launch, amidships, and high above the rail, they made a good deal of top-hamper. The Brig now became a great deal easier, and I felt that the worst was over. One of the heavy seas which struck us stove in the Brig's side to such an extent that eleven of the stanchions which supported the bulwarks were carried away, and one of the seams near the water's edge opened to a considerable extent.

After we had escaped from what at one time seemed almost certain destruction, when the Brig was in imminent danger of foundering—and if she had done so no one would have been left to tell the tale—a new danger threatened us, which seemed even more alarming than that which we had just passed through. When the cyclone was at its height, a tank of linseed-oil had been wrenched away from its securings and the contents thereof discharged into the hold. There was so much to be thought of during the storm that no one seemed to think of what the consequences of this drifting oil might be. The wind and the sea had both abated, so that we took advantage of it to strike our only remaining gun down into the hold. After this had been done I went below, and was trying to get some much-needed rest in a hammock, when I heard all hands called to quarters. I immediately rushed on deck, and was met by the officer of the watch, who informed me that the Brig was on fire. I went forward at once, thinking that the linseed-oil might have saturated the sails in the sail-room, there-

by producing spontaneous combustion. I had the sail-room broken out and the sails placed on deck, and found no traces whatever of fire. The smoke continued to ascend from the fore-hold, and it was evident that the origin of the fire was there. We hoisted barrel after barrel, and found nothing until a barrel of pitch came up all blackened and charred, showing that the fire had made some headway where this pitch-barrel came from. The next hoist brought up a crate of oakum which had been entirely saturated with the oil, and was partly consumed from spontaneous combustion. Had it been in close contact with the pitch but a short time longer the fire would have been communicated to the pitch, when I think we could not possibly have escaped destruction. We threw the burning crate overboard, and then made an examination of the hold. By this time the heat had decreased considerably, yet we continued to deluge the place with water, and persevered in doing so until it became evident that we had reached the seat of the trouble when we found the crate of oakum. It was a very close call, for the staves of the pitch-barrel were nearly burned through, and discovery before this was entirely accomplished was all that saved us. The fire was very demoralizing, and caused a good deal of consternation; and as I was working my way back aft along the weather bulwarks—for the gale had not yet entirely subsided—I heard a poor devil of a Marine, who was in a great state of alarm, say to his surrounding comrades that the gale was bad enough, but the fire was much worse than the gale ever was. There was now nothing to do but abandon our northern cruise, which the commanding officer at once determined to do. Fortunately the winds favored us, and we ran along nearly two hundred miles a day, reaching Lisbon, which was

about fifteen hundred miles off, in about eight days. We went to work at once to repair damages, which occupied a period of about six weeks.

In the meanwhile we enjoyed a season of rest, which was very grateful after the trying times we had since leaving the United States. The winter weather was very delightful in Lisbon in that year, and we enjoyed it thoroughly. Lisbon is not a very gay capital, and there was but little to do but go to the Opera. It so happened that there was an excellent company there at that time. They were giving Italian operas, and I used to listen to "La Sonnambula" night after night with a great deal of pleasure. Our Minister to Portugal at that time was Mr. Shaddock, a New England man, and a very creditable representative of our country. He had staying with him a charming niece — Miss Kimball. Her presence made the Legation a very attractive house to visit. I passed more time there, perhaps, than any of my companions, and we became great friends. I found her to be very attractive, and she helped me to spend very pleasantly much of my time at Lisbon, which otherwise would have been dull and uninteresting. She became the wife of General Berdan, a well-known officer of the Civil War, who died only a few years ago. They had two charming daughters. One became the Countess D'Aunay, and the other the wife of Marion Crawford. I have met Mrs. Berdan frequently since those far-off days, and we are yet great friends. She is still a handsome, attractive woman.

Our repairs were now finished, and we bade good-bye to our friends and the Opera, and sailed away from the Tagus. We touched at Teneriffe and communicated with the Consul, saw the famous Peak, and then made the best of our way for Madeira. There was no especial

hurry for our getting home now. The cruise had been a failure, and we might as well show the flag here and there, and trifle away a little time before approaching our own coast while the stormy season was still upon us. We were not much of a man-of-war, to be sure, as one gun of the two with which we started was at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean and the other in the hold. We passed a few days agreeably at Madeira, and then ran into the tropics, and made a sort of zigzag course to the westward between the parallels of twenty and thirty degrees north latitude, doing some work in our line, but nothing, I fancy, that was ever of any use. We finally reached Norfolk, I think, some time in March, 1853, after the most uninteresting and uneventful and useless cruise that one could possibly conceive of. I went to Washington, visited the Navy Department, and was detached in about the time it takes to tell it.

During the rest of the year of 1853, and until October, 1854, I was employed on the Coast Survey. Lieutenant Maxwell Woodhull commanded the party with which I served. He had under his command the schooners *Gallatin* and *Madison*. Woodhull commanded the *Gallatin*, and Rutledge the *Madison*. We worked in the neighborhood of Wood's Hole, and did some work on the coast of New England, and also in the neighborhood of Sandy Hook. Rutledge, our Captain, was a typical South Carolinian of that day, a high-toned, honorable fellow, of a sensitive nature, and easily offended. One of the officers of the *Madison* said at the table one day, when the servant handed him the rice, that he had no respect for any man that ate rice; he said it thoughtlessly, but it gave mortal offence, as Rutledge, in common with all South Carolinians, thought that rice, of all vegetable foods, was the best. He never spoke to this

officer again, nor would he take enough notice of him to call upon him for any duty; he utterly ignored his presence on board ship. During the foggy or blowy weather we passed most of our time at Monomoy Point, where we were well sheltered; but it was the dullest of all holes. Our Surgeon, who had nothing in the world to do, was constantly singing a sort of refrain:

> "How it gives my bosom joy,
> To be once more in Monomoy."

We ceased from our labors in the autumn of 1853, and the party removed to Washington for the winter work. There was not really much for any one to do, except the draughtsmen, so the members of the party scattered and spent their time as they pleased.

In the spring of 1854 I joined another Coast-Survey party, which was under the command of Lieutenant Stelwaggen. We had a steamer called the *Bibb*. Foxhall Parker was our executive officer; in the party were Quackenbush, Stout, and my old friend Truxtun, and some others. We had a very agreeable mess. Our work was in the neighborhood of Nantucket Shoals. We made our headquarters at Edgartown, on Martha's Vineyard, where we were frequently detained by fogs and weather that was unfavorable for outside work. The work was not very interesting, but the mess was pleasant, and the summer glided happily away. My brother, General Franklin, was the Engineer Light-house Inspector of the extreme Eastern district; indeed, he was the only Inspector. The establishment was in its infancy, and the system of having Inspectors of both services in each district had not yet begun. After the summer work on the survey was over I made him a visit at Portland, which seemed rather a remote region in those days

to one who had lived always in the neighborhood of Mason and Dixon's Line; but I found my sojourn there very agreeable. There was a charming little society in Portland, and I soon came to know the people very well.

It was while on this visit to my brother, in October, 1854, that I received orders to Annapolis, to report for duty to the Superintendent of the Naval Academy. I was at once placed in the Executive Department, which was then a sort of Department of discipline and order. The Academy had not yet emerged entirely from the condition in which it was when I was a student there, but matters were very much improved. The four-years' system was in full operation, but there was still a nine-months' class of unruly devils, about twenty-one years of age, that we found very difficult to manage. The reins were drawn a good deal tighter than they had been on us, for we had not been supposed to set an example to others, while they were, and they were very restless under discipline and restraint. If I remember aright, this was the last class to go to the Academy under the old system. They belonged to the class of Admiral Kirkland, Skerrett, and others of about that time. I found the duties of the Executive branch of the Academy but ill-suited to my tastes. It seemed to me that we were a sort of police force, and I could not get quite accustomed to the kind of espionage which was expected of us, so I seized an opportunity which soon offered of being changed into the Department of Ethics and English studies. The Chief of the Department was Professor Nourse; and while his name is before me I cannot resist telling of a remark of Jimmy Howison, as we used to call him, who was then Secretary to the Superintendent. The Superintendent and his Secretary were walking together one day, when the latter saw

Professors Nourse and Coffin approaching them, whereupon he said: "Captain, there you behold the beginning and the end of life."

The Superintendent of the Academy at this time was Captain Louis Goldsborough, a man of immense size, who must have weighed not far from three hundred pounds, an able and accomplished officer, with manners somewhat rough, so that he would almost frighten a subordinate out of his wits, but he was *au fond* an exceedingly kind-hearted man. His bark was a great deal worse than his bite. He was a good talker, though, like most men of his kind, apt to use a good many superfluous words. I remember, in an order for the instruction of the officer left in charge for the summer, in referring to the steam-boiler he said, "If the water gets low, and cold water is admitted to the boiler, it will infallibly burst." He had given an order that we Assistant Professors should not be absent more than twenty-four hours. I desired to go to Baltimore, to be absent longer than the permitted time. In reply to my application he said, "Understanding that Lieutenant Franklin desires to go to Baltimore for the purpose of consulting a physician, he has permission to be absent more than twenty-four hours." I replied that Lieutenant Franklin did not wish to go to Baltimore for the purpose of consulting a physician. He then, in his reply, said that, "Notwithstanding this very proper correction, Lieutenant Franklin has permission to be absent beyond the time usually allowed." On another occasion, during the summer, when I was about to return to Annapolis, to take my turn in charge of the Academy, the wife of the officer whom I was to relieve, who was very anxious to get away, said to him the evening before, "I am so afraid Mr. Franklin will not be back

in time for us to leave to-morrow." "Did he say he would, madam?" was his reply. She said, "Yes, sir, he did." His rejoinder was, "Then, madam, he will certainly be here." I mention this to show what *entire* confidence he had in any one in whom he had confidence at all. I cite the other anecdotes to illustrate his redundancy of language when fewer words would have answered as well. Louis Goldsborough, as every one at all conversant with the Naval History of the Civil War knows, came out of it with great credit and with so good a record that he was a prominent candidate for the position of Vice-Admiral when that gallant seaman and lovely character Rear-Admiral Rowan was elevated to that high office. Goldsborough received the thanks of Congress, and remained, in consequence, on duty long after the usual age of retiring. He died as a Rear-Admiral, well along in years.

The second in command at the Academy was Commander Joseph H. Green. There were a number of Greens in the Navy, so, to distinguish him, he was always known as Joe Green. He was the Commandant of Midshipmen, and was at the head of the Department of Seamanship as well as of Discipline. He bore a very high character, both as an officer and a man, and he managed his branch of the Academy with great ability. The Professors at this time, as well as I can remember, besides those I have mentioned, were Chauvenet, Lockwood, Giraud, Roget, Hopkins, and Seager. Some of them were very able men. My associates amongst the Assistant Professors were Parker, Van Ness, Philip, Wainright, Scott, Wilcox, Mayo, and Buckner. There may have been others who have passed out of my mind. They were generally fine fellows, some of whom I remember with a great deal of pleasure. There was a

very pleasant society at Annapolis at that time. It was small, and composed of some of the old Maryland families which had been distinguished in the early days of the Colony; amongst the most prominent were the Randalls, Hagners, Gills, Pinkneys, and many others. I was very intimate with the Gills, and, if this narrative should ever reach the eyes of any of the family, I desire them to know how highly I appreciate all the kindness I received at their hands.

The Purveyor of the Academy at this time was Colonel Swan, for whom everybody had a high respect. He not only provided for the Midshipmen's mess, but made those of us who were bachelors very comfortable by running our mess for us. Swan continued in this position for many years, and hundreds of Naval officers can testify to his ability in the conduct of his business, and to his gentleman-like and kindly character.

The winter of 1854 was not especially interesting. It was a daily routine of much the same kind of existence. I endeavored to teach the boys, and incidentally was teaching myself. I was very glad to have this sort of mental training, for it brushed up what I had already known, and taught me a good deal besides. About the beginning of summer, preparations were made for the practice-cruise of the Midshipmen. Parker and I and some others were detailed for the cruise, and were transferred to the *Preble*, which was commanded by Commander Green. Wyman was the Executive officer; he eventually became a Rear-Admiral. He had a stroke of apoplexy in Riggs's Bank one day, and was carried to the house where we were both living. He was too ill to be taken up to his room, so he was placed in my bed, which was on the first floor, where he died.

The cruise was not a very eventful one. The practice-ship cruising was then in its infancy. Proper provision for care and well-being of the Midshipmen was not then made, and the poor boys had a very hard time of it. They were ill-fed, and were not well cared for. This, of course, has all been changed since, but at that time there had been but one little experience in that line. We sailed from Annapolis towards the middle of June. Our final destination was Eastport, Maine, but we touched along at most of the important points lying between Annapolis and that port. The Midshipmen were instructed in Seamanship, Navigation, and Gunnery during the cruise, but all the other studies were suspended for that time. So the summer passed away, and the early autumn found us again in Chesapeake Bay. We had been entertained at various places during the cruise, so that the youngsters had opportunity of seeing something of polite life, as well as having the rough-and-tumble experience of a seaman; Mrs. Little, a prominent lady of Portland, gave them a ball, which they enjoyed immensely, and there were lesser entertainments as we cruised up and down the coast, which helped not only to amuse but improve them. We anchored in the Patuxent River, and remained there several days. While there, the foremast was stripped, and the Midshipmen were instructed in the practical part of rigging ship. This was always considered the finishing-up part of the cruise. When that was completed we got under way and went to Annapolis, and the practice-cruise was at an end. The routine of the Academy work again began.

The winter of 1855–56 passed without any special incident. The practice-ship sailed away again, but I did not go in her. I went off on leave, a part of which

I passed at White Sulphur Springs. There I met my old friend and shipmate Joe Bradford, and we took a room together in what was then called Alabama Row. This was in the days before the hotel which is now there had been built. The Caldwells were the owners of the property, and they pretended to keep a hotel, but we had to scratch very hard for a living, for they took the ground that it was the water and not the food for which they charged. My visit at these Springs at this time has left a very indistinct impression upon my mind; I do remember very distinctly, however, a Mr. Montcure, who always wore knee-breeches and top-boots; as I thought of him then, he was the most aristocratic-looking American I had ever seen. In getting to the Springs, much of the trip had to be made by stage. It was a slow but agreeable way of travelling then; now it would be intolerable. Many gentlemen from the Southern country went there in their own carriages, taking their slaves with them to take care of the horses and wait upon their masters at the hotel table. I remember so well that there was an old darky at the stable who had been there a great many years. It was his especial business to see that the servants went to the stables at a certain time to feed their horses, and then to see that they returned to the hotel; so he could be heard calling at the top of his voice three times a day the following:

> "Come up, come up, come up and feed,
> And then go and wash your hands
> And your faces, and go and wait on your
> Masters and your Mistresses."

But the railroad drove this old custom away. Families found it more convenient to go by rail, and when

the new hotel was finished the whole establishment was conducted on a very different plan.

Bradford and I left the Springs together, and he accompanied me to Annapolis. My leave of absence had expired, and my tour of duty in looking out for the Academy during the recess had commenced. I remained there until the return of the practice-cruise, when we all came together, and the Academy was in full blast. I did not remain very long there after this. Teaching boys had become a very irksome task.

CHAPTER XIII

In the South Atlantic—Lieutenant Rodgers—"Sandy Welsh"—In Rio Again—Bahia—A Slave-Trader's Palace—Montevideo—Agreeable Society—Paraguay and Its Dictator—Buenos Ayres—End of the Cruise.

Towards the end of the year of 1856 I was detached and ordered to the Sloop-of-war *Falmouth*. She was fitting out at New York for the South Atlantic Station. The prospect of a three years' cruise on the coast of Brazil and the river La Plata was not very alluring, but there were worse places, so I made up my mind that it was not so bad, after all. The commanding officer was Commander Eben Farrand, a very kind-hearted and amiable man, who did all he could to make us happy during the cruise. He insisted upon our using his cabin as our smoking-room, of which we were often very glad to take advantage. George Rodgers was the First Lieutenant, one of the finest seamen that ever stepped a ship's deck, and in all respects a man of the highest character. He converted the old *Falmouth* from a snub-nosed Sloop-of-war to one of the triggest ships in which I have ever served. Poor Rodgers was killed in the Civil War. He was gallantly fighting his ship at Charleston, when a projectile struck the grating-cover of the pilot-house of the Monitor which he commanded and shattered it to pieces. One of these pieces drove deep into poor Rodgers's brain, and he was instantly killed. A number of the officers who sailed on this cruise became Rear-Admirals, and are now holding that

rank. They are Skerrett, Brown, Walker, Ramsay, and Kirkland. Skerrett is on the retired list, and the others are all now on duty. They were then Passed Midshipmen, with the exception of Skerrett, who was a Junior Lieutenant.

The winter of 1856–57 was extremely cold. When the *Falmouth* was ready for sea she had to be cut out of the ice at the Navy-Yard, and towed down to the open water in the Bay. While we were fitting out the ship the officers would go on board every day and attend to the work, but it was too bitter cold to attempt to form the mess until we were compelled to do so at the last moment. Meanwhile most of us, including the Captain, lived at the Mansion House, in Chambers Street, New York, kept by Stelle & Letson. I mention this because it was an old Navy house, where officers could be exceedingly well cared for at reasonable prices. The proprietors owned a farm not far from the city, from which most of the supplies of the hotel were drawn. There were a number of these old-fashioned establishments in New York then, well known to Naval officers. Prominent amongst them was a restaurant kept by a man known as "Sandy Welsh." Apropos of his name: Admiral Thatcher once told me that some lady wishing to have her husband ordered to a certain ship, he said to her: "Why don't you write to Sandy Welsh?" having the name in his mind, but meaning Charles W. Welsh, Chief Clerk of the Navy Department, who ran things there generally at that time. So she wrote the letter and addressed it to "Sandy Welsh, Chief Clerk," etc., etc. She received an immediate reply, as follows:

"MADAME,—Your letter has been received, but your request cannot be complied with.

"(Signed) CHAS. W. WELSH (*not* SANDY)."

The day we sailed from New York was bitter cold, but soon we ran into the Gulf Stream and thawed out. We had been so long in the ice at the Navy-Yard before sailing that the nail-heads of the copper about the water-line were worn off, and on the passage to Rio so much of the copper was torn away that, as there was no dry-dock in South America at that time, it was found necessary to return to the United States to have the ship docked. We remained but a short time on the Station, and sailed for home to have this very important matter attended to as soon as possible, going to Portsmouth, N. H., where the ship was docked immediately. We were soon ready for sea again, and returned to our Station. The Squadron on the coast of Brazil then consisted of but two ships. The *St. Lawrence* was the Flag-ship. Commodore French Forrest was the Commander-in-Chief of this small fleet. Our cruising-ground was rather limited. The only ports which we visited during the cruise of two years and a half were Rio, Bahia, Montevideo, and Buenos Ayres. The most important of these was Rio de Janeiro, capital of the Brazilian Empire. It was constantly growing in importance and increasing in population. Brazil was a mild monarchy, where the people were as free as the people of the United States. The Empire was just then beginning to build railroads, and had taken up the march of improvement in every way, and the country has been developing ever since. In a former part of this narrative I have referred to the beauties of this magnificent Bay, but one never tires of calling them to mind, and the Organ Mountains, as they overlooked the harbor, seemed more beautiful than ever. Up in these mountains is a celebrated watering-place called Petropolis. It has much the same relation to Brazil that Simla has

to India. To this place flock in the hot summers the wealth and fashion of Brazil, and thus escape the intense heat of that tropical region. I never visited Petropolis, but passed several days at another watering-place not far from Rio, called Tajuca. It is by no means so high as Petropolis, but is still high enough to cause considerable relief from the sweltering heat of the City. The view from there is superb; indeed, one cannot go amiss, in this particular, from any point that overhangs this lovely Bay.

There was not much to attract us to the shore, except to be rid for a while of the monotony of ship-life; there was absolutely no society. Our Minister, Mr. Meade, was a Virginian, who lived at Boto Fogo, a beautiful little suburb of Rio. He had quarters at the Hôtel Grande Bretagne, a house containing large, cool, airy rooms. To this place a party of us would frequently go and pass the day and night. The sea-breezes would draw through the large rooms of this comfortable hotel, and we found we could spend twenty-four hours at a time very happily without going outside of the four walls. We would have our game of poker, our good dinner, and a comfortable night's rest, and would return on board ship the next morning very much refreshed, and go at our work with renewed vigor. Mr. Meade was a dignified, quiet gentleman, and a very creditable representative of our country. I do not know whether he was married or not, but he had no family with him. The name of the Consul at this time was Scott. We did not see much of him. I believe he made a good Consul, and had the commercial interests of the United States very much at heart.

We did not remain at Rio much of the time during our cruise. That dreadful scourge, the yellow-fever,

had fastened itself so firmly upon the place that it was no longer the resort it had been for ships-of-war in former years. When I first went there, I think the fever was unknown, but at the time of which I write I believe Rio was never without some cases. The Purser of the Flag-ship was invalided home, which sent our Purser (Abbot) to her. The Commodore was very anxious that I should take his place, so he appointed me an acting Purser; the disbursing officers of ships still retained the old title, which has since been superseded by that of Paymaster. The office exempted me for the remainder of the cruise from night-watches, and eventually gave me additional pay. I was very intimate with the Commander-in-Chief, and went about with him a good deal on shore. He was an amiable man, who took life very easy, and caught at pleasure as it flew; I enjoyed being with him, for he had a sort of personal magnetism which made him an attractive companion. The Commodore had no Flag Lieutenant, but Assistant Surgeon Peck was such a constant companion of his that we called him Flag Lieutenant. Peck was a very good fellow, and a very loyal friend of Forrest's.

The *Falmouth* visited the Port of Bahia; and, although the City is not very interesting, this visit was one of the most pleasing incidents of the cruise. Our Consul was a very charming man named Gilmer, who had filled the position for many years. He was also a merchant, and lived very comfortably in a large house on the hill, which is the resident part of the town. He had a very agreeable wife, and altogether their home was most attractive. They were good enough to invite the Captain and me to be their guests during our stay at Bahia, and we were very glad to accept the invitation. Bahia is composed of two distinct cities. The

business part, which is on the water-front, does not possess a single dwelling-house, while that on the hill is without a single commercial establishment. To go from the business to the dwelling part is like going into the country, and yet the distance between the two is not at all great, but the hill, which it is necessary to mount, is very precipitous, and in those days there were no means of being conveyed there except in sedan-chairs. These were suspended on a long pole, at either end of which was a stout negro, generally of the purest Congo blood. The motion of the sedan-chairs is not unpleasant, but quite unlike that of any other mode of conveyance. I went about a good deal in them in getting back and forth from my home at the Consul's. The negroes of Bahia were the finest of the race that I have ever seen. If the slave-trade did not then exist, it had only recently been discontinued, so that the specimens I then saw must have been lately imported. They were as black as ebony, their forms almost perfect, and the exhibition of strength in their muscular development was something wonderful. It could be easily seen, as they wore nothing but clouts about their loins. It was really a beautiful sight to see eight or ten of these fellows at the two ends of a pole, with an immense cask of sugar or molasses slung between them, singing as they trotted along with a load which seemed to me enough to crush them, saluting us as they passed by, varying their song to a sort of grunt, and giving us a pleasant smile as they lifted their feet from the ground all together, looking as if they meant to say, "We don't mind it."

One of the most interesting sights which I witnessed while I was at Bahia was the palace of a slave-trader—a negro—who had become immensely rich through traffic in people of his own race. He had a number of

wives, whom he left in Africa. As his children grew up he would bring them to Brazil and have them educated. On the day that we were at his palace there happened to be but one of them at home. She was a nice-looking, bronze-colored girl, with good features, well dressed in some simple, cool garment, suitable to the climate. Mr. Gilmer requested that she might be brought into the parlor where we were seated, where she soon made her appearance — a little shy, but not enough so to make her appear at all ill at ease. She had apparently been brought up in luxury, and had perhaps learned good manners from governesses, or those who had had charge of her. The Consul, who seemed familiar with the usages of the establishment, asked her to play, when she sat down to the piano and rattled off some of the choicest bits of "Il Trovatore." We were all delighted with this performance, for it was so exceedingly well done. Her father, the owner of the palace, was absent on the Coast of Africa, gathering a fresh cargo, with which to add to the wealth accumulated in this nefarious trade in his own race, and possibly his own blood. I have never forgotten the remark of the Consul as we emerged from the building: "Gentlemen," he said, "this is all the result of wool and ivory."

Besides sugar and coffee, I was very much surprised to find that tobacco of an excellent quality was also an article of commerce. The cigars seemed to me but slightly, if at all, inferior to those of Cuba; indeed, I do not remember to have smoked better anywhere. They were well made, and of a delicious flavor. The wonder is that they have never been exported to the United States. At the time of which I write there were some very rich men in Brazil. There were diamond

and coffee millionaires with them then, just as there are railroad and Standard Oil millionaires with us now. I was told by Colonel Garnett, an American who was there, employed in railroad building, that in the rich Province of Matto-Grosso there lived a princely Brazilian who owned vast estates, upon which he worked his slaves in thousands. He had his Catholic Chapel and his superb band of many instruments, and governed his people more like a ruler than a subject of the Emperor's. He was far removed from the seat of power, and as the Provinces were almost independent then of the central Government, he managed things pretty much according to his own whims. In 1858 the House of Maxwell, Wright & Co. still existed in Rio. It had made many fortunes for its people, but I think it was then approaching its end, and I believe it has now ceased to exist altogether. It had been a great power in the mercantile world; its hospitable doors were always thrown open to Americans, and, as in the great houses in China, there were spare seats at the dinner-table every day, which officers were expected to fill without formal invitation whenever it suited their convenience.

Most of our time during the cruise was passed in the River La Plata. Montevideo was at this time a considerable port, but by no means equal in importance to what it has since become. It was then torn by revolutions, which were of very frequent occurrence, but in spite of this disorganized condition it has been steadily increasing, until now it has grown to be a large and handsome city. The Flag-ship *St. Lawrence* was obliged to lie three or four miles from the landing, and even then her draught of water was so great that she was frequently in the mud. The *Falmouth*, by her less draught, was enabled to lie quite in the port. We

anchored near Gowland's Wharf, and made preparations for a long stay. Soon we became quite domesticated, and mingled freely with the inhabitants, many of whom were very agreeable people. I have in my mind as I write the very interesting family of Don Juan Gowland, whose lovely daughter, Consuelo, married Kirkland, the present Rear-Admiral. We went a great deal to Mr. Gowland's house, where we had music and dancing, and practised our Spanish. The Señora and her charming daughters always gave us a hearty welcome, and there is no family that I have met abroad of which I have a more pleasant remembrance. I have met Mrs. Kirkland since, and she is a lovely woman now, as she was a lovely girl then. She is the mother of several children, one of whom I know; she also was a lovely girl, and is now a lovely woman.

I remember but one American who resided in Montevideo at that time. His name was Usher. He had been, I think, a Midshipman in our Navy, and was afterwards a Commander in the Brazilian Navy. He married a woman of the country and had an interesting family. His house was a great resort for the officers of the Squadron. We could hear our own language spoken there, and there we also practised our Spanish and drank *mate*, or Paraguay tea. This beverage is served in a sort of gourd, generally mounted with silver, into which is inserted a silver tube. It is drunk as we drink a julep. The hospitality of a house in that part of South America is not considered complete until the *mate* is brought in. Each one partakes of a few mouthfuls, and then passes it to his neighbor. The tube is sometimes too hot for comfort, but the *Orientales*, as Uruguayans are called, first sip it, holding the tube with their teeth, without touching their lips to it. In the long-run the teeth

suffer from this practice, and I have noticed frequently in South America that the beauty of a face has been marred by the injurious habit. I do not believe, however, that any true *Orientale* or *Porteña* could be induced to abandon the custom; I believe they would make almost any sacrifices rather than give up this cherished luxury. I contracted the habit to some extent myself, but never became enthusiastically fond of it. Lauriana Usher, who was the beauty of the family, was a great favorite with us all. She spoke English very well, but was always most patient in teaching us her own language. She was a pretty, attractive girl, and a beautiful, graceful dancer, very amiable withal, and ready to do what she could to make the time of her half-countrymen pass pleasantly. She married a citizen of Uruguay, as I afterwards learned; since then I have entirely lost sight of her. There were a great many Naval officers at Montevideo about this time, owing to the arrival of Commodore Shubrick in his Flag-ship, the *Sabine*, with a squadron of small steamers, about which I shall have something to say further on. Many of the officers who were there then will no doubt recognize some of the Montevideo names that I am about to mention—the Lafones, the Garcias, the Castillanos, the Jacksons, and others whose names I have forgotten. They were all prominent people then, and they added very much to the pleasure of our sojourn at Montevideo. There was a German there by the name of Bushenthal, perhaps the best-known, and probably the richest, man in the city. He was the first one to establish a good hotel in Montevideo. He placed in charge of it his butler and cook. It supplied a much-needed want, and we enjoyed its comforts very much. It was admirably conducted in every way, as I had ample opportunity of

knowing, for I took up my quarters there when it was opened and remained there a long time. As I was Purser, I lived on shore, and fully enjoyed its comforts. Bushenthal, to whom we were indebted for all this comfort, was an elegant "dude" of about fifty, an excellent talker, and always faultlessly dressed. He had a lisp, owing to the loss of one of his front upper teeth. This vacant space was his especial vanity. He fancied that it distinguished him from others, and gave him an air peculiarly his own, so he never had the tooth replaced. He was an interesting man. I never tired of hearing him talk, and always liked him very much.

The Republic of Paraguay was at this time a sort of military despotism. It was as much a state within itself then as Japan was. The Dictator Lopez discouraged all intercourse with foreigners, and wished to have nothing to do with the outside world. He was represented as a cruel, blood-thirsty tyrant. His predecessor, Francia, was said to be such a monster that people grew pale even at the mention of his name. An American surveying-vessel, while examining some of the tributaries of the La Plata, passing near a Paraguayan fort, was fired into, and I think one of the crew was either killed or badly wounded. For this outrage the Dictator declined to give any satisfaction to the Government of the United States. After waiting patiently for a long time, it was determined finally to send a Commissioner, backed up by a fleet, to demand reparation at the cannon's mouth. The Commissioner's name was Boland; his Secretary was the celebrated Sam Ward, afterwards "King of the Lobby" at Washington. The fleet was commanded, as I stated before, by Commodore Shubrick. The steamers of the fleet were a lot of broken-down hulks, unworthy of the name of

ships of war, and a laughing-stock to other nations; still, I suppose it was the best we could do, and as they frightened Lopez into making the terms we demanded, they answered our purpose as well as a better-equipped force. The Minister and his Secretary ascended the river in a vessel of war, and the result was that Lopez acceded to all our demands. I happen to remember a funny thing that Drayton, who was Commodore Shubrick's Chief-of-Staff, told me at the time about Sam Ward. Everybody who knew anything about the great lobbyist will remember what a very high opinion he had of his own importance. When the vessels were ordered to be ready to sail at three o'clock in the afternoon, he said to Drayton, "Why, they cannot sail at that time!" "Why?" said Drayton; and Sam replied, "Because my washed clothes would not be in at that hour." "Do you suppose they are going to wait for your washed clothes?" said Drayton. A failure to do this, Sam Ward thought, would be a very hard case indeed; I do not remember whether they were left behind or not. Since the creation of the rank of Flag-officer, without any especial title, we had been in the habit of addressing our Commander-in-Chief as Admiral, to which he took very kindly. When Commodore Shubrick, whom everybody called Commodore, arrived on the Station, we were confronted with an embarrassing problem. Our own Chief was the junior, and yet he had the title of a superior officer. It was anomalous, to say the least of it. I do not remember, however, that any friction was caused by it, for Shubrick soon sailed for home, taking his lame ducks with him.

We soon settled down again to the routine duties of the Station. The "Admiral" took the *Falmouth* and

went with us to Buenos Ayres. It was an uncomfortable place to lie at that time, for we were obliged to anchor three or four miles from the shore. It made but little difference to me, for, as Purser, I took up my quarters on shore. The "Admiral," Dr. Peck, and I established ourselves at the Hôtel de l'Europe, an excellent house—indeed, the best at that time in Buenos Ayres. We found the Consul living there, so we formed at table a *partie carrée*, and always dined together very pleasantly. The Consul was William Holley Hudson, an excellent officer, one of the most strikingly handsome men I have ever seen; indeed, I have often known people turn around in the street to gaze at him; nor do I wonder at it, for he was a pleasant sight to look upon. He was as good a fellow as he was a handsome man, and I was very much indebted to him for whatever enjoyment I had at Buenos Ayres. We saw a good deal of Mrs. Chandler, the wife of Chandler, who died a Rear-Admiral. Chandler was at the time attached to the surveying-vessel we had in these waters, commanded by Thomas Jefferson Page. Mrs. Chandler interested herself in getting up entertainments for us, and contributed largely to our pleasure while we were in the city. There was a very beautiful *Porteña* (which means a native of the Port of Buenos Ayres) there at this time, named Carmencita Saavedra. She was a great favorite with all American Naval officers, and finally married an American merchant of the name of Zimmerman. I never saw her, I think, but once, yet her image is still impressed upon my mind as if it were yesterday, so very beautiful was she at that time. The women of the River La Plata always seemed to me far superior to the men. They were as fine specimens of women as one would find in any part of the world, and

generally made excellent wives and mothers. It was my good-fortune to be intimate with a family at Montevideo, where no English was spoken, so I was obliged either to keep my mouth shut or to speak Spanish, which I did, bad as it was. In this way I learned the language rapidly, and by the time I left the Station was a fairly good Spanish scholar.

A great change has taken place in those waters since the days of which I write. Ships can go right up to the city and load at wharves, while at that time the cargoes were taken out to the lighters in the river in horse-carts, and then lightered out to the ships in the stream. There were no railroads then; now a railroad extending from Buenos Ayres to Santiago is nearly completed, if not entirely finished. Buenos Ayres is now a great city, probably the metropolis of South America. These cities of the southern half of the continent do not seem to be retarded by revolutions, but grow in spite of them. Even Patagonia and Terra del Fuego, which were considered a few years ago fit abodes only for the lowest grade of savages, have now become sheep-raising and gold-hunting countries, and have held out inducements strong enough to cause colonists from distant parts of the globe to settle within their borders.

The cruise of the *Falmouth* was now drawing to a close. We had reached the middle of the year 1859, and had been absent from home about two years and a half. The terms of service of the crew were about expiring, and it was nearly time to pay them off. I do not remember whether we were ordered home by the Department, or whether the "Admiral" gave us the order. Flag-officers in those days had to act a great deal more on their own responsibility than they do now, being, as they always are, at the other end of a tele-

graphic cable. Forrest told me once that he had not had any communication from the Department for a year. Such a condition of things would seem impossible now. We accordingly sailed for home, and reached New York about the middle of the summer. The ship was paid off, and we all went to our homes with three months' leave of absence. As I was Purser, I was delayed several days in New York after the others left, but, as soon as I had paid off the crew, I followed, glad enough to be rid of the ship and to have finished the cruise, which had become very tiresome.

CHAPTER XIV

"Ordnance Duty"—The War Cloud—Friendships Broken—On the *Macedonian*—Key West and Pensacola—War-Time—The Privateer *Sumter*—La Guayra and Caraccas—In Chase of the *Sumter*—Home Again.

After my leave of absence had expired I sought employment, and was ordered to the Washington Navy-Yard, where I reported for duty in the Ordnance Department. There were several of us there, and I presume the idea was that we should pick up such information as we could, but I do not remember that any one took the trouble to teach us anything. Naval officers had no such advantages then as they have now. There were no War Colleges or Torpedo Schools; there was no Bureau of Intelligence—indeed, there were but few inducements held out to us to get above the level of the routine Naval drudge. This is all changed now, and the modern men have opportunities which, well availed of, should make them the most accomplished Naval officers in the world. I soon tired of this Ordnance duty, as it was called. The only thing I ever did was to work out by rule of thumb some problem connected with the tensile strength of iron. I never understood it, and no one ever took the trouble to explain to me the principle of what I was doing. I soon had my station changed to the Observatory. The facilities held out here for improvement in the higher branches of the profession were no greater than they had been in the Ordnance Depart-

ment of the Navy-Yard. I do not mean to say that I would have availed myself of them if they had been, but I think the older officers should have shown more interest in the improvement of their subordinates in the scientific departments than they did at that time. I am glad to be able to say that it is so no longer. The work that the Superintendent gave me was to take from a lot of log-books the record of the thermometer and barometer for each day, extending over a period of many months. This sort of thing, if kept up much longer, would, I feel sure, have dulled my intellect. A person who could barely read and write was quite equal to this humdrum work. I did not, however, remain long at it. I was detached, and went on leave of absence.

It was now the summer of 1860. The country was in the fever heat of a most exciting political campaign. It was evident then that if Mr. Lincoln were elected there was trouble ahead. I passed a portion of the summer at White Sulphur Springs. Since 1856, when I had visited the Springs before, great changes had taken place. A new hotel had been built, commodious enough to take in all who were likely to patronize it. The manager was an ex-Naval officer of the name of Humphreys. Of course there was a great improvement upon the old days. People could drink the waters, and enjoy the comforts of a good hotel besides, which was more than they could have done for years before. There were a great many people there from the South, but not many from the North. Indeed, Northern people were quite out of place; they were on Southern soil, and, with the feeling at that time, the Southerners considered it was peculiarly their own, and seemed to look upon us as intruders upon their domain. I had been a good deal in Washington, and some of the bitter-

est partisans were amongst my most intimate friends. Dr. Gwin's family were there, and I had been in the habit of visiting very frequently at their house when I was in the city. Another of my intimate friends was Ben McCullough, the former Texas Ranger. Then there was Tod, of the Army, who was intimate with all of us (although I cannot call him a bitter Southerner); Mrs. Myers, whose husband was at that time an officer of the Army, in the Quartermaster's Department, was also there. We formed a very pleasant little coterie at the Springs, and although the times looked dangerous, none of us believed we were so near the most terrible Civil War that the world had ever known. Most of us separated then, not to meet, except for a short time in New York, until the restoration of peace. Many of those with whom I was intimate then survived the War, and I have been on more or less pleasant terms with them ever since. Mrs. Gwin is now living in California. I saw her only a few years ago in San Francisco; her daughters, Mrs. Coleman and Miss Carrie, are there also. William Gwin, her only son, is, I believe, somewhere on the Pacific Slope. Mrs. Myers died only a few years ago. She was a lovely woman. She did not very long survive her husband, who was one of the most thorough gentlemen I have ever known. When he was about to die he named his pall-bearers, and I felt it a distinguished honor to be chosen as one of them. The others of the company were Robert McLane, General Joe Johnston, and a few more whose names have passed out of my memory. Tod, of the Army, died while at the Arsenal at Jefferson Barracks. He was in the Ordnance and in charge of the works at that place. He had but little to employ his time, and amused himself raising blooded stock. One day, while driving one of

his own teams, he lost control of the horses, was precipitated to the ground, and instantly killed. Dr. Gwin did not live many years after the War. I was a frequent visitor at his house in San Francisco. He was a charming talker, to whom I always listened with the greatest pleasure. To my mind, Judge Jerry Black and Dr. Gwin were two of the most interesting men this country has produced.

Most of us, after separating at the Springs, met again in New York. The Gwins, Tod, Ben McCullough, and I were inseparable. Miss Lucy Gwin and Ben McCullough used to think that Tod and I were Abolitionists, and Miss Lucy, who hated one as she did a rattlesnake, was constantly chiding us with it, but she was not certain enough about it to let it interfere with her friendship for us. But these pleasant friendships were soon broken up. Mr. Lincoln was elected and the troubles began to come. The Southern people went mad, and got the worst of it. But the War has been long over, and there are no better Americans at this day than our Southern brothers. I am reminded just here of a story told me by a friend, Captain Parker (commonly called "Billy" by his friends). The scene is laid in Norfolk; the occasion was a small tea-party, and the subject under discussion the late Civil War. After some exciting talk, one of the ladies said, "The South has been defeated for the time, but she will *rise again*." Whereupon Captain S——, formerly a Lieutenant in the Navy, said, "*There is no rise in me.*" Which goes to show that the people who did the fighting knew what it was, and had no desire to renew it.

I was ordered to the Frigate *Macedonian* late in the year of 1860. The Secessionists had taken possession of the Navy-Yard at Pensacola, and we were ordered to

that point to form part of a Squadron of observation, for regular hostilities had not yet begun. The *Macedonian* was fitting out in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where the weather at that time was intensely cold. By a piece of bad management the crew was sent from Boston on Christmas Day. The Navy-Yard was closed, as it was a holiday, and it was impossible to get even a candle with which to light the ship, or indeed any other necessary article. The crew was hustled on board, and we were obliged to take care of them as best we could. Of course Jackie was drunk—he always gets drunk on such occasions, or, I should rather say, he did in those days—and as we had no organization whatever, Lieutenant Summerville Nicholson and I were obliged to organize ourselves into a police force. We were compelled to rush in amongst a crowd of drunken sailors, and knock down and drag out until we succeeded, finally, in restoring order. It was one of the most uncomfortable nights that I ever passed in all my Naval experience. The next day things shook down a little, and in a week we were in fairly good running order.

The captain was "Jimmy" Glynn. I hardly ever heard him called by any other name, so I will let it remain so. Marine was the Executive officer. Summerville Nicholson, a dashing fellow, was Second Lieutenant. Ward, who left us and went South, was one of the Lieutenants, and a nice little fellow, whose name was Babcock, was another. The Navigator was Bunce, who now commands our fleet on the coast. The Marine officer was McCawley, who afterwards became the Commandant of the Corps. The two medical officers were Grier and Iglehart. The former became Surgeon-General, and is now living, not far from eighty years of age. Iglehart went South. He was a nice fellow, and I was

sorry to lose him. Most of these officers are now dead. Those only that I know are living are Grier, Nicholson, Bunce, and myself.

When the ship was ready for sea we sailed for Key West, where we arrived after a reasonable passage. "Jimmy" Glynn performed as pretty a piece of seamanship when we entered Key West as I have ever seen. He took the ship right up to the wharf under sail and secured her there. Take him altogether, I think he was, perhaps, about the best seaman with whom I have ever served. To be sure, he ran the ship ashore several times, but he did not seem to mind that, and would say, "It was good practice for the officers and men to get her off." At Key West we re-stowed the hold, and, having finished that and some other work, we sailed for Pensacola, taking the Tortugas *en route*. In the latter place we found the late General Meigs in charge. Floyd, Buchanan's Secretary of War, had sent him there to get him out of the way, but Floyd did himself more harm than good, for Meigs did excellent work there, and soon established for himself a reputation in the Army which made him eventually Quartermaster-General, one of the very best the country has ever had. He came on board the *Macedonian* several times whilst we were there, and many years after the War he told me something which had long since passed out of my mind. He said that he saw me one day drilling my division at the guns; that I had my ordnance manual in my hand, and that as I explained to the men their duties they exhibited so much intelligence, and seemed to be so anxious to take in all that I was telling them, that it made an impression upon his mind that had never been effaced. Somehow or other, strange to say, I seemed to recall the occasion to which he referred. I say,

strange to say, for these drills were an every-day occurrence with us.

We finally reached our destination off Pensacola. A singular state of affairs existed there then. The Navy-Yard was held by the enemy, while a Squadron of observation cruised off the harbor. The United States mails were still coming through, and one of our small steamers, flying a flag of truce, was constantly plying between the cruisers and the Navy-Yard. We did not remain here very long, not long enough to see the destruction which followed by the burning of the Navy-Yard by the enemy. About this time the European Powers, notably France, were taking advantage of the big contract we had on our hands to interfere in the affairs of Mexico, which resulted in the accession of Maximilian to the throne as Emperor of that country, and his final overthrow and execution later on. In view of the situation it was thought proper by our Government to station a man-of-war at Vera Cruz to watch the course of events. We were selected, and soon sailed for that point, but it was the season of violent gales from the north. We anchored at Sacrificio, an island four miles from Vera Cruz, and remained at this anchorage for several months. It was about the dullest and most uninteresting work in which I have ever been engaged.

Meanwhile the Civil War was upon us, and we returned to Key West just in time to hear of the battle of Bull Run. The privateer *Sumter* was out running amuck amongst our merchant-ships, and had already done a good deal of execution when we reached there. Every craft that was available, and that could be spared from other service, was sent in search of her, amongst others the *Macedonian*. It was a good deal like sending a tortoise to catch a hare. Still there was a possibility

of meeting her in a neutral port, and "Jimmy" Glynn told me that if he did so meet her he intended to sink her then and there, and leave the neutral nation to settle the matter with the United States as best she could. So we sheeted home our top-sails and kept away for the Spanish Main. Our first port was La Guayra, where we remained for several days. The Captain asked me to accompany him to Caraccas, and I was very glad to accept his invitation. We started off in dashing style in a vehicle drawn by three horses in the form of a spike-team. The distance was about twelve miles, and the ascent to the City about five or six thousand feet. We flew along at a racketing pace with our mountain horses, which seemed to do their work with a hearty good-will, without any apparent effort, throughout the whole journey. The trip from La Guayra to Caraccas is probably one of the most beautiful drives in the world. As one ascends, Alps seem to rise upon Alps, unfolding to the view scenery as grand and sublime as can be seen in any part of the world. As we descended the hills our driver would let his horses out, and they would rush down at a breakneck pace past the edges of ravines fearfully precipitous, the valleys lying a thousand feet below. I would hold my breath as we rushed by them, for had a wheel worked off nothing could have saved us from destruction. There were no brakes on the wagons, nor were there breechings to the horses, so, when once started, there was nothing to stop them but the rise of the hill we were approaching. Dangerous as all this seemed, I was told that accidents were rare, for the vehicles were good, as well as the horses, and the drivers were excellent. We found Caraccas a very pretty city, very Spanish in its character, like all the cities of South America, clean and

well drained, and very picturesque, not only from within, but from without as well. The climate is superb, for it is there perpetual spring. While it is situated in the torrid zone, its great elevation so tempers it that one is never too warm or too cold. Venezuela will, no doubt, in time, become an important country. I think England appreciates this, and so hesitates to give up her hold upon the rich portion which she claims, and which but lately has been the subject of a diplomatic controversy. The early discoverers thought they saw in some portion of Venezuela something that reminded them of Venice, and so they gave it the name it now bears, that of Little Venice.

We returned to La Guayra and sailed almost immediately for the Island of Trinidad. Beating to windward on that coast is a most difficult undertaking, to which Columbus, if he were living, could testify, for he tried it, with about the same success that we had. We endeavored to keep close inshore in the hope of avoiding the strong current caused by the trade-winds. Then we tried beating through the passage between the Island of Magdalena and the mainland, where we plunked the ship ashore on two different occasions. It was all of no avail. We did gain a little to windward, but we were using up a great deal of time for a trifling result. We were still looking for the *Sumter*, without the most remote chance of ever finding her. Still, Captain "Jimmy" Glynn thought it possible he might find her in some West India port, so he gave up Trinidad and squared away for St. Thomas. We had a good breeze and soon stretched across the Caribbean Sea. We sighted "Sail Rock" in the morning, and anchored at St. Thomas soon after. Apropos of "Sail Rock," which is so called because it resembles a ship under full sail, Glynn told me

that he sailed with some Captain who was so afraid of running into it that, in starting from the Spanish Main for St. Thomas, he never closed his eyes until he reached there. I can quite understand it, for I have known many such men in my experience. "Jimmy" was not one of them, however, for I never knew a bolder navigator. Before reaching St. Thomas we spoke an American merchant-ship. She had been boarded by the *Sumter*, and, I presume, had everything of any value taken out of her by that privateer, and was then ransomed. The Captain of the merchant-vessel was ranging up and down the quarter-deck of his ship in a towering rage, denouncing the Captain of the *Iroquois*, who, he thought, ought to have captured the *Sumter*. A few days before he came very near doing so, but luck was against him, and she eluded his grasp one very dark night. I think she made her escape from Martinique. The Captain of the *Iroquois* had made every disposition to insure success, but the fates were against him, and she escaped. He was James Palmer, of whom Farragut had a very high opinion. I think he commanded the Flag-ship when the Admiral passed the Mississippi Forts. Palmer died of yellow-fever in the West Indies after the War. He was a Rear-Admiral at the time, and commanded our squadron in those seas. We found St. Thomas, one of the Danish West India Islands, a very convenient stopping-place during the War. Our steamers were constantly putting in there for coal. The ships were coaled by women, who formed a procession from the coal-pile, each one carrying a basket on her head. In this way a ship was rapidly coaled. It would be a valuable coaling station for the United States, which at one time was in negotiation for it, but it would be so only if it were well fortified. It seems to me that it would be very unwise for

this Government to establish coaling stations at any point which is not fortified and controlled by it, for in time of war such stations would be easy prey to an enemy whose naval force might for the time be superior to ours.

I presume that the authorities at the Navy Department finally concluded that the *Macedonian*, in her pursuit of the *Sumter*, was engaged in a hopeless undertaking, for we found orders at St. Thomas to return to the United States. We sailed for Boston about the 15th of December, 1861, and soon reached the neighborhood of George's Shoal. We buffeted about between there and Boston Bay, encountering gale after gale, accompanied with snow and intense cold. The weather was so severe that we could no longer keep the four hours' watch, but took our turns more frequently, and only two hours at a time. I think it was altogether the roughest experience I had ever had. When the wind was fair for running in the weather was foul and we could see nothing, and when the weather was fair the wind would be ahead and we could make almost nothing towards our port. During this trying weather one of the crew died. We had him laid out, and were keeping his body with the hope of giving him a decent burial on shore, but the men, used up by the cold and loss of rest, attributed our ill-luck, in their own superstitious way, to the retention of the body on board. So the Captain, in deference to this feeling, directed that it should be buried at once. The night was dark and stormy when the poor fellow was taken to the gangway, and in the presence of his messmates, by the light of a solitary lantern, was launched into the sea. We finally succeeded in getting into Boston Bay, but we were obliged to anchor and remain at anchor for several

days, while the northwest gale that was blowing should blow itself out. The *Macedonian* was put out of commission, and the crew transferred to the gunboats that were fitting out there. The officers soon dispersed; some went to their homes, others to the new duties that were awaiting them.

CHAPTER XV

In Hampton Roads—Raid of the *Merrimac*—Destruction of the *Congress* and the *Cumberland*—The *Monitor* Appears—Fight of the Ironclads—On the *Dacotah*—End of the *Merrimac*—With Farragut at New Orleans—First Command on the *Aroostook*—An Accident at Washington.

In the early days of 1862 I was ordered to duty at the Washington Navy-Yard. Captain Dahlgren was then in command. He directed me to give especial attention to fitting out the *Pinola*, one of the forty gunboats that had been hurriedly built. They called them "plumpers," because they each carried one eleven-inch gun, with which, when they had a fair chance, they did excellent plumping execution. The *Pinola* was commanded by the present Rear-Admiral Pierce Crosby, now a Rear-Admiral on the retired list, a charming fellow, and always a gallant officer; he had an excellent record during the Civil War, and I shall have occasion to speak of him again in reference to the operations in Mobile Bay.

I did not remain long at the Navy-Yard, but was ordered as Executive officer of the *Dacotah*. I proceeded to Hampton Roads to join her, but she was somewhere on a cruise and had not reached there, so I took up my quarters on board the *Roanoke*, awaiting her arrival. It was known that the Confederates had been employed for some time in converting the *Merrimac*, one of the ships of the old Navy, of the *Wabash* and *Roanoke* class,

into an ironclad. No special precautions seem to have been taken to meet such a vessel should she be a success and venture out to attack the wooden vessels moored off Newport News. The *Monitor* had been some time in course of construction at New York, and it was thought was perhaps completed, but she had not yet reached Hampton Roads. While we were in this unprepared condition, one fine morning in the early part of March, 1862, the *Merrimac*, or *Virginia*, as the Confederates called her, steamed down from Norfolk and immediately attacked the *Congress* and the *Cumberland*, then at anchor off Newport News. The *Minnesota* and the *Roanoke* got under way and went as near to the scene of the conflict as they could get; the *Roanoke* was entirely helpless, as her motive power was hopelessly disabled, so we took a couple of tugs alongside and moved, though slowly, towards the scene of action. The *Minnesota* grounded, and my impression is that the *Roanoke* did also, but the latter succeeded in getting off. I was only a passenger on board, but the Captain gave me charge of the forward pivot-gun. We could not get within range of the fight, so could be of no great assistance. I think we were struck once or twice by the batteries at Sewall's Point, but sustained no injury other than the cutting of a shroud, or some slight hurt of that kind.

Meanwhile the *Congress* and the *Cumberland* were entirely at the mercy of the ironclad. After fighting gallantly against tremendous odds, and with a certainty of destruction, and after great loss of life, finding that their shot bounded like india-rubber balls from the casemate of the *Merrimac*, making no impression upon her whatever, while all of her shot pierced these two helpless ships with terrible effect, the *Congress* surrendered, and the *Cumberland* soon sank with her colors flying

as she went down. Meanwhile darkness set in, and the heavens were soon lighted up by the burning *Congress*. It was a beautiful sight, but one of the saddest I have ever witnessed. We watched it for several hours, then, like a tremendous bombshell, and with a roar that could be heard for miles around, the *Congress* went up into the air with a fearful explosion. The magazine had been reached by the flames, and what the fire had left unconsumed was blown into atoms. The *Roanoke* succeeded in getting afloat, and, expecting to meet with the same fate as the others if she remained where she was in her disabled condition, it was thought best to anchor near Fortress Monroe, where, with the assistance and protection thus afforded, she could more readily make an effort to save herself from destruction. During the evening a steamer came alongside from the Fort in charge of Captain Talmadge, of the Quartermaster's Department, who requested Captain Marsden, of the *Roanoke*, to permit me to go with him down to the *Minnesota*. After a good deal of hesitation Marsden told Talmadge that he would let me go if he would return me on board by midnight. With this understanding, we started up towards Newport News and went on board. It was not a pleasing sight nor a hopeful outlook, for if the ship did not get afloat, it looked as if nothing would save her from destruction in the morning. Captain Marsden told me to say to Captain Van Brunt, of the *Minnesota*, that if he did not get his ship off by morning he would go down in the *Roanoke* and share its fate, whatever that might be. Instead of getting back to the *Roanoke* by midnight, it was nearly four o'clock in the morning when I made my report to Captain Marsden.

Meanwhile the little *Monitor*, with Lieutenant Worden, had arrived from New York. She steamed down

at once, anchored near the *Minnesota*, and prepared for the ironclad conflict, which was sure to take place the next day. As soon as day broke, this strange-looking craft steamed gallantly towards the *Merrimac* and opened upon her with a hammering that she had little suspected. The fire was immediately returned, and thus began one of the most famous conflicts known to modern times. Famous, not only because it was a terribly hard-fought battle, but because it inaugurated a new system of Naval warfare, or perhaps it would be better to say Naval warfare by engines of war hitherto unknown in Naval battles. What the effect of the fight was at the time can be easily imagined. To say nothing of the prestige our Navy gained by it, it saved millions of dollars' worth of property to the United States, and cheered the drooping spirits of the North, resulting from the loss of the *Congress* and the *Cumberland*. The Government and people of the country showed their appreciation of it by rewarding the gallant Worden for his services, but, in my opinion, not to the extent he deserved, taking into consideration the importance of the event and the results which followed from it.

The Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Fox, arrived about this time at Fortress Monroe, and, seeing the danger to which our wooden ships were exposed, sent the *Brandywine* Store-ship up to Baltimore, and despatched the *Roanoke* to New York. The *Minnesota* was retained and was the Flag-ship of Admiral Goldsborough. The *Roanoke* sailed immediately, and, as the *Dacotah* had not yet arrived, I found myself landed on the beach. Colonel John Taylor, Commissary of the Post, was kind enough to invite me to share his quarters, which I was only too glad to do. The excitement at Old Point at this time was intense. Some strange

and startling incident seemed constantly at hand. About dark, after the second day's fight, one of our Gunboats lying at anchor near Hampton took fire. The flames gained so rapidly that it was found impossible to subdue them, so she had to be abandoned. The magazine had probably been flooded, since there was no explosion, but the guns were all loaded, and we knew that if they became sufficiently heated before the Gunboat burned to the water's edge they must discharge themselves towards the Fort, as well as in the opposite direction, for her broadside pointed right at us. And it was just this that did happen. Taylor and I walked down to the ramparts to look at the burning vessel, when a sentinel near by told us that we were not in a very safe place, that a ball had whizzed past him only a short time before. We rather pooh-poohed the idea, when another came screeching by, almost immediately after. We concluded that that was no place for us, so returned to our quarters, and soon after retired. The next morning a piece of shell was found lying just outside of our rooms on the porch, and there was a hole in the roof which had been made by this fragment as it descended, the fragment being, of course, a portion of an exploded shell from the guns of the burning Gunboat.

In a few days after the incidents which I have just related, the *Dacotah* came in, and I assumed my duties as her First Lieutenant. McKinstry was the Captain, Ames the Navigator, Dr. Bloodgood the Surgeon, and Richard Washington the Paymaster. We had also some volunteer officers who had recently entered the service from the merchant marine. The *Merrimac* had only been scotched; she was not killed. The Confederates were losing no time in preparing her for another raid. We were not idle on our part. Mechanics were

working night and day in the little *Monitor*, and she was being put in condition once more to meet her formidable antagonist. The *Vanderbilt* had been placed at the disposal of the Government by her patriotic owner, fitted to ram, and we were satisfied that a fair blow from her would have been the finishing stroke to the *Merrimac*. The little *Dacotah*, of which I was the Executive Officer, also had orders to ram her if she came out. Probably at full speed we should have rammed a hole in her, but I doubt if there would have been anything of the *Dacotah* left. Some one put the question to Admiral Goldsborough, who then commanded the Fleet in Hampton Roads, "What would become of the *Dacotah* after she had rammed the *Merrimac?*" His reply was: "If anybody will tell me what becomes of the tallow-candle after it is fired through a pine board, I will answer that question."

As time went on, the air was full of rumors about the coming out of this formidable craft, and there were many false alarms. Before I joined the *Dacotah*, while living with Colonel Taylor, Captain Poor, who was in charge of the Ordnance for the Navy at Old Point, and I, having heard that the *Merrimac* was coming out, and seeing a general rush for the beach, joined the crowd, and as we reached the landing found the Flag-officer in the act of shoving off. We hailed him and volunteered for service on board the Flag-ship. He seemed very much annoyed that we had dared to call him back to take us on board. However, he backed his boat into the landing and picked us up, and, after giving us a piece of his mind upon the impropriety of calling back a Flag-officer, became very amiable, asked us to dinner after we reached the *Minnesota*, and was extremely polite for the rest of the time that we were on board.

As I have said before, in another part of this narrative, his bark was worse than his bite. The report proved a false alarm, and at nightfall Poor and I returned to our quarters on shore. This state of expectation was kept up, and finally the *Merrimac* did poke her nose out, when we all got under way and stood up towards her; but she found it prudent not to venture out too far. The *Dacotah* had a sharp encounter with the Sewall's Point battery. I do not know whether we hurt anybody there. I do know that they did not hurt us.

This state of things existed for some time longer. The toils were, however, gradually gathering around the fated *Merrimac*. The situation was such that she could not expect to hold out much longer. Norfolk either had fallen into our hands or was soon to do so, and it seemed that there was no place of refuge where she could feel secure, or avoid the danger of capture. She came down, however, one evening towards dark, and anchored about nightfall. It happened that we were the picket-boat for the night, and were consequently considerably in advance of the rest of the fleet. I was called at midnight, and it was reported to me that the *Merrimac* was on fire. I went immediately on deck, and there she was, all in flames. The Confederates had decided to abandon her, and, to prevent our getting possession, they wisely set her on fire. It was a beautiful sight to us in more senses than one. She had been a thorn in our side for a long time, and we were glad to have her well out of the way. I remained on deck for the rest of the night watching her burning. Gradually the casemate grew hotter and hotter, until finally it became red-hot, so that we could distinctly mark its outlines, and remained in this condition for fully half an hour, when, with a tremendous explosion, the *Mer-*

rimac went into the air and was seen no more. Thus I had seen in a brief space of time the explosion of the magazines of two large ships of war, an event so rare that to see one at all seldom comes within the experience of any one.

It was now about daylight, or rather early dawn, for she burned from the first discovering of the fire at midnight until the explosion at four o'clock. Captain McKinstry then ordered me to have a boat manned and go on board the Flag-ship myself, and report in person to the Flag-officer what I had seen. When I ran alongside the *Minnesota*, I found she was at night, or rather, I should say, early morning, quarters. The Admiral was ranging around the quarter-deck in a long night-shirt, which reached almost to his feet. Any one who knew Admiral Goldsborough can well imagine that he appeared to me like the ghost of some departed giant. He was surprised to see me, and when I told him my story he exclaimed in the most tragic manner, "Are you certain of what you tell me?" To this I replied: "As certain as I am that I am standing here, for I watched her burn for four long hours, and I know that the *Merrimac* exists no longer." "Then, sir," said he, "return on board and tell your Captain to get under way and go up to Norfolk." The whole scene was weird and tragic, and I shall never forget it.

There is an amusing incident in connection with the last raid of the *Merrimac* that occurs to me as I write. Amongst the other vessels that had been collected together to destroy her was the Gunboat *Aroostook*, commanded by my friend Beaumont. It seems that nearly every one had some idea of his own how he was to render the *Merrimac* harmless. I remember that one idea was to run alongside of her and drop a shell from

the yard-arm down her smoke-stack, the explosion of which would disable her. Beaumont had his crew make out of rattling-stuff a long net, or rather seine. His idea was to pay this out, and by towing it across the stern of the ironclad to foul her propeller, and thus neutralize her motive power. So when we were all under way together, but not in any special formation, McKinstry would continually be calling my attention to the *Aroostook*. He seemed a good deal more afraid of her than he was of the *Merrimac*. "Where is Beaumont?" he would continually say. "Keep out of Beaumont's way. Don't let Beaumont get near you. Keep your eye on the *Aroostook*," etc., so apprehensive was he that it would be our own propeller that would be fouled rather than that of the enemy.

But to return to my narrative. I conveyed, as I was directed to do, the orders of the Flag-officer to Captain McKinstry, and we got under way and went to Norfolk, being soon followed by the rest of the fleet. I happened to have some business on board the Flag-ship after she reached there, and while on board the Flag-officer said to me: "One of the officers of the *Merrimac* is here on leave, and he declares emphatically that the *Merrimac* has not been destroyed." I replied that I did not care what he said, that there was no more doubt in my mind that the bones of the *Merrimac* were now at the bottom of the sea than that I was living at the moment. He then said: "Oh, I am perfectly satisfied with the correctness of what you reported, but let him enjoy his delusion."

Soon after the events which I have just been relating, the *Dacotah* was ordered to New Orleans for the purpose of carrying despatches to Farragut; she was considered about the fastest vessel of the Squadron, and was se-

lected on that account. We were not long in making the passage, and found the Admiral with his Flag-ship, the *Hartford*, anchored in front of the city; after having made his gallant dash past the Mississippi Forts, he was resting for a while on his oars, making up his mind where the most effective blow should next be struck. He was buoyant in spirits, as indeed he always was; I do not think I ever saw him depressed about anything, and I saw a good deal of him from time to time during my long service in the Gulf and in the neighborhood of New Orleans. I think Farragut was the pluckiest man I ever knew. I think he was absolutely insensible to fear; indeed, that feeling did not enter into his make-up as a man at all. I do not believe that he could appreciate the meaning of the word. I do not mean that he was so influenced in this way as to destroy his judgment, and cause him to take unnecessary risks, for he had a great abundance of Naval wisdom, and knew well when to take great chances to accomplish great ends. He was, *par excellence*, the man for the times, as his glorious deeds have abundantly demonstrated.

As soon as Farragut's despatches were ready, we left our anchorage in the Mississippi and returned to Hampton Roads. We were then employed for a while in blowing up the enemy's works on the James River and destroying their guns. The destruction of the guns was generally accomplished by placing a shell in the muzzle, and then exploding the shell. In nine cases out of ten this method was attended with immediate success. But we found one exceedingly tough thirty-two-pounder, which resisted every effort we made in that direction. We tried filling it nearly if not quite full of gunpowder, and then jamming a shot in the muzzle and discharging the gun, but without any result, and it was finally dis-

abled only by placing a Dahlgren-rifled howitzer close up to the trunnions and actually shooting them away. The Army had had its seven days' fights, and its base was now at Harrison's Landing, on the James. Thither the *Dacotah* and the Gunboats were despatched to co-operate with the Army. Another Squadron had been formed under the command of Admiral Wilkes, with the *Wachusett* as his Flag-ship. Wilkes had not been afloat for a long time, but he was an able man, and made an excellent Commander-in-Chief. He had had the reputation, when he commanded the Exploring Expedition, of being a martinet, but he was so no longer, for I cannot conceive that any Commander-in-Chief could have been more courteous in his intercourse with those under his command than was Wilkes.

In the summer of 1862 my friend Beaumont fell ill, and I was ordered to command the Gunboat *Aroostook*, thus filling the vacancy caused by his detachment. This was, of course, a most agreeable promotion for me. It was the inauguration of command as a Lieutenant, and I never served on board ship in a lower position than that of Commanding Officer from that day to this. I was employed in my new command, as a part of my duties, in running between Harrison's Landing and Fortress Monroe. The *Aroostook* became familiar along the shore of the James, and was known by the negroes as the "Old Rooster." About this time the contrabands, as the negroes who came within our lines were called, began to flock in in great numbers. They overflowed from the Army into the Navy, besides which we would sometimes pick them up along the shore ourselves, in running up and down the James River. I came upon some of them one day, and asked them if they were not afraid of being shot in thus attempting

to make their escape, when one of them replied, and said, "No, saah, when we seed de *Old Rooster* coming along, we know'd we was all right." I asked one of these same fellows one day, when we happened to be under fire for a little while, why he dodged when the balls flew over. His reply was, "'Case we ain't used to it, saah." I thought his reply was a very good one, for dodging a shot as it passes over one's head is an involuntary act.

Just before the Army reached Harrison's Landing I had received a couple of cases of champagne from New York, which I knew would be a most welcome treat to my friends, who emerged hungry and thirsty from the campaign through which they had just passed. I went to the front with my cabin-boy as an orderly. He was dressed in a full suit of white, and as I passed General Newton's headquarters he said: "It was a dangerous thing for you to bring that orderly of yours up here, for nobody has any clean clothes around this camp, and somebody will take a fancy to them and take them away from him." I went to the headquarters of my brother, General Franklin, and there I found "Baldy" Smith and General Seth Williams. I asked them to dine with me the next day on board the *Aroostook*, and told them of what I had just received from New York. There was no hesitation about accepting the invitation, and they were all there at the appointed time. I do not remember what we had to eat, but I have a distinct recollection that we punished champagne enough to make us all very comfortable. The weather was hot, so I had the dinner-table set under the wind-sail. These were not punctilious times, so we took our coats off, and, with the assistance of a cool breeze brought down by the wind-sail, managed to dine in great comfort. I do

not think I ever knew men to enjoy a feast more. The contrast between this and the rough experience through which they had just passed made this little episode all the more pleasant. They returned to the front, feeling, I am quite sure, as happy as if they had dined at Delmonico's.

Both Armies seemed now to be taking a rest. Both seemed to require some recuperating after the campaign in the swamps of the Chickahominy. For several weeks we remained at Harrison's Landing on our oars. The Gunboats were assembled near Jamestown Island. Commander Macomb, commonly called Billy Macomb, commanded the *Genesee*. He and I often went for exercise to the Island, and interested ourselves in the old graveyard, which was in a bad state of dilapidation. We would try to decipher the inscriptions on the tombstones, many of which were so broken up and disfigured that they could not be read at all. One day, while taking our accustomed walk, we saw the Captain of a transport schooner breaking off a piece of marble from one of the tombs. Macomb arrested him immediately and sent him on board the *Genesee*. He reported at once to the Admiral, by whom he was directed to hold him a prisoner, saying that he would have him tried for desecrating the graves of the dead. Macomb held the prisoner for a few days, when the latter said to him one morning when the men were holystoning the decks, "Captain, it seems to me to be a very hard case that you are holding me for the same offence that your crew are committing before your eyes. You will observe," he said, "that they are holystoning the decks of your vessel with pieces of marble obtained in the Jamestown graveyard." Macomb told me that it was, alas, too true. It is useless to say that the prisoner was released from custody and returned to his schooner.

I served with the Army a short time longer. Its movements are, of course, a matter of history. I was ordered out of the James and up the Potomac to Washington. Some movements were taking place that it was thought would require the presence of the Gunboats there. Finding, after I anchored, that there was no prospect of my presence on board being required during the night, I went on shore. The *Aroostook* was anchored off the Arsenal. When I went down in the morning to go on board, I found, to my horror, that she was not there. I immediately communicated my dilemma to Colonel Ramsay, of the Ordnance, who was in charge of the Arsenal. He informed me that an officer had appeared there during the night with orders for the Gunboats to proceed immediately to Aquia Creek. There was nothing for the Executive Officer to do, in my absence, but obey the order, which he did. Colonel Ramsay at once relieved my mind by telling me that a steamer with ordnance stores would start for Aquia Creek in an hour or two, and that if I would come in and quietly breakfast with him he would promise that I should soon be restored to my command. I was immensely relieved, and it is needless to say that I enjoyed my breakfast much more than I should have done if this lucky chance to get to Aquia Creek had not turned up. I remained at the latter place until the Army people left, and then went back to Washington.

CHAPTER XVI

With Farragut in the Gulf—A Year of Blockade—Fleet Captain at New Orleans—Mobile—A Night Adventure—A Council of War—Entry into Mobile—Return to the North.

The *Aroostook* had been so constantly under steam that her boilers required thorough overhauling. I was directed to proceed to the Navy-Yard and place her in the hands of the authorities there, in order to have this necessary work attended to as soon as possible. I had a slight attack of James-River fever, and was glad to have the rest which this forced idleness gave me the opportunity of enjoying. While the workmen were employed upon the *Aroostook* I lived with some of my friends in the City, and found this little relaxation after my close confinement on board ship exceedingly agreeable. The repairs were soon completed, and I was ordered to proceed with the *Aroostook* to the Gulf of Mexico, and report for duty to Admiral Farragut. I accordingly sailed for that station, and found the Admiral with the *Hartford*, his Flag-ship, in the harbor of Pensacola. She was then commanded by Commodore Palmer. The Navy-Yard was again in our possession; officers had been ordered to it, and there was an organization, as far as it went. There were no quarters for those stationed there other than the kitchens of the houses, which was all that was left of them. The Yard had been almost completely destroyed. These kitchens were made habitable, but that was all; it can hardly be said

that they were comfortable. The Yard, however, still served some good purpose. It was the coaling station for the blockading fleet off Mobile; slight tinkering could be done to our lame ducks when they came in after a long tour of duty on the blockade. One of the Medical officers stationed there at this time was Dr. Tryon, the present Surgeon-General. He was always bright and cheery, and I remember well how much pleasure it always gave me to meet him when I would be passing a few days there while the *Aroostook* was coaling.

I remained but a few days at Pensacola after my arrival from the North, being ordered by the Admiral to report to the senior officer off Mobile for duty on the blockade of that port. I remained on that duty from the autumn of 1862 until the autumn of the following year. It was very trying work, as all blockading service is. We had a little let-up about every six weeks, when we would have to go to Pensacola to fill up with coal. During the few nights we were there we could sleep with both eyes closed. On the blockade we slept with one eye open. During my year of service off Mobile we had several different commanding officers. The one I remember with most pleasure was John R. Goldsborough, who commanded the *Colorado*. He was a kindly, genial fellow, and we all grew very fond of him. Every fine day he would make signal to us to anchor near him. We would spend the day on board the *Colorado*, dine with him, and just before nightfall each one would proceed to the station to which he had been assigned for the night.

The station which required the sharpest lookout was in the channel leading into Mobile Bay. There was no light shown, of course, and we were obliged to feel our

way in after dark by the lead. To be on our station it was necessary to be within range of the guns at Fort Morgan, and before daylight we would stand out into the offing. Each of us would have this station for a week. It was our duty, in case anything attempted to run the blockade, to throw a rocket in the direction the vessel was going, and make such signals as had been agreed upon. It was an inglorious sort of station, for in case of parting our cable, should a heavy blow suddenly come up before we could get off shore with our small steam-power, there was danger of drifting down upon Fort Morgan, in which case we should have fallen an easy prey to the enemy. The blockade was fairly well sustained, but it is next to impossible to make any blockade entirely effectual. It was dangerous, however, to attempt to get in or out, and a good many ships were captured during the year that I served off Mobile. I succeeded in capturing a schooner loaded with cotton, which made a fairly good prize. I was there when the Confederate steamer *Oreto*, afterwards called the *Florida*, succeeded in running the blockade. It was known that she had left her anchorage off the City, and was all ready to make a dash should the conditions be favorable. The night was dark when she made the effort, but it suddenly cleared. The wind came out fresh from northwest, and this was her chance. She ran past the fleet unharmed, and was immediatley followed by the *Oneida* and the *R. R. Cuyler*, the fastest ships of the fleet, and the only ones that had the slightest chance of catching her. A stern chase is a long one, and they followed her for several hundred miles, but she had more speed than they, or in some way eluded them, for she finally ran out of sight. It was, of course, a great disappointment to all of us that she was not captured and

brought back, for she had succeeded in running in some time before, eluding every effort that was then made to stop her. Now she was again at large, ready to commit depredations upon our defenceless merchant-men.

Soon after the events I have just related I was promoted to a higher command. The Captain of the *Oneida* went North, and I was ordered to take his place. She was a fast craft for those days, and I had great hopes of being able to do something with her, but, as she was of a rating which belonged to the next higher rank, I could not expect to retain her long. I think Le Roy was sent down to take command of her, and, as my vacancy on board the *Aroostook* had been filled, I was, so to speak, on the beach. I went to New Orleans and reported to Commodore Bell, who was Commander-in-Chief, Farragut having gone North after the fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson. Bell's flag was flying on board the *Pensacola*, where he transacted his business, but he lived on shore, at the house of Dr. Mercer, a well-known man of New Orleans, who was very glad to have us take care of his house for him during these troublous times. When I went to report to the Commodore I found him sitting behind a pile of papers which had accumulated so upon his hands that he was almost entirely concealed behind them. He was very much overworked, and seemed to be depending entirely upon his own personal exertions to conduct the business of the Squadron, which consisted at this time of a great many vessels, large and small. He appointed me Fleet Captain and Chief of Staff. This was early in September, 1863. I went to work at once, and in a short time the great mass of matter which had accumulated disappeared, and the Commodore was immensely relieved. He told me afterwards that if I had not come to his

rescue at that time that he would have been in his grave. I remained with Bell in this capacity until Farragut came down to resume command, when he brought with him, as Chief of Staff, Captain Percival Drayton, which relieved me of my duties as Fleet Captain. Bell went North, and Commodore Palmer was placed in command at New Orleans, while Farragut went afloat. I was assigned to duty as the Assistant to Commodore Palmer in New Orleans. During my stay there Admiral Porter came down the river in his Flag-ship, the *Black Hawk*. She was the greatest curiosity as a man-of-war that I have ever seen. The Admiral had a lot of saddle-horses on board, and every day after dinner when the steamer was at the wharf he and his guests would start out for a ride. I had the honor of dining with him one day, and after dinner we mounted our horses on the forecastle and sallied forth, crossing the gang-plank to the wharf on horseback. For any one of the party who did not care to ride, there was a buggy for a drive. It was a very curious spectacle; it is unlikely that one of a similar nature will ever be witnessed again, and probably it never had been seen before, except from this particular Flag-ship. This unique cavalcade passed through the City, went some distance beyond its limits, and then returned, recrossed the gang-plank, dismounted on the forecastle, and the entertainment was at an end.

About the month of August, 1864, was the time Farragut had fixed upon for his attack on Mobile. He was only waiting for a favorable day to run by the Forts. I think it was on the fifth of that month that he accomplished this memorable feat. He had directed that all hands should be called at daylight, and at the signal the fleet would stand into the Bay in column of vessels by

pairs, each pair lashed together. The order concluded: "The fleet will pipe to breakfast inside of Mobile Bay at eight o'clock." It always seemed to me that there was something grand in this concluding paragraph of his order. There was no doubt in his own mind of his ability to carry out his designs. When he conceived a plan, it was already an accomplished fact, and in this he resembled Nelson in a very high degree.

The morning of the day upon which the fight took place I was directed by Commodore Palmer to take a despatch-vessel and pass through Mississippi Sound, go on board the *Sonoma*, a Gunboat stationed at a point in the Sound where she could see into Mobile Bay, and make an effort to communicate by signal with Farragut, in case he had succeeded in getting inside that day. When I reached the *Sonoma* I found that it was impossible to communicate with the Admiral by signal, although the fleet was already inside. It then occurred to me that I might possibly succeed in communicating in person with Farragut, although such an attempt was not thought to be feasible, nor was it contemplated by my orders. It would be necessary to run through Grant's Pass, which connected Mississippi Sound with Mobile Bay, and to run close to Fort Powell, which guarded the pass. Fort Gaines was on the other side, but some distance off, and as the night was dark I thought with a small boat with muffled oars we might manage to steal by without being discovered, communicate with the Admiral, and pass the Fort again before daylight. I accordingly proposed the plan to Captain De Kraft, the Commanding Officer of the *Sonoma*, who agreed to furnish the boat, and said he would accompany me. I must confess I considered the chances of getting to the Flag-ship in the Bay and back to the

Sonoma before daylight without being captured *en route*, to say the least, doubtful. I thought the enemy would be evacuating Fort Gaines, in which case we should be just in the track of their boats on their way to Mobile, as there was no other way for them to get there; for now that the fleet was in the Bay, Fort Gaines was no longer tenable.

We waited until it was pitch-dark; then, with a small boat with muffled oars and a pilot, we started on our somewhat hazardous expedition. Fortunately, it was a still, dark night, and there was nothing to retard our progress. We pulled slowly and steadily, and in about two hours we found ourselves alongside the *Hartford*. I went on board and was met at the gangway by Drayton, who, as I said before, was Farragut's Chief of Staff. He was, of course, very much surprised to see me, and at once asked me where I came from; and when I replied that I had come in one of the *Sonoma's* boats through Grant's Pass, he exclaimed: "Well, that is the best thing that has been done yet—communication is already open"; and then he conducted me to the Admiral. Farragut was delighted to see me. He placed his two hands on my shoulders and began at once to relate to me the incidents of the fight. He was in the best of spirits, as he always was, and now he had an especial reason for being so, for he had made a gallant dash and achieved a brilliant victory. I then had a conversation with Kimberly, the present able and gallant Admiral, who was the Executive Officer of the *Hartford*. He pointed out to me the dead and the dying, who were lying about the decks, the former sewed up in their hammocks, all ready, poor fellows, to be launched into the sea. Kimberly told me that they had lost heavily, and it was only necessary to look around the

decks to be convinced of the truth of his statement. It was about midnight when I reached the *Hartford*, where I remained nearly an hour, a time of mingled feelings of joy and sadness. The melancholy spectacle of those poor fellows, as I saw them stretched out in death, haunts me still; but it was war, and at such a time one must accustom himself to such scenes. I remember that in the early part of our civil strife I went through the wards of the Hospital at Norfolk, which was filled with wounded men, and although it was an unpleasant task, I did it for the sole purpose of familiarizing myself with the horrors of war.

After having received the Admiral's instructions for Commodore Palmer, I started back. It was then about one o'clock. There was plenty of time to pass Fort Powell before daylight, so we pulled slowly and quietly along, and had reached the most critical point, which was just abreast the Fort, when there was a brilliant flash and a tremendous explosion, and Fort Powell had gone up into the air. The enemy had evacuated, and, in leaving, had destroyed their little stronghold, which had withstood the smashing fire of our ships in the fight of the day before. I continued on, and in due time reached the *Sonoma*. I immediately started for New Orleans, and arrived there in time to make the first report of the occurrences in Mobile Bay, and of the destruction of Fort Powell. Commodore Palmer sent me at once to General Canby, Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Gulf, to whom I gave a detailed account of all I had seen.

Fort Morgan did not hold out much longer. It was entirely cut off from the Confederacy, and was soon compelled to surrender to the Army. Its brave Commander, General Page, had charges brought against him

of violating the rules of war by destroying property which must inevitably have fallen into the hands of the United States when he surrendered, which it was sure he would be obliged to do in a very short time. It seems that when the Colonel to whom he surrendered looked around and saw the destruction, he said to General Page something which was very offensive, and need not be repeated here. Page was taken to New Orleans and held there as a prisoner of war for some time. Commodore Palmer had been an old friend of his, and had it in his power to render his captivity lighter than it otherwise might have been. He was enabled to walk about the City through Palmer's good offices, and was made comparatively comfortable. I had it in my power, also, to show him some kindness, which he always remembered and appreciated. These charges about the destruction at Fort Morgan, it was thought, ought to be investigated. General Canby therefore ordered what he called a Council of War, consisting of General Hurlbut and General Totten, on the part of the Army, and I was appointed the member on the part of the Navy. Captain De Witt Clinton was appointed Judge Advocate. It was ordered that General Page should accompany us to Fort Morgan, and that the investigation should be made in his presence. We accordingly took a steamer at New Orleans, and the party proceeded to Fort Morgan. It happened that the officer in command of the Fort was the same one who had been so offensive to General Page at the time of the surrender. We all stepped up to the officer, who met us at the entrance of the Fort, and shook hands with him. Page remained quiet with his hands behind his back, when the officer in command stepped up and said, "How do you do, General Page?" at the same time extending his hand

to shake hands with him, but Page did not move, and remained in the same position, with his hands behind his back, whereupon the Colonel said, with much feeling, "General Page, I appreciate that, and under other circumstances I would take proper notice of it." But Page was immovable, and thus the incident closed. I thought Page was right then, and I think so now. The Council of War held its sessions, and we took the testimony that was within its reach, which was sufficient to satisfy us that General Page had not violated any of the rules of war, and he was, consequently, acquitted of the charges. In looking at it now, and as I saw it then, it seems to me that the idea of holding the enemy responsible for the destruction of that which must be considered his own as long as his flag is floating over it, is absurd. It might as well be said that a belligerent has not the right to run his ship on shore and set fire to her when he sees that his capture seems inevitable. We returned to New Orleans and made our report, which was approved by General Canby, and thus the matter ended. General Page's friends were very much gratified at the result of the investigation, for no one that knew him ever for a moment thought that he had been guilty of anything that was not honorable in matters connected with the surrender of Fort Morgan or anything else.

I resumed my duties at headquarters, and for a while, in addition thereto, commanded the captured Ram *Tennessee*. Farragut went North, having finished his life's work, and was resting on his well-earned laurels. Admiral Thatcher was sent down and assumed command of the Naval forces in the Gulf. The City of Mobile was still in the hands of the enemy, but was not long to remain so; the Army and Navy were drawing the toils

close around it. We broke up the headquarters at New Orleans, and Commodore Palmer and I joined Thatcher in Mobile Bay. The City was protected by shoal water, so that we could not get close up to it. There was a roundabout way of approaching within range by a narrow river, guarded by forts and torpedoes. An attempt was made to clear the river of torpedoes by running a sort of net made of rattling-stuff from bank to bank. A certain distance above the net was thoroughly dragged by our boats. When that area of the river was pronounced clear the net would be shifted higher, and the same process again pursued. Thus a system of parallels was run, and preparations were made to approach the City by the river. Captain Crosby, now a retired Rear-Admiral, conducted this work. He was exceedingly zealous in the performance of this duty, and worked at it with untiring energy. While these preparations were going on, the Confederate commander at Mobile, feeling that the capture of the City was a mere matter of time —and a very short time—evacuated, so there was nothing for us to do but to take possession.

A commission was appointed, consisting of two Army officers, and of myself on the part of the Navy, with instructions to proceed to Mobile and receive the surrender of the City at the hands of the Civil Authorities. I accordingly went on shore and joined my colleagues of the Army several miles outside of the City. Here we entered a carriage and were escorted to the confines of Mobile by a regiment of infantry. There we were met by the Mayor and other City Authorities, and the formalities of delivering up the City to us were carried out. It reminded me somewhat of such scenes in olden times, when the heralds would blow their horns and demand that the keys of the gates of the City should be delivered

up to the conquerors. It was sad, as we drove through the streets, to witness the depression which pervaded everything. There was an air in all the surroundings of a conquered city and a vanquished people. We made it as little humiliating as possible, but it was evident that the people felt the situation keenly, for they realized that the cause of the Confederacy was now truly a lost cause.

After the fall of Mobile I returned to New Orleans, and during the rest of the time that I remained in Southern waters I commanded the *Portsmouth*. The War was now drawing towards its close, and I gave up my command and went North. I took passage in one of the steamers of the Cromwell Line. One of my fellow-passengers was Lieutenant-General Richard Taylor, late of the Confederate Army. I had known Taylor before the War. Our relations had always been of the most cordial nature; and although we had been for several years past trying to cut each other's throats, yet we met at this time on the same friendly terms that had existed between us before the Civil War. He was one of the most charming men that it has ever been my good-fortune to encounter, a brilliant talker, an excellent *raconteur*, never at a loss to illustrate by some apt quotation or suitable proverb the well-rounded sentences of his conversation. I met Taylor again some years afterwards; we crossed the Atlantic together in 1873. I found him then the same genial gentleman that I had known before. He was most agreeable and entertaining, as he always was. He had an appreciative set of men during this voyage to enjoy his talk; amongst others were Admiral Case and Frank Corbin, of Paris, the latter a well-known American long resident in France.

CHAPTER XVII

A Pacific Command—Life at Mare Island—An Inland Expedition—In the Yosemite Valley—To Esquimault on Cable Service—Admiral Denman—Excursion in Washington Territory—Up Fraser River.

I was allowed to remain at home a very brief period. My friend Wainwright Scott, who had commanded the *Saginaw* in the Pacific, died very suddenly, and I was ordered to take his place. I took passage in the *McClelland* for Aspinwall. She was commanded by Captain Gray, a well-known seaman, who had made himself very useful during the War in command of United States transports. The voyage was uneventful, and we reached our port in the usual time. There was a queer character on board who had a peculiar fad, which was to represent himself as that which he was not. To me he was a Captain Reed, of the Marine Corps; to another he was Weston, the great pedestrian; and to a lady who was on her way to China, he was Mr. Seward, our Consul-General at Hong-Kong. He offered himself to her as an escort to her destination. When Captain Gray heard of his pranks he sent for him, gave him a piece of his mind in very strong language, and threatened to put him in irons if he did not desist from his efforts to delude the passengers with his various aliases. It had the desired effect, and he was seen and heard of no more.

I took the train for Panama and went on board the

Golden City, commanded by a well-known veteran seaman, Commodore Watkins. This title was given to him as the Senior Captain of the line, and he was permitted to fly a broad pennant. Watkins was a rare old sea-dog, very popular with every one. People were obliged to go to San Francisco in those days by steamer; it was esteemed an especial privilege to make a passage with the Commodore, and business-men would endeavor so to arrange their affairs that they would be enabled to strike the vessel which he commanded. The *Saginaw*, the vessel to which I had been ordered, was at Acapulco, and at that point my voyage in the *Golden City* came to an end. I assumed command at once, but, finding that there were no conveniences for messing on board, I was glad to accept an invitation from the agent of the Pacific Mail S. S. Company—Mr. Bowman—to live with him during my stay at Acapulco. He was a most agreeable fellow, and should this narrative ever meet his eye I beg that he will accept my best thanks for his politeness to me at that time. We lived delightfully, and I shall never forget the pleasing sensations which I experienced as we would breakfast and dine in the open air in a little embowered nook just outside of the house, enjoying all the freedom of tropical life in our loose summer attire. The harmless little green lizards would sport in and out amongst the green leaves of the bower over our heads, scarcely distinguishable from the leaves themselves. It was a *dolce far niente* sort of existence, but I was not permitted long to enjoy it. I received orders to proceed with the *Saginaw* to San Francisco. An economical order had just been issued from the Navy Department requiring all steamers, without regard to class or rig, to proceed when at sea under sail. It was a sort of iron-clad order, and since it was impossible to get anywhere

in the *Saginaw* under sail alone, owing to her peculiar rig and the small amount of canvas that she could spread, it placed the commanding officer in an embarrassing position. He must either drift about at the mercy of the wind and waves, or he must disobey a positive order. However, upon consultation with Captain Scott, of the *Saranac*, it was determined that I should proceed under steam. So we sailed in due course of time, and, to use the language of the sea, bucked up against the prevailing southwest winds for about ten days, at the end of that time anchoring off the City of San Francisco.

I had anchored in the same spot twenty years before, when the village which then existed there was Yerba Buena, and California was a province of Mexico. Since then, as if by enchantment, a great city had sprung up on this very spot, which at that time was but little more than a barren sand-beach. It is difficult to conceive a transformation so complete in so brief a period. As the *Saginaw* was very much out of repair, I made up my mind that I would have to remain a long time at Mare Island, to which point I had taken her in order to have the necessary work accomplished. I found there Captain Davenport, of the *Lancaster*, whose ship was in the same category. He was messing on board the receiving-ship *Independence*, and invited me to join his mess, which I was very glad to do. Captain Parker, who commanded the *Independence*, was also one of the mess, so we had a very pleasant *partie de trois*. Existence at Mare Island in those days, like that at most Navy-Yards, was extremely dull. We managed to amuse ourselves, however, with the small circle of Navy people, who were very hospitable and kind to us, and we passed most of our evenings at the house of one or the

other of the Officers' families. I would make occasional visits to San Francisco, and while there was always a guest of the Union Club. It was the time when Flood and O'Brien and Barry and Patten and the "Poodle Dog" held sway on Montgomery Street. Many a thirsty soul was refreshed at these famous houses of entertainment, whose owners amassed wealth enough to make themselves felt in the world's business since those days. I think these establishments have gone out of existence, for I never hear of them now. My old friend and shipmate Louis McLane was living at San Francisco at this time as agent of Wells, Fargo & Co. He had resigned from the Navy some years before, and was one of the few of the Naval and military men who had abandoned their profession and gone into business life that was successful. As a rule, their training did not fit them for the active, pushing methods of those times, and they generally ended up wiser but sadder men. McLane is a man who would have been successful in any walk of life. In the Navy he belonged to the highest type of men of that profession, and I felt sure when he left it that he would attain to eminence in any thing which he undertook. I hunted him up when I went to San Francisco, and found him living delightfully, with his interesting family, in one of San Francisco's most comfortable habitations. He was getting up an expedition to the Valley of the Yosemite, and invited a number of guests, including me amongst them. I was very glad to accept his kind invitation, and obtained a leave of absence of two or three weeks, which was about the time it was thought would be occupied in accomplishing all he desired.

In the party were about a dozen persons, including children, all apparently in good condition, full of spir-

its, and in all respects well equipped for the journey. We went by steamer as far as Stockton, and then changed our mode of travel to a large four-horse wagon, and a buggy with two horses. McLane managed the wagon and I drove the buggy, always having with me one of the party as a companion. As about thirty years have elapsed since that time, and as I have no notes with which to refresh my memory, the exact route which we took after leaving Stockton rests in my mind in an exceedingly undefined state. I do remember, however, that we visited *en route* the Mariposa group of Big Trees, that I rode on horseback through the entire length of the trunk of one of them which had been felled and hollowed out, and that we saw the stump of another which had been smoothed down and was used as a dancing-platform. Its extent was thirty-three feet in diameter and one hundred feet in circumference. It is said by those who are skilled in that kind of lore, and can determine the age of a tree by the number of its concentric rings, that these great trees first took root about the time Our Saviour was upon the earth. We went to a place called Black's, and I think it was there that we left our teams and pursued the rest of our journey on horseback. This place takes its name from its owner, whose special peculiarity was that he had not worn a hat for twelve years. We passed the night at Black's, and then were in the saddle, our only means of transportation, for several days, and, indeed, until we returned there on our homeward journey.

The trip was a very wearisome one, and when we reached Prospect Point, the view from which takes in the valley, we were tired enough. This magnificent scene from the tops of the Sierra Nevada has been so

often described by travellers that I will not attempt to add anything, and therefore content myself by saying that I do not believe it is surpassed by anything on the face of the earth. Our descent from that point to the valley, about four thousand feet below, was slow and tedious. Our horses were sure-footed, and conveyed us in safety around many a sharp and craggy turn, when a slip would have launched us into the abyss hundreds of feet beneath. We finally reached in safety the River Merced, at the foot of the valley, on the banks of which stood the hotel that was to be our home for the next seven or eight days. It was kept by a man named Hutchison. A most primitive place it was, but travellers were glad to find a habitation in which to lay their heads, where they could be sheltered by four walls and a roof. The rooms were partitioned off by canvas, boards being unattainable there. No doubt all is now changed. One week in the valley at that time was an unusually long stay. While we were there people would arrive, flit before our eyes for a day, and disappear. Not so with us. We went for a week, and a week remained. Our protracted sojourn gave us an opportunity of enjoying this charming spot at our leisure. We visited and revisited the falls and other places of interest at leisure, never feeling hurried. There were no washerwomen here at that time. The men of our party would recline on the banks of the Merced, while the ladies would wade into the river and wash their clothes in its cold and limpid waters. The Merced River is the outcome of the melted snow of the Sierra Nevada, and as it flows through the Yosemite Valley it is still almost ice-water, so short a distance has it traversed since it was changed from snow to water. McLane and I used frequently to bathe in it,

much to the horror of the inhabitants of that country, who looked upon such an act as certain death; but we were both young and vigorous, and I have never been able to discover that it did either of us any harm. My pleasure during this interesting visit to the Yosemite was very much enhanced by the presence in the party of Miss Mary McLane, a most charming member of her distinguished family. She was very sympathetic, and I look back with the greatest pleasure to the many happy hours I passed in her society. She married afterwards, and I never have had the pleasure of meeting her since.

Soon after my return to the Navy-Yard at Mare Island the *Saginaw* was detailed by the Government to assist the Company that was about to lay a cable across Behring Strait in continuation of a line of telegraph across the American continent, then across Siberia, thus completing telegraphic communication between America and Europe. I sailed from San Francisco in the summer of 1866, accompanied by some of the officers of the Company. In due course of time the *Saginaw* anchored in Esquimault Harbor, which was as far north as she ever reached. It was during this summer that the Atlantic Cable, after a long silence, began to talk again. It was upon the supposition that it had ceased for ever so to do that the Company with which *I* was serving had been formed, but now it was discovered that this long and expensive route would not be required, for the old line worked continuously and satisfactorily. The whole project was therefore abandoned.

I remained in Esquimault for several months, waiting for instructions from somebody, but none came for a long time, and I do not remember exactly how I did get away from there; but I did, finally, sail for San Francisco, either in November or December. The harbor of

Esquimault is one of the most beautiful in the world. The heaviest ships lie there at anchor as if they were lying in a mill-pond, so smooth is the water at all times. The swell of the ocean is never felt there, and it is truly a haven of rest. The whole of this section was called at that time British Columbia. There was another British Colony on the Fraser River, called New Westminster, which had a Colonial Government separate from that of British Columbia, of which Victoria was the Capital. Victoria is situated on the shores of a small Bay not far from Esquimault, but its harbor is suitable only for small vessels. This little City had rapidly reached the size and importance that I found it possessed when I was there. It was the point of departure from the coast for the Caribou mines, and its progress was stimulated by their output, but when they decayed Victoria became a dead town, and remained so up to the time I left, in the winter of 1866.

During most of the time that the *Saginaw* lay at Esquimault, Admiral Denman, with his Flag-ship, the *Sutlej*, was there. This was a great pleasure to me, for I became very intimate with the Admiral and Mrs. Denman, and dined with them frequently. Their house was but a stone's-throw from the ship, which was anchored close up to their front door. The *Saginaw* was not much farther off, so it was an easy matter for me to get back and forth at night. At most, if not at all, the British stations a house is provided for the Admiral by the Government, which is always very generous towards its high officials, both civil and military. I became aware at this time of a custom of the British Navy which I had never known before. It is this: When a small vessel is in company with the Flag-ship, the Ward-room mess of the latter make the Commanding Officer

of the former an honorary member of the mess. This is a great convenience to the Captain of the small vessel, for he can, while in port, discontinue his solitary and expensive mess, and take his meals in the Ward-room of the Flag-ship with more comfort and with greater economy. The mess of the *Sutlej* did me the honor to extend this courtesy to me, but I never availed myself of the privilege. As a matter of course, the Captain of the small vessel pays his mess-bill in the Ward-room of the other. Apropos of this, the Duke of Edinburgh, who is an Admiral in the British Navy, told me that he was once an honorary member of a Ward-room mess, and was telling a fellow-Captain of its advantages. Some time after, this Captain was going out in some ship to take command of a vessel on a foreign station. He of course lived with the Captain of the ship in which he was taking passage, but desired to be an honorary member of the Ward-room mess. When he made his application, the reply was that they would see him d——d first. The Duke thought this was rather a good joke. I thought so myself. I will mention that at the time the Duke told me this story he was an honorary member of the Ward-room mess of his own Flag-ship, and always took his luncheon there when he felt disposed so to do.

The Commanding Officer of the *Sutlej*, Denman's Flag-ship, was Captain Coode, and the Commander was Sullivan, who was the Executive Officer. The former I have never heard of since. The latter became a Flag-officer in the Royal Navy. There was a small vessel, a sort of tender to the Flag-ship, lying at Esquimault at this time, the *Sparrowhawk;* her Captain was Commander Porcher. Porcher and I became very intimate. We dined together nearly every day; he would dine

with me one day, and I with him the next, which I think we mutually found to be a very agreeable arrangement. Esquimault was an exceedingly dull place, and the long period of time during which I was detained there rendered life very monotonous. My intimacy with Porcher tended in a large degree to alleviate the situation. We scoured the country in walks which we took daily, regardless of the weather. We would wrap ourselves up in our water-proofs, for it was now the rainy season, and paddle through the woods and fields, spinning off sometimes eight or ten miles a day. We would return to our ships as dry as a bone, and sit down to our *tête-à-tête* dinner with excellent appetites. The Admiral sent Porcher to San Francisco from time to time for the mails, which would occupy about ten days; I missed him on such occasions very much, but managed to get through the time as best I could.

I left the *Saginaw* at Esquimault, and went with some friends into Washington Territory, visiting Port Townsend, Seattle, and Steilecombe. They were then insignificant and unimportant places, but now Seattle has become a large City, and the United States has a Navy-Yard and a large dry-dock at Port Townsend. It was thought at the time that the present State of Washington would never amount to much as an agricultural country, on account of the shallowness of the soil, but its water facilities were then, as they are now, grand, and its shores are washed by a beautiful inland sea, not surpassed, I am confident, by anything of a like character in the world.

Through the kindness of Captain Fleming, an American who owned and commanded a steamer on the Fraser River, I was enabled to make a trip up that beautiful stream. The scenery was grand all the way up to

New Westminster, the Capital of the British Colony of that name. Mount Baker, the most beautiful cone probably in all the world, was almost constantly in sight, and one never tired of gazing on its snow-clad peak thousands of feet above. At New Westminster I met the members of the Colonial Government, all gentlemanlike men, whose names in this long interval of time I have forgotten. The Fraser, at some points in its course, is a raging torrent; it seemed to me almost impossible that any steamer could make headway against it. The one in which I was embarked was a high-pressure stern-wheel boat. Her boilers were exposed to view, and when it was necessary to climb up one of these torrents they would become red-hot, so great was the necessity to "fire up" in order to get steam enough to keep the boat going. At times I do not believe she moved over the bottom more than a knot an hour. Although the situation seemed rather appalling to one not accustomed to it, I believe she seldom failed to make a successful trip. From New Westminster there is a beautiful macadamized road through the mountains towards the Caribou mines, a splendid piece of engineering. In some places it was necessary to cut into an almost vertical mountain-side, so that in passing over the road one finds himself with a roof of rock over his head and a yawning precipice hundreds of feet below. I took a drive one day while there, and frequently, when we came to one of these ticklish places, there would be a lot of Indians with packs on their heads strung along the road. The rascals would always stand in a row on the inside track, and the wonder is that the horses did not take fright, but I suppose they had from long usage become accustomed to it. The Indians never by any chance took the precipice side of the road, determined,

I presume, that if anybody was to be dashed into the abyss below it must be we, not they.

The Governor of British Columbia at this time was a very gentlemanlike Englishman of the name of Kennedy; he afterwards became Sir Arthur Kennedy, and occupied a like position in some distant Colony, I think Australia. He had an interesting family, consisting of several daughters, one of whom married Lord Guilford, who commanded one of Her Majesty's Ships in those seas. There was a good deal of style kept up in this mimic court, and dinners and receptions and garden-parties were of frequent occurrence. The society was a good deal like that of a garrison at an Army post; it was small, and each member of it, naturally enough in such a community, was taken up with the affairs of his neighbor, which of course led to gossip and to conversation of a kind very uninteresting to an outsider not especially concerned about Colonial social affairs.

Sir James Douglas was at this time at the head of the Hudson's Bay Company in this part of the Northwest. He was a very interesting character—I think he had worked his way up from a subordinate place until he reached the highest position that could be attained in this portion of the Company's domain. Sir James had married an Indian woman, which was not at all an uncommon occurrence with the employés of the Company; indeed, it was encouraged, in order that they might become attached to the soil and entirely weaned from the ties of home and country. Sir James had several very handsome daughters, with scarcely a trait of the Indian about them to distinguish them from women of pure white blood. I was told, however, that in the next generation the grandchildren partook in a very decided manner of the characteristics of their mother's mother.

CHAPTER XVIII

California Again—Promoted Commander—Duck-shooting—In Command of the *Mohican*—To Siberia After an Eclipse—Difficult Navigation—A Bidarca—In Plover Bay—The Eclipse—The Tchuktches of Siberia.

I SAILED from Esquimault for San Francisco in November or December, 1866. The passage was rough and boisterous, for in that season of the year the stretch of the Pacific between those two ports is subject to violent gales, and the little *Saginaw* was a good deal belabored before she reached her destination. I remember one night when it was blowing a heavy southeast gale, one of the non-combatants came to me as I was wearing ship to get her head off shore, and inquired, "What's up?" I replied that nothing was up, but I suspect I was as glad as he was when the gale abated, for I never considered the little *Saginaw* a safe craft in a very heavy gale, although somehow she managed to keep on top of the seas that were sufficiently high, had we been caught in their trough, to have engulfed us. I was glad enough to anchor in San Francisco. I proceeded to Mare Island the following day, and soon after, having been promoted to the rank of Commander, I was detached, and turned over the command to my successor, Lieutenant-Commander Mitchell. I soon after relieved my friend, the late Rear-Admiral Baldwin, as Inspector of Ordnance at the Navy-Yard. During the time I was stationed at this Yard we had three different

commanding officers—Commodore John R. Goldsborough, Commodore Alden, and Rear-Admiral Craven. Goldsborough was my former Commanding Officer off Mobile. I had a high regard for him then, and our pleasant relations continued while we were together at Mare Island. Alden was a pleasant fellow, but, somehow, he never seemed to me to be serious about anything. It always appeared to me that he regarded life and all there was in it as an immense joke. To Admiral Craven I became very much attached. He was very fond of cards, and if he could not get any one to play with him he would play *solitaire* for hours at a time. He had a charming family; his daughters then, with the exception of Emily, who was very lovely, were little girls. Mrs. Craven was one of the sweetest women I have ever known.

California, although not comparing with what it had been, was still a great country for sportsmen; the waters were teeming with wild fowl of every description. There was a small schooner, the *Joe Smith*, belonging to the Yard which we would stock with fresh grub and beer and go off in for a week's shooting. The Admiral generally made one of our party, and no one enjoyed it more than he. We would go up the Napa River, and with our small boats scour the tules (swamps), and also to Suisun Bay, above Benicia; at the end of these little cruises returning laden with canvas-backs, sprigtails, widgeon, and teal. The canvas-backs we shot from blinds made with the high spear-grass of the tules; the teal, from behind points as they would fly swiftly by, which was beautiful sport. In the ponds we would find mallard, in the marshes yellow-legged snipe, and on the shores of San Pablo Bay quantities of plover. Indeed, so abundant was game at this time in the vicinity of

Mare Island that the ducks would venture close up to the houses. I remember that one of my sporting companions and I put out our decoys one evening at a point about five minutes' walk from my house. We made an early start in the morning, and returned to a nine-o'clock breakfast, having bagged forty-two canvas-backs and other ducks. There was a novel method of duck-shooting in California at that time, which I have never seen in any other country. In the spring of the year, when the tender young wheat is appearing above the ground, just about dusk the ducks swoop down in flocks of thousands and feed upon it. The sportsman crouches down in the field, making a blind for himself if he can; as they rush by, flying low, he has a beautiful time.

Between my duties and my sporting, time went on until, in the latter part of 1868, or early in 1869, I was ordered to the command of the *Mohican*, a Steam Corvette of full sail and auxiliary steam power, but not, however, very good at either. I had hardly completed my preparations for sea when I received an order to convey to Plover Bay, on the coast of Siberia, some scientific gentlemen sent there by the Government for the purpose of observing the total eclipse of the sun. These gentlemen were Professor Hall, the discoverer of the satellites of Mars, and Mr. Rodgers, a gentleman of high scientific attainments, who was an employé of the Naval Observatory at Washington. I found them both charming gentlemen, well fitted, I thought, for the responsible work for which they had been selected. I do not think I ever knew Mr. Hall to frown. His face was like a sunbeam, and as he walked the deck I often observed a smile pass over his face, his mind probably holding intercourse with the heavenly bodies, with which he was on such intimate terms.

DIFFICULT NAVIGATION

I sailed from San Francisco in the summer of 1869, giving myself ample time to reach Plover Bay by the 7th of August, the day upon which the eclipse was to take place. Leaving San Francisco, I made the best of my way towards Nanimo, a port of Vancouver Island, where I filled the bunkers with coal, and took a deck-load besides, and, much as I desired to economize fuel, so important to us on this voyage, I must confess I was not sorry when the deck-load was consumed. I had intended to touch at Sitka to replenish my fuel, but when I emerged from the water which makes the passage between Vancouver Island and the mainland, there seemed to be a good chance, so I stretched across for Oonalaska, where I expected to find coal, and was not disappointed.

In all my cruising I have never encountered such difficult navigation as that which confronts the seaman in making his way from the Pacific Ocean into Behring Sea. There are several passes between the Islands, and, like the Arkansas Traveller, if the navigator takes one, he will wish he had taken the other. I made the land in the vicinity of Akoutan Pass, and promptly decided to try it there. Everything for the moment seemed to be propitious, the weather was clear and all other conditions seemed favorable. I thought then I had a fair start through, but suddenly, as frequently happens in those latitudes, the fog shut down, and I was obliged to reduce from full speed to very slow going. There seemed to be no prospect of the fog lifting during the night, which was now upon us, and, surrounded as we were by islands, with a strong current which might at any moment drift us upon unseen dangers, I reluctantly determined to anchor. We were now well in the Pass, and, although in one hundred fathoms'

water there was no help for it, I was obliged to let go an anchor, and for the moment felt secure. There was nothing now to do but quietly await the lifting of the fog. The nights were very short in the summer in this high latitude, and I hoped at early daylight to be able to proceed towards my destination. It lighted up a little during the night, sufficiently so to enable a small Russian boat (a bidarca) to come alongside. This bidarca contains two hatches, one for each sitter, a water-proof is secured to the hatch, so that the sitter in getting into his seat passes through this water-proof and draws it about his neck as if he were getting into a bag, so that no water can get into the boat unless it passes down his neck, and if he draws the strings tight enough no water can get in at all. When the occupants are in their seats, properly adjusted, the canoe (for such it really is) is like a bottle tightly corked. In these frail craft the Aleuts and those who trade in these seas traverse hundreds of miles in communicating with each other amongst the Aleutian Islands.

The one in question was occupied by a Greek Priest, who was visiting his parishioners in the many islands, and by an American Captain whose name, I think, was Redfield, who commanded an American Brig from San Francisco called the *Amelia*. His vessel was a sort of whaler and trader in whatever he found profitable. They were very much astonished to find the *Mohican* anchored in the middle of the Pass. The Captain informed me that I was lying in a very dangerous place, and advised me to get out of it as soon as I could. This suggestion was not at all necessary, for I had determined to do so as soon as it was possible. The Priest who accompanied the Captain, I must confess, elicited my warmest admiration. He had left his wife and chil-

dren at Oonalaska, and ventured forth in this frail bark to visit his parishioners at the various islands amongst the group. It was an exhibition of zeal and devotion to his Church and flock which I thought commendable in a very high degree. As soon as my visitors left and the fog had somewhat lifted, I made an effort to heave up the anchor. It was for the time, however, fruitless, for the tide was running so swiftly from Behring Sea into the Pacific Ocean that I found it quite impossible to do anything. As soon as the tide began to slack I made another effort, which was successful. The weather had now cleared up, and I lost no time, with all the speed of which the *Mohican* was capable, in making the best of my way to Oonalaska, where I came to anchor in its snug harbor, happy to feel that I was through this Pass, which had caused me so much trouble and anxiety. I filled up with coal, and gave our people a little resting-spell before proceeding farther north.

I was reminded here of Campbell's poem, a copy of which I do not remember to have had with me, but I happened to recall one line: "The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore," and it conveys to my mind the idea of the desolation which one feels in so high a degree in these far-off regions of the North. Oonalaska was a small settlement at that time, a sort of head-quarters for the Russian Fur Company. Its only occupants were those connected with that Company, the Greek Priest and his family, and the Aleuts. Everything about was Russian. There was a Russian bath, though a very primitive one. Then there was tea made in the samovar, and served in glasses instead of cups, seasoned with lemon instead of sugar. I remember there was a beautiful clear trout-stream running through the village. We tried to catch some of the trout with

our civilized appliances, but were not successful, while the natives would make a hook out of a bent pin and take them without any trouble. Having filled up with coal and rested our people, we got under way for Plover Bay. We passed the Pribyloff Islands, about which we hear so much in these days, for they are the islands which the great herds of seals occupy concerning which there is so much controversy at the present time between this country and Great Britain, as well as all other nations interested in the question. In three or four days we sighted the high land near Plover Bay, and soon came to anchor in that beautiful harbor. Plover Bay is so called from the fact that a British exploring-vessel called the *Plover* was once frozen in here, and remained during the whole of a long Arctic winter.

We made ourselves snug, and I immediately sent the astronomers on shore, accompanied by the carpenter and his gang. An observatory was soon constructed, and there was nothing now to do but await patiently the 7th of August, which was the date of the total eclipse. Meanwhile the Navigator was employed in making a survey of the Bay, and the officers and crew whiled away their time with shooting-parties, and parties of exploration, and such amusements as offered themselves. The whole surrounding country presented a scene of utter desolation. Here and there a blade of grass or a small wild-flower might be seen, but the soil, if it might be so called, was so thin that cultivation was entirely out of the question. The whole country is a desert, and the possibility of being caught here by some accident to the machinery would sometimes dawn upon me and make me for the moment feel very uncomfortable. Such an accident would probably have involved our being frozen up for the winter, and having to live

for months in dismal darkness. For such a contingency we were entirely unprepared. In Oonalaska, strange to say, two of our crew deserted. Every one knows that Jack is a very peculiar character, but one would hardly suspect him of taking the chances of bettering his condition by deserting in these desolate regions; but one accustomed, after long association with him, to his peculiarities, is never surprised at anything he does. These two deserters made their way to an island not far distant from Oonalaska. When I satisfied myself that they had gone there, I saw that there was no escape for them. I directed the Marine officer to take the whole guard and deploy as skirmishers, so that they would stretch from one end of the island to the other. In this way they advanced across the island, and found the men on the opposite shore, quietly washing their clothes. They were brought on board, of course, and thus this effort to better their condition was suddenly brought to a close.

At length the day to which we had been looking forward with so much interest arrived. The sun rose bright and clear, and there was not a cloud to be seen. The hopes of the astronomers and of all of us ran high. We thought there could now be no doubt but that our labors would be crowned with entire success. About half an hour before the time for the observations upon the eclipse the heavens became speckled over with a sort of mackerel sky, which, although not sufficient to obscure the sun from the ordinary observer, interfered materially with the fineness and exactness which the astronomers had hoped for. To us amateurs it was a magnificent spectacle, for we could distinctly see the corona, or flames of the sun, darting away from the edge of his disk millions of miles into space. My rec-

ollection is that the eclipse occurred about eleven o'clock in the morning, and that the day became so dark that the sea-gulls that were feeding in the water around the stern of the ship put their heads under their wings, thinking night was upon them, and went fast asleep. The natives were awe-stricken by what was taking place, and manifested by the expressions of their faces that something supernatural was going on. At all events, it was something far beyond their simple comprehension.

The object of this expedition was now accomplished, but, before bidding adieu to Plover Bay, I think it would be well to say a few words about the inhabitants of this remote country. They are a race of Esquimaux, or perhaps it would be more correct to say Indians. The name given to the people who occupy this part of Siberia is Tchuktches. While the Esquimaux are a diminutive race, these Indians are large and muscular, and some of them very handsome. I do not think this can be said of the women, however, for there is nothing especially striking about them in any way. They resemble almost any Indian squaw that we are accustomed to seeing in this country. These people are obliged by their climate to dress almost entirely in skins and furs, and I think in most cases, when once put on, they remain there until they are worn out. Prompted by curiosity, I asked one of the women to remove her leggings and moccasins to show me her foot, which she did without hesitation. Her leg seemed to be very slim, and her foot showed evidences of having been in the moccasin for a very long time. These Tchuktches are a very amiable and friendly race, and, although there are instances on record where they have committed outrages upon vessels stranded on that coast,

I do not think at the time about which I am writing there had been any recent occurrences of such acts. As we entered Plover Bay a large boat filled with these people came out to meet us. They came alongside, and I permitted them to come on board. They swarmed all over the ship, and seemed delighted with everything they saw. To any one who cruised in those seas at that time the name of one of the aborigines should be familiar — the name of Nok-um. He had been employed by American or English traders on that coast from time to time as a pilot, and had learned a good deal of English, for he was an intelligent fellow and a man of a great deal of observation. Nok-um came on board to see me the day of my arrival accompanied by his wife. She had an ugly lump on her forehead, which her husband had given her the night before when he was drunk. They seemed, however, to have made up, for they were on the best of terms while on board. Nok-um, as I have said, was a bright fellow, and very appreciative. I showed him a Colt's revolving fowling-piece, when he threw up his hands, and, using a strong expression to give emphasis to what he said, exclaimed, "Melican man knows everything!"

I lost no time in leaving Plover Bay behind me. The astronomers with their appliances were brought on board with the least possible delay, and the night of the day upon which the eclipse took place we were well on our way towards the Aleutian Islands. Two or three days brought us up to the Passes. I am not sure whether we left Behring Sea by the same Pass through which we entered it, but I remember that it was a lovely day, that the scenery was grand, that an active volcano was belching forth volumes of smoke, that the *Mohican* was doing her best with all the steam

and sail that she could carry, and that we were all happy at the prospect of getting back again to civilization. It was blowing very fresh, and I had double-reefed the top-sails, thinking it possible I might have to carry sail hard to fetch through the Pass. This is exactly what did occur. The wind freshened to half a gale, heading us off, so that we were running almost parallel with the land and were making some leeway. I was running at full speed, with the engine doing its best. I dared not reduce sail, for fear of making more leeway, so I got up the preventer-braces, determined to hang on to the double-reefed top-sails as long as possible. The situation was rather trying, for in case the gale increased so that I could carry no sail, I doubted my ability to find my way back through the Pass into Behring Sea. Fortunately we were enabled to hold on to our canvas until we had made a good offing, and by midnight the condition of things was very much improved, so that I felt there was need no longer for apprehension that we might have to pass the winter in these hyperborean regions. By daylight we were clear of everything, and fairly in the Pacific Ocean. I now made the best of my way to Esquimault, in British Columbia, and, after filling up with coal, sailed for San Francisco. Upon reaching that port I sped the astronomers on their way to the East and reported to Admiral Turner, Commander-in-Chief of the Pacific Squadron, for duty under his command.

CHAPTER XIX

In Honolulu — A Gay Season — Queen Liliuokalani — The *Mohican* Ball — Eastern Duty — Promoted Captain — In Command of the *Wabash* — Key West Rendezvous — Captain of the *Franklin* — On the European Station — A Mistaken Salute — Gathering at Carthagena — Train-Robbers — In the Grecian Archipelago.

I was not long kept idle, for the Admiral's Flag-ship was undergoing repairs, and I was directed to prepare the *Mohican* to take her place temporarily for a cruise to the Sandwich Islands. The Admiral and his Chief of Staff, Commander Philip Johnson, came on board, the Admiral's flag was hoisted at the mizzen of the *Mohican*, and we sailed for Honolulu. We ran south, took the northeast trade-winds, and in due course of time were secured in the snug harbor of Honolulu, where we remained for about six weeks.

The presence of a man-of-war in Honolulu always gives rise to an unusual amount of gayety. Dinners and balls and entertainments of all sorts were immediately devised. The Admiral and his staff and I were presented to the King, and were soon after invited by him to dine at the Palace. I think the Kamehameha at that time (1869) was the fifth of that name, commonly called Lot. He was a kindly, genial man, and if any one could have heard him converse without seeing him he would have been taken for an educated American or English gentleman. His manners were exceedingly good, and one could not be associated with him without

liking him. We all went to the dinner, which was good, and everything was served in excellent taste. After the feast His Majesty, Johnson, and some of the other guests, sat down to a game of poker, a game in which the King took great delight. On this occasion there was no limit to the betting, and it turned out to be a higher game than I was accustomed to play; but I was in for it, seated by the side of Majesty. It was a case of *noblesse oblige*, and I could not back out. It so happened that I was in great luck. I drew to three eights, and picked up another; His Majesty held at the same time a full of aces, so it took fours to beat him. The betting was of course very lively, and continued to be so until the pile on the table amounted to about one hundred and fifty dollars. Then there was a call by one or the other—I do not now remember which. The cards were then shown, and I bagged the pile. When I returned to San Francisco my friends informed me that it was reported that I had won ten thousand dollars from the King of the Hawaiian Islands. We had several entertainments of this kind during our stay, at which His Majesty was always present.

Our Minister, Mr. Pearce, was at that time living at the house of Mrs. Dominis, the mother of John Dominis, who was then the Governor of Oahu. John Dominis married Lydia, who was a high Chiefess at that time, afterwards becoming Queen, and now the dethroned Liliuokalani. She also lived with Mrs. Dominis, and, as I was very intimate with the Minister, and saw him nearly every day, I was necessarily thrown a good deal with Lydia. I remember one day, when John Dominis and I had been up late at a party the night before, he asked me to go up to their room, which I did, when we both threw off our coats and lay down on the bed in our

shirt-sleeves. While we were lounging there Lydia was moving about the room, pursuing her usual employments. The breath of scandal had never reached her, and, so far as I knew, her reputation and character were beyond reproach. The Dowager Queen Emma was at Honolulu at that time, living quietly at her country-place near the city. She was a pretty woman, and maintained the dignity of her position extremely well. She always appeared accompanied by an attendant.

One of the native women whom I remember with great pleasure was Mrs. Bishop, the wife of an American who was a banker in Honolulu. She was very handsome, was a highly educated and accomplished woman, and would have done credit to any society in the world. I have dined at her house, and have rarely been more beautifully entertained. If these lines should meet the eye of any one who was in Honolulu about that time, I am sure he will corroborate all I have said about her. Mrs. Bishop was well known, not only in her own City, but in San Francisco, and had the faculty of making friends wherever she went. A charming family of Americans resided in Honolulu at that time—Mr. and Mrs. Williams and their little daughter; they lived delightfully in Nuana Valley. I shall never forget an extremely pleasant dinner at their house, nor shall I ever forget those that I have taken with them in Washington, where they now reside. They are still much as they were in those days, and their little daughter has grown up to be a charming and highly cultivated young woman. I see a great deal of them now, and we often talk about those by-gone days at Honolulu. One of the characters there at that time was a Mr. Wodehouse, the British Minister. I have heard of him recently in connection with the late troubles there, but exactly in what

way I do not now remember. He was so thoroughly English, as indeed he ought to have been, that our Minister, Mr. McCook, spoke of him as a man who always carried a copy of England in his pocket. It was this remark, I think, that caused me to remember him as well as I do.

The time for our departure was now rapidly approaching. We had received a great deal of attention, and determined to show our appreciation of it by giving as grand a ball as the resources of the *Mohican* would allow. The ship was accordingly turned over to the managers, and she was soon so transformed that she could hardly be recognized as a man-of-war. His Majesty and the royal people, together with the whole of the society of Honolulu, came to the ball. It was a great occasion, and none failed to avail himself of such an opportunity. It is contrary to the Naval regulations to have poker on board ship; but knowing the King's fondness for it, I took the responsibility of disregarding them for the time and made a card-room of my cabin, in order that he might indulge in his favorite game. The ball was a great success, and I think every one went home pleased, except, perhaps, His Majesty himself. The *contretemps* which gave rise to this supposition I will now proceed to relate.

The late Queen, whom, as I have before stated, I knew very well, and whom I shall call Lydia in future, for that is the familiar name by which she was known in those days, sent a message to me one day that she desired to see me. I called at her bidding and found her entirely alone. She did not proceed at once to the business about which she had sent for me, but asked me to sit down and play a game of cribbage with her, which I did. A visitor came in, which interrupted our

game, but as I felt sure it was not for the purpose of playing a game of cribbage that she had sent for me, I remained until the visitor departed. She then began her story. She told me how much they were all devoted to the King, how he departed from his usual custom to attend our ball, and that he did so to do away with an impression that he was not favorably disposed towards Americans. She then went on to say that it had been told to them, meaning those near the throne, that when it was reported to the Admiral that the King was about to leave the ship, instead of going to the gangway to see His Majesty into the boat, as is usual in such cases, he made the remark, "Let the King go to the devil!" I expressed myself very much surprised, and at once assured Lydia that it was quite impossible that the Admiral could have been guilty of such a want of respect for His Majesty, and that I was confident that he had not made the remark ascribed to him, and was sure nothing could have been further from his thoughts. As a matter of fact, I had heard nothing of the occurrence as reported. Lydia expressed herself entirely satisfied, and the *entente cordiale* was restored.

I think it was in November, 1869, that we sailed from Honolulu for the Coast of the Pacific, and reached there about the end of the year. Soon after this I was detached from the *Mohican*, and later was on duty at Mare Island Navy-Yard, where I remained for some time and then went East. I was on duty for a while at the Washington Navy-Yard, and also at New London, and then remained for a time on leave.

I was promoted in 1873 to Captain, being then forty-eight years of age. Promotion was made at an earlier age then than it is now, for it would be a rare thing at this time to find a Captain under fifty. Soon after my

promotion I was ordered to command the *Wabash*, as Chief of Staff to Admiral Case, who was going out to relieve Alden, as Commander-in-Chief of the European Station. We sailed from New York together in the old Cunarder *Russia*—the last of the side-wheel steamers of that line—in the spring or early summer of 1873. We passed a few days in London and Paris, and in due time reached Villefranche, where we found Alden with the Flag-ship *Wabash*, Captain Temple, and the *Brooklyn*, Captain Bryson. Alden shifted his flag to the latter ship and sailed for home; Case hoisted his on board the *Wabash*, and assumed command of the Squadron, while I relieved Temple in command of the ship.

We did not remain long at Villefranche, but started soon for a cruise to the eastward, touching at a number of the Greek islands and getting as far east as Trieste. We remained for several days at the Piræus, whence we went to Athens, and were all presented to King George and Queen Olga. We made but a brief stay in the East, and upon returning to headquarters at Villefranche we found orders for the Squadron to proceed immediately to Key West.

There was a war-cloud hanging over the country, caused by the *Virginius* affair. It looked very much as if we were to have war with Spain, and the Squadron from the coast of Brazil and a large force from the North were ordered, like ourselves, to rendezvous at Key West. It was one of the most powerful demonstrations that this country had ever made, certainly the largest since the Civil War. Rear-Admiral Case commanded the whole force. Scott, who commanded the West India Station, and felt sensitive about another Flag Officer's commanding on the Station which had been his, was permitted by Case to take his Flag-ship to

another part of the Station. While negotiations were going on in reference to the affair in question, the fleet was not idle. We had daily exercises at fleet manœuvres, torpedo-practice, target-firing, and such other work as would fit the fleet for action in case diplomacy failed. I doubt if there was any Naval force of its size in the world that would have given a better account of itself than this fleet. It so turned out that everything was amicably arranged. These events took place late in 1873 and early in 1874. After the peaceful solution of the problem which had for some time been agitating the Cabinets of the United States and Spain, this Naval force was dispersed. The *Wabash*, which was my command, had about completed her European cruise, and it was ordered that the *Franklin*, which had just come out from home with a fresh crew, should take her place as Admiral Case's Flag-ship. The question then arose who was to be her Captain. Simpson certainly had a better claim than I, but, on the other hand, Case, to whom I was Chief of Staff, was so anxious that I should return with him to Europe that he told me that if I was not permitted to do so he would throw up the command. It was certainly very complimentary to me, and I have always appreciated this partiality on the part of the Admiral. Fortunately, Simpson wished to return to the North, and was entirely willing to exchange commands with me. This arrangement was approved by the Department, and so I went to the *Franklin* as Captain of the new Flag-ship. Thus ended an embarrassing situation, which bid fair at one time to bring my European cruise to a sudden termination. Before returning to our Station we made a brief visit to Havana, where we found it very pleasant, now that the *entente cordiale* was restored. Soon after this

peaceful visit, which but a short time before we thought, if we went there at all, might be a hostile one, we sailed for the Mediterranean, and reached our headquarters in due course of time.

It was now the spring of 1874. Spain was in the throes of internal dissension. The revolutionists had captured Carthagena, and had commissioned and sent out on a raid along the coast the then powerful battleship *Numancia*. Her mission was to bring to terms any of the loyal cities within her reach. She was pursued by the British Ship *Swiftsure*, Captain Ward, and a German ship-of-war, Captain Werder, and driven back into Carthagena, they threatening to fire upon her if she failed to obey their directions. The *Numancia* was officered and manned by the revolutionists, and was very much such a man-of-war as we read of during the days of the French Revolution, one of the kind that Nelson once captured, on board of which there had been a revolution the night before, when the Captain was deposed and a petty officer was elected in his place. Under such circumstances it was thought by her people that she had better do as she was told, so she steamed quietly back into port.

One bright morning the *Franklin* arrived off Carthagena, and saw that the Spanish flag was flying at the Fort. As we were entirely ignorant of the events which I have just been relating, the Admiral ordered the national salute to be fired, which was returned from the shore. I was told afterwards that the Intransigentes then said, "Ah! the Americans are with us; now we are all right!" We soon after came to anchor, and were visited by a Lieutenant from a British man-of-war, who asked the Admiral if he understood the state of affairs then existing in Carthagena; and upon his reply-

U. S. STEAM FRIGATE *FRANKLIN*

ing in the negative he explained to him the situation, so that we found we had been saluting the Rebels. It was awkward, but there was no help for it now. Before we anchored, however, the Spanish Flag-ship with the loyal Admiral on board came along, and we saluted him. A boat was then sent from us to him with an officer, who was directed to explain the situation, and we heard of it no more.

The condition of affairs was such now in and about Carthagena that the Admirals of the different nations serving in the Mediterranean were directed to assemble there. I do not remember the names of any of the Admirals or ships, but that of Vice-Admiral Sir Yelverton Hastings, in his Flag-ship the *Lord Warden*. There were there, however, Italian, French, and German ships, and our own Flag-ship. We were there rather to protect our own interests than to take part with what I suppose might be called the representatives of the European Concert at that time. As is usual when a number of ships-of-war of different nations come together, there is a good deal of dining and wining, and in this case there was no exception to the rule. Sir Yelverton Hastings was an able Admiral and a charming man, to my mind head and shoulders above any of the other European commanding officers then assembled at Carthagena. He seemed to be, *par excellence*, the central figure about whom the others revolved, and in saying this I do not mean to belittle the others, for they were all men of a high order of merit, and all did their share towards suppressing the lawlessness which then existed on the coast of Spain. One thing struck me when I was on board the *Lord Warden* as a little curious, but perhaps not unusual, which was that the officers, in addressing the Admiral, would call him "Sir Yelverton" instead of "Admiral,"

thus using the civil title in preference to the military one. In addition to the blockade of the insurgent port by a Spanish Squadron, the place was invested by the Army under General Martinez Campos, who has filled many positions of trust and responsibility since those days, notably as Commander-in-Chief of the Spanish forces in Cuba during the rebellion now in existence there. Some of our officers went to the front, and were received by him with great kindness and courtesy. Every one knows that he was relieved of his command in Cuba because he did not conduct the suppression of the rebellion with that severity which his Government thought was demanded of him. At Carthagena he soon brought the insurgents to terms, and restored this important Arsenal to its legitimate Government.

While on the Spanish coast we visited Barcelona, and made up a party to Montserrat, a monastery ten or fifteen leagues from the City, well up in the mountains. At one time in the primitive days of Spain it was most useful to weary and belated travellers, who went about the country on horseback as well as on foot, and were glad enough to find this hospitable resting-place, where they could pass the night without money and without price. At this time there was a regiment of Carlists encamped near the monastery. As we approached it we were stopped by their sentinels, but after some formalities were permitted to proceed. They were a fine-looking set of men, who seemed very much in earnest, and enthusiastic about the cause in which they were enlisted. As I spoke some Spanish, I took occasion to talk to them from time to time, and they exhibited an intelligence unusual in private soldiers. This, however, is not to be wondered at, for, although their ranks contained many rough characters, yet there were to be

found in them also some of the best blood of Spain. The Colonel of the regiment was going, the next day after our arrival, to Barcelona in disguise. As that City was in possession of the Government party, we all thought it was at the risk of his neck, but he seemed to be under no apprehension, and begged me to say to the Admiral that he would be happy to be the bearer of any despatch he might have to send. I thanked him on the part of the Admiral for his kind offer, and told him that we were going there ourselves the next day. Sure enough, on the next day, as we were alighting from the *diligence* that conveyed us to the point where we took the train for Barcelona, the Colonel was at the station, and gave me a nod of recognition as he passed me. I have never yet been able to understand how he went within the lines of the enemy apparently with so little concern.

Later, I visited Montserrat for the second time. The cause of the Carlists had come to grief, and the troops had recently been disbanded. The country was overrun with highwaymen, and we were soon made to feel their presence near us. Our party were in the train on the way from Saragossa to Barcelona, when suddenly it stopped in an unusual place. In the carriage in which I was the silk screen which conceals the light from above had been drawn, as we all felt disposed to take a nap. It was to this happy circumstance that we owed our escape from a visit of a party of banditti, who thought, as the compartment was dark within, that it contained no occupants. The train was stopped by these worthies by a red signal displayed in front, the universal railway signal for danger ahead. The engineer and fireman were seized and placed on the road-side, with an armed sentinel over them. The robbers then went through the

train, excepting the carriage in which I was. On each side of each carriage they placed a man with a sort of blunderbuss; then one of their number would enter with a long knife in his hand, demanding money and watches. And so they went through the whole train, escaping with their plunder, which, after all, including watches and money, did not amount to more than about twelve hundred dollars. Our Commissioner, who was conducting the party, and who had with him a bag of money for the payment of fares and other expenses of the expedition, had the presence of mind, when he saw what was coming, to throw his bag in amongst the coal, thus concealing it from view.

After our visit to Barcelona we went to Marseilles, making but a short stay in the muddy waters of the harbor, from whence we were glad to get away. We then went to Villefranche for a while, and enjoyed the delights of Nice and Monte Carlo.

The time now approaching for the summer's cruise, we bade adieu to those friendly shores and stretched away for the Grecian Archipelago, where we visited a number of the islands of which it is composed. I happened to be at Zante on Sunday, and went to early mass. The church was very small and very plain. The acolyte who served the mass was the French Consul, as there was no one else to officiate. The Greek Nomarch, the principal official of the little fort, was present, although not a Catholic. His chief occupation seemed to be to keep order amongst the crowd of unruly children who had drifted into the little chapel to see what was going on. My attention from time to time would be attracted by seeing the Nomarch crack a restless urchin over the head with his bâton of office. Cruising in the Grecian Archipelago is not especially interesting. Apart from

its classic associations this group has nothing of particular interest to recommend it to the traveller. The principal occupation of the day would be a drive in the evening. At Zante we saw growing the currant of commerce, which is, after all, no currant at all, but a small grape, which grows in bunches like the ordinary grape. The word currant is simply a corruption of Corinth—Corinth grapes, then corinths, then currants. At the island of Milo, where was found the celebrated "Venus," we remained a few days for target-practice. There seemed to be no one there from whom to get permission, so we made a target of a side of a hill and blazed away. The harbor is perfect, being completely land-locked, but the island seems to be of no importance whatever. In the times of ancient Greece it was no doubt of great value, but now it has the reputation of being a pest-hole, and has become almost entirely depopulated. We went as far east as Smyrna, and after a short stay there we returned to the western part of the Station.

CHAPTER XX

Port Mahon—A Negro Consul—In Crete—Admiral Worden—The King of Portugal—A Northern Cruise—Royal Dinners—Unwonted Honors to Worden—Berlin and Copenhagen—The Charms of Stockholm—A Russian Naval Review—Festivities at St. Petersburg.

I HAD never been to Port Mahon, and was very glad when the Admiral directed me to proceed with the *Franklin* to that place. It was formerly the headquarters of the Squadron, and the Navy is filled with traditions of events which took place there years and years before. While I am writing I am reminded of a little ditty illustrative of the stormy character of Cape de Gatt, and the comforts associated with Port Mahon. It was thus:

"Off Cape de Gatt I lost my hat,
And where do you think I found it?
In Port Mahon, behind a stone,
And all the girls around it."

A number of Naval officers married here, and some of the best people in America come of Mahonese ancestry, amongst others Farragut and Benét, one the great Admiral, the other a distinguished officer of the Army.

At this time (1875) there was a negro Consul at Mahon. Upon our arrival I sent a boat for him, when he came on board and received his salute of seven guns. Of course the situation was new and embarrassing for him, but he acquitted himself with as much dignity as

could reasonably be expected. He made a theatre-party for the officers while we were there, which the Admiral and I declined, or perhaps it would be better to say that we did not intend to go. Upon hearing this the Ward-room officers decided that, as the Admiral and Captain were not going, they did not care to go either, whereupon I sent word to them, that under the circumstances I should not only go, but go in uniform, and desired them all to do the same. I felt sure that in pursuing this course I was carrying out the wishes of the Government. So we not only went to the theatre, but the Consul had prepared a most elaborate supper for us at his house, of which we all partook. Commander Ames, who was of the party, and was entirely equal to the occasion by his wit and fun, made everything pass off most satisfactorily. The Consul was happy, and I felt that I had done my duty.

At Port Mahon there is one of the finest organs in the world, perhaps the only object of special interest to be found there. We were taken to the church which contains it, and it was a great treat to hear the melodious sounds which were produced. The reason why this grand instrument is at so insignificant a place as Mahon is this: Many years ago the vessel in which it was the principal cargo, while making its way from the place where it was made to Cività Vecchia, thence to be taken to Rome, was stranded upon the island of Minorca, of which Mahon is the most important seaport. The vessel was a total loss, but the organ was saved, and as it was found that the expense of reshipping it to Rome was greater than it was thought wise to incur, it was placed in the church where it now is, and from which it will probably never be removed.

There are three things, especially, for which Port

Mahon is famous. One is its excessive cleanliness, for the whole town is whitewashed every Saturday. Another is the delicious shell-fish which is called the date-fish—a kind of mussel, which, as a very minute animal, works its way into a porous rock, and there goes on increasing till it becomes two inches long. The rock is then broken and the date-fish is removed. The name has been given to it because of its resemblance to the date. It is considered a great delicacy, and ranks high among the shell-fish of the world. The last of the three things for which I have said Mahon is famous is the *Salsiche*—a kind of sausage that is said to be very delicious, and in the traditions of the old Navy no supper at Port Mahon was complete unless these two delicacies formed a part of the menu.

During this summer we visited the Island of Crete, which has become famous by its efforts to throw off the Turkish yoke, and during these latter days has been the scene of events which came near embroiling Europe in a general war. We anchored in Suda Bay, where the European Admirals have been lately assembled, a deep sort of fiord, well protected, where fleets may lie safely at anchor with almost any wind that may blow. Canea, which is the principal town on the island, may be reached by crossing a sort of neck of land which separates it from the Bay. I never knew why it was not built upon this beautiful Bay, where it would be so much better protected than where it now lies. A large party of us took horses and donkeys and rode over to Canea, a distance of about six miles. We found at the end of our journey a Greco-Turkish town, in itself utterly uninteresting, but the trip was a pleasant novelty which amply repaid us. In the autumn of this year the *Franklin* and *Alaska* went to Spezzia for an overhaul-

ing. Both ships had been actively cruising, and the boilers of the *Alaska* were very much in want of repairs.

The time for the retirement of Admiral Case was now rapidly approaching. He had been informed by the Department that he would be relieved by Admiral Worden, and was directed to proceed with the *Franklin* to Lisbon to meet the new Commander-in-Chief. We accordingly left the Mediterranean, and reached Lisbon in time to make the change in the Squadron Commanders on the day that Admiral Case retired. The *Powhatan*, Captain Jouett, had arrived with Worden and his family, so that everything was ready for the change at the appointed time. Case shifted his flag to the *Powhatan* and sailed away for home.

The European Station was now in command of Rear-Admiral John L. Worden; his flag had been hoisted on board the *Franklin*, and all the formalities usual at such times had taken place. The reputation of this gallant and able Naval officer is so well known, and has become so much a matter of history, that anything I could say here could hardly add to the lustre which now adorns his name; but from my long intercourse with him —always of a most cordial and friendly nature—I can say with truth that I found him possessed of those qualities which would naturally lead up to the very acts of gallantry and heroism which made him famous, not only in his own country, but in every land where deeds of daring and valor are held in high esteem. I not only learned to admire Worden, when I served with him as Captain of his Flag-ship, but I formed for him an affection which I have entertained ever since, and which I shall continue to feel for him as long as I live.

Soon after Worden's arrival he was presented to the King of Portugal. He was accompanied by all the other

members of the staff as well as by me. As I remember the King, he was unprepossessing in appearance, but seemed to be intelligent, especially in matters pertaining to the sea. His Majesty and the Admiral had a short conversation about modern men-of-war, after which we backed ourselves out, and the presentation was at an end. We were also presented to Don Fernando, who had been the King-Consort to the late Queen. He had married after his wife's death an American woman who, I think, was from Boston. After the interview with her husband, the Admiral, upon the strength of her being an American, asked to see her. Don Fernando then retired, and she made her appearance. She sat and conversed with us some time, then rose and left the room, and thus terminated this ceremonial.

The Flag-ship sailed from Lisbon some time in February, 1875. We touched *en route* at Tangier and Gibraltar, and then made the best of our way to Villefranche. It had been the intention of the Admiral, upon his arrival on the Station, to order Captain Carter, of the *Alaska*, to the command of the Flag-ship, and I was to be ordered to the *Alaska* to finish my cruise in her; but during the passage to Nice he thought a good deal about the matter, and concluded that it would serve the purposes of harmony better to preserve the *status quo*, so this contemplated change was never made. I remained in command of the *Franklin* for the remainder of the cruise, and returned in her to the United States. The repairs to the *Alaska*, which had been at Spezzia since we sailed from there for Lisbon to pick up the Admiral, were now about completed. Worden had laid out for the summer a cruise to the Baltic, so the *Franklin* and *Alaska* sailed from Villefranche for the North some time during the spring.

When we reached the North Sea we ran into the River Elbe and went up as far as Glückstadt. The Admiral's fame had spread through the whole maritime world; he had inaugurated the first ironclad fight known to Naval history, and was honored and fêted wherever he went. The German Minister at Washington had made a request of our Government that he should be directed to visit with his Flag-ship the waters of Germany. The officials of that rising Naval power were desirous of meeting a man whose fame had long since spread to her shores. Leaving the ship at Glückstadt, the Admiral, accompanied by his staff, went to Berlin, where we met many of the distinguished people of the German Government. Bismarck was not in the city at this date, but he had left directions that no pains should be spared to make the Admiral's time pass, during his stay in Berlin, as pleasantly as possible. Frederick, afterwards Emperor, was then Crown-Prince; his widow, who is still living, is a daughter of Queen Victoria. The Admiral and his staff, and Captain Carter, of the *Alaska*, were invited by the Crown-Prince to dine with him at one o'clock at Potsdam; of course we all went. The dinner company was composed of more than a hundred people. What surprised me was to find that at that hour the men wore dress-coats and the women were *décolletées*. There were not many black coats, for the men were nearly all officers of the Army and Navy. The Admiral sat near the Crown-Princess, and every honor and distinction possible were conferred upon him. After dinner the royal carriages arrived, and we were all taken to Sans Souci and driven around the grounds of that charming spot. Dinners and all sorts of fêtes were given in the Admiral's honor, to all of which, as his Chief of Staff, I was invited. Our Minister at Berlin at

this time was the Hon. J. C. Bancroft Davis. He and his charming wife did honor to the country which they represented with so much credit, and were largely instrumental in making the Admiral's visit agreeable to him while he was in Berlin. They lived there in excellent style, and it was a great pleasure to us Americans to see our Legation in the hands of those who represented the best type of our countrymen.

After a reasonable stay in Berlin we returned to the ship, and soon after we reached her sailed away for the Baltic. After the usual passage we anchored off the City of Copenhagen, where we remained long enough to be presented to their Majesties, the King and Queen of Denmark. Besides the feeling which one has towards almost any ruler, there is an especial interest attached to these Sovereigns, because their children, particularly at the present time, are objects of unusual interest. Their son George is the present King of Greece. He, as every one knows, has been prominently before the public in these latter days in consequence of the Crete imbroglio and the Greco-Turkish war. Their eldest daughter is the Princess of Wales, and their daughter Dagmar is the Dowager Empress of Russia. I have had the honor of meeting and conversing with both King George and Empress Dagmar, and have found them both most interesting personages. The Admiral, Captain Carter, and I were invited to dine at the palace with the Royal family. We accepted, of course, and had altogether a most agreeable time. The dinner was good, as Royal dinners always are. The Royal family, consisting of the King, Queen, and Princess Thyra, sat together, as is the custom, on one side of the table, and the Admiral, Captain Carter, and I sat opposite to them. There were a few other guests, but not

many. The conversation, after a little stiffness at first, soon became general, for their Majesties spoke English fluently, so that there was no difficulty in conversing with them. As the dinner advanced, the King, then the Queen, and then the Princess, each in turn, would ask each of us to take a glass of wine with them, and so the dinner passed along pleasantly enough. Carter, who was sitting next to me, said, "I am going to ask the Princess to take wine with me." I replied I hardly thought it was the custom. Whereupon Carter said, "Well, I am going to do it." The Princess smiled sweetly, and touched her glass to her lips, and was, perhaps, rather pleased at our American and unconventional way of doing things. The Princess Thyra was unmarried at that time, but has since become the wife of the Duke of Cumberland. We remained but a short time after this at Copenhagen, where we had a very pleasant visit. Our Minister to Denmark at this time was the Rev. Dr. Cramer, who had married a sister of General Grant. He seemed to me to be a very excellent representative, and his wife was an intelligent, agreeable woman. Dr. Cramer died in January, 1898, being Professor of Philosophy in Dickinson College.

In the continuation of our cruise we next went to Stockholm, and anchored in the beautiful waters of this lovely Venice of the North. Stockholm is, I think, one of the most beautiful cities in the world. There is a sprightliness and brightness about its waters which produce a most exhilarating effect. The city rises, as it were, out of the bosom of the Baltic, and one never tires of lying at anchor in its secure and pleasant harbor. King Oscar was not behind the others in doing honor to our Admiral. The latter was, with his staff, presented to His Majesty, who, in conversation with him, showed

his appreciation of what the Admiral had done to make his name famous in the annals of Naval warfare. Amongst the many things which he did to render his visit agreeable was to place his yacht at the Admiral's disposal, and to send him, with his staff and such guests as he thought would be agreeable to him, to one of his palaces, situated in these waters some distance from Stockholm. The palace to which we went is called Gripsholm. It was at one time occupied by the old Kings of Sweden, but now is more used as a place to which excursions are made by the Royal family for the entertainment of themselves and their friends. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the scene as the yacht threaded her way amongst the many islands which lie between Gripsholm and Stockholm. The trip lasted most of the day, and was exceedingly pleasant and interesting, not rendered any the less so by a delicious luncheon which was served as we wound around amongst the islands of this beautiful archipelago. Amongst the guests that I remember were the British Minister and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Erskine, who were amiable people, whose presence added very much to the pleasure of the occasion. I call to mind also Count and Countess Rosen, the latter an American, daughter of a well-known Philadelphia woman, Mrs. Bloomfield Moore. The Countess was a pretty and agreeable woman. I met her again on a subsequent visit to Stockholm, and, although ten years had elapsed, I found that time had dealt very gently with her, and that she was as pleasant and charming as ever.

The summer was growing apace, and it was important that we should take advantage of the long days to finish our work in the Baltic. Soon after the events which I have just related, we bid adieu to our friends and the

beautiful surroundings of this lovely spot, and the *Franklin* and *Alaska* tripped their anchors and sailed away for Cronstadt. At this time the Emperor Alexander was entertaining King Oscar, of Sweden, who reached Cronstadt in a ship of war about the same time we did. Great preparations were making for reviews, both naval and military, illuminations, open-air ballets, and all sorts of *fêtes* in honor of His Majesty of Sweden. The Naval force reviewed by the Emperor and King Oscar consisted of the Russian fleet at that time at Cronstadt, the American ships of war *Franklin* and *Alaska*, and two Swedish ships of war—one of these the ship in which Oscar had come from Sweden, the other being a small Swedish ironclad. Besides these, there was an American yacht, the *Enchantress*, owned by Count Loubat, on board of which, as his guest, was the well-known yachtsman Mr. Lloyd Phœnix. These vessels were all anchored in line. The Emperor and King were on board the Emperor's yacht *Rurick*. As they passed down the line, the yachts being already manned, each ship fired a salute consisting of every gun in her battery. With the *Franklin* it amounted to more than fifty guns, which was the largest salute received from any one ship. Our Admiral was, for the time being, under the command of the Grand-Duke Constantine, who was then the General Admiral of the Russian Navy. The Admiral had received his orders from the Emperor to report to the Grand-Duke for duty in the review, so he accordingly proceeded on board the *Rurick*, made his report, and was assigned his position. Count Loubat, of the *Enchantress*, also was directed to report on board the *Rurick*, and was likewise assigned his position. Before the review took place the Admiral, Captain Carter, and I were invited by the

Grand-Duke Constantine to a mid-day dinner on board the *Rurick*. I chanced to sit opposite to the Grand-Duke, and in conversing with him, across the table, the subject happened to turn upon tobacco, when, to my surprise, he told me that he had chewed tobacco for thirty years of his life. I had thought this habit was peculiar to Americans and sailors, but I presume he had contracted it during his early apprenticeship as a seaman.

After the review was over the Emperor and King, with their *suites*, visited the *Franklin*. It was my good-fortune to be assigned to the Princess Dagmar as her escort around the ship. This Princess became Empress as the wife of Alexander III. She was always known as the most beautiful of the children of King Christian of Denmark. She is sister, as I have remarked, to the Princess of Wales and King George of Greece. I enjoyed escorting her about the ship very much, for she was not only a very beautiful woman, but was most agreeable and charming in every way. Her great attraction was that she was so perfectly natural and well-bred, and one felt instantly when talking to her as he would when conversing with any pleasing and intelligent woman. She appeared to be a great favorite with the Emperor, and he was constantly calling out to her, "Minnie," which seemed to be his pet name for her. The visit of the Imperial family was apparently enjoyed by them all, for they made a long visit. The King of Sweden, during his brother's reign, had been an Admiral in the Swedish Navy; he took an especial interest in everything I told him, and when I related to him something in connection with caring for the well-being of the crew, he forgot his Kingship, and, patting me on the back, said, "That's right, Captain; always look out for your men."

The day that these events which I have been describing took place was a busy one for the Imperial family as well as ourselves. There was to be an illumination at Peterhoff of all the public buildings and of the fields surrounding them as well. The Admiral and Staff were not only invited to assist at the festivities which were to take place, but were provided with apartments in the palace also. At this season of the year there is but a short period of darkness in St. Petersburg, but still it was dark enough to show off this beautiful display to great advantage. Around the edges of the buildings lights were placed, so that the whole outline of the palace and other buildings was drawn, as it were, in blazing fire. In the surrounding country small lights were placed so close together that they blended, one with another, producing the effect of burning fields. The whole scene was fairy-like and enchanting beyond description.

In the steamer which conveyed us from Cronstadt to Peterhoff was Vice-Admiral Boutikoff. Fearing that there might be some *contretemps* touching our being properly placed at this grand *fête*, he detailed two of his officers to look out for us, and directed them not to let us out of their sight for a moment. He knew that a Master of Ceremonies had been ordered, upon our arrival at the palace, to take us in charge and to see that we should want for nothing. Boutikoff, suspecting that this official might not properly be attending to the duties to which he had been assigned, said, in giving his officers his directions with regard to us, that he did not propose to leave us to the tender mercies of these courtiers. He was a grand old seaman, and was held by the Emperor in the highest esteem. When we reached our apartments at the palace the very thing

happened that the Vice-Admiral had feared. The Master of Ceremonies, whose name had been given to us, was not to be found. Meanwhile Boutikoff had disappeared, but his aids busied themselves in trying to find our man. It so happened that they found some one of his name, whom they brought up to the Admiral. He was dressed, however, more like a cook than a Master of Ceremonies, who wears a coat all emblazoned with gold lace. We concluded at once that this was not the man. Meanwhile, refreshments were brought to us in the shape of brandy-and-soda, after partaking of which we felt better, but the Admiral was naturally indignant that the official who had been told off to us was neglecting his duty, and that we were the sufferers. The young Russian officers who were still with us rather insisted upon bringing this fellow who looked like a cook to the Admiral again, but I advised him not to see him, for I felt sure he was not the man. Finally, the right man appeared, all covered over with gold lace. About the same time appeared upon the scene Vice-Admiral Boutikoff. Worden, full of indignation at the way this fellow had neglected us and his duties, was about to express himself accordingly, when Boutikoff stepped up and said, "Admiral, leave him to me," whereupon he gave him such a rating that he will probably never forget it. He then sent him about his business, and told him that the American officers could dispense with his services, and would have nothing to do with him, and thus ended this unpleasant but rather amusing episode.

Amongst other festivities in honor of His Majesty of Sweden was a ballet in the open air. A sort of temporary theatre was improvised for the occasion, and a selected *corps de ballet* made its appearance. This was one of the most brilliant spectacles I have ever beheld.

I do not remember to have seen a man in the room who did not wear a uniform, and the women were gowned in their best evening attire. I think the performance lasted about an hour. In the interval between the acts the Emperor came over to where the Admiral was, and engaged him in conversation and paid him every attention. Alexander II. was one of the handsomest men in Europe. He was not only that, but he was an exceedingly kind man, who had the good of his subjects very much at heart, and did all in his power to ameliorate their condition. He was assassinated, however, in the most brutal manner, and in this way was illustrated the remark made by some one that the government of Russia was an absolute despotism tempered by assassination. After the *ballet* we all adjourned to the gardens of the palace; a band of gypsies from the Volga had been brought here to assist in the festivities. It was an uncanny scene that presented itself as we approached them. They were seated around a large fire, over which was suspended a caldron containing I do not know what. They were singing the songs of the land from which they came, and were listened to by a most distinguished and attentive audience. The Emperor and all the Imperial family stood close around them, and seemed to enjoy the wild strains of their peculiar music with all their hearts. It was a scene which I shall never forget, for it made a deeper impression upon me than anything I saw during the whole of that most interesting day. This was the last act of the drama.

The dawn was now upon us, the lights were fading away, and we were all glad enough to go to our beds. It was the intention of the Admiral, when we went to the festivities at Peterhoff, to avail himself of the invitation which had been given to become a guest at the palace,

but as the garden scene that I have just described seemed to be the end, he thought we might as well return to Cronstadt. Amidst the great mass of vehicles of every description which were crowded together, ours was nowhere to be seen, so we jumped into the first one that stopped the way and drove down to the port. Fortunately Vice-Admiral Boutikoff's yacht was still there, and, as he appeared upon the scene about the same time with us, he invited us to return with him, and we accepted the invitation. We reached the ship in time for breakfast, having been up through the entire night. We were glad to get back, but more glad still to have been present at this most interesting *fête*, a privilege such as rarely falls to the lot of any one, unless, as with us, the accidents of the service happen to throw it in his way.

CHAPTER XXI

In the Baltic—Reception at Kiel—In English Waters—Old Haunts in London — Villefranche — Gayety in the Riviera — Americans at Nice—Wedding on the Ship.

We had now finished our work at Cronstadt, which was the northern limit of our cruise. Soon after the events which I have just related the *Franklin* and *Alaska* got under way and sailed for Kiel. I found the cruising in the Baltic extremely interesting. Without any good reason for thinking so, I had been under the impression that the land which borders that sea was bold and precipitous, having in my mind, I presume, the high land which encloses the fiords of Norway. On the contrary, however, in the part in which we cruised the land was flat, and we could always see the spires of the churches in the cities before we saw the surrounding country. They had a very curious effect, as they would seem to shoot up out of the sea, rising higher and higher, until the churches and city and country would all suddenly come into full view. We found that the *Franklin* drew a little too much water to make the cruising altogether comfortable; on two or three occasions she grounded, once in a narrow, intricate channel, and again off Copenhagen, but we got her off in both cases without any difficulty or injury to the ship.

At Kiel the Admiral was received with the same cordiality which had been accorded to him at Berlin. The officer commanding the Naval Station here was the

same Captain Werner who had assisted in arresting the piratical raid of the *Numancia* along the coast of Spain when she was temporarily in the hands of the rebels, to which I have before referred in the course of this narrative. Nothing could have been more kind than the manner in which he treated us, putting us in the way of seeing everything of interest in this very interesting part of Germany.

Kiel is in Holstein, and came into possession of the German nation at the time the Schleswig-Holstein question was settled, after the war of which it was the cause. This question, it will be remembered, agitated Europe a great many years, and concerning it some statesman said that there was but one man in the world who had ever understood it, and he was dead. It was worth Germany's while to fight for this port, for it is one of the finest harbors in the world. When we were there the canal between it and the North Sea was then talked about, but I do not believe that any steps had been then taken towards its construction, though to-day it is an accomplished fact. The country around Kiel bears so strong a resemblance to the part of Pennsylvania in which I was born that in roaming about it I was constantly reminded of York County; the same kinds of farm-houses, with their great barns attached to them, many times larger than the houses themselves, are common to both places. Then, again, the Holstein cattle, the trees, and even the people themselves, carried me back in spirit to my native State. After all, it is not very strange that I should have this feeling, for my impression is that the settlers of that part of the State to which I refer came from this very part of Germany, and it is but natural to suppose that they would impart to the country which they made their home

many of the characteristics of the Fatherland. Captain Werner, of whom I have spoken above, was a thorough German. In illustration of this I will relate a little incident about him which will show that at least he possessed one of the characteristics of that nation in a high degree. I was out for a walk one day, and desiring to reach a certain point I asked Werner how to get there. There were three public-houses between where we stood and the point I desired to reach. Pointing to the first, he said, "Do you see that house? Well, there you stop and get a glass of beer;" then, pointing to the next, he said, "Then you go there and you get another glass of beer; and so to the third place for another glass, and then," he said, "the next place," pointing it out, "is the place you wish to go to." Getting the glass of beer from time to time seemed to him to be an indispensable part of the expedition.

The summer of 1875 was passing rapidly away, and our work in the Baltic seemed to be completed. We sailed from Kiel, and squared away for Antwerp, where the Admiral had intended to touch *en route* to England; but bad weather appeared to be coming on, and the pilot seemed doubtful about his ability to take us in, so with a strong, fair wind we crossed the Channel, passing the Goodwin Sands *en route*, and were snugly moored in the Downs before dark. The next day we got under way and went to Spithead. The *Franklin* anchored a long way from Portsmouth, and boating to and fro at this anchorage was very tedious, but with our steam-launch, which was an excellent sea-boat, we managed to communicate with the shore with more or less comfort. Vice-Admiral Commerel, who was at this time living at Southsea, was an old friend of Admiral Worden. As a Captain, he had commanded the ship which conveyed

the remains of Mr. Peabody from England to the United States; had then with his ship visited Annapolis, when Worden was Superintendent of the Naval Academy, and it was there that a friendship was formed between them which has lasted up to the present time. Commerel invited the Admiral, Lieutenant Soley, and me to dine and pass the night at his house. I shall never forget how delightfully we were entertained, both by Lady Commerel and himself. They both possessed charming personalities, and without the slightest effort at entertaining made us feel at once as if we were in our own house. Commerel was a gallant Naval officer. He came very near losing his life in Africa during the Kaffir War. A bullet struck him in the chest and penetrated his body, but it seems it did not touch a vital part. It was, however, a source of great trouble to him as time went on; he told me that it would wander about, and would frequently come near enough to the surface to be extracted, but before he could summon the surgeon it would be off again, wandering about as before. My impression is that he finally succeeded in having the ball extracted. I shall have occasion to refer to Commerel again, as we met at Southampton; I was then Commander-in-Chief of the European Station, and he was standing for Parliament for that district. In this country we "run" for Congress, in England they "stand" for Parliament.

I took advantage of being in these waters to visit Nelson's Flag-ship, the *Victory*, which lies at Portsmouth as a monument to him and to Trafalgar. In treading her decks one cannot help being impressed with the momentous consequences to England of the great victory in which she bore the flag of the world's greatest Admiral, for, as Mahan, the greatest Naval his-

torian of any age, has said, "When Trafalgar was won, England was saved," and the great Napoleon was obliged to divert the grand army which he had collected for the invasion of her shores, and console himself, as best he could, with the victory of Austerlitz. Soon after our visit to Commerel the Admiral left for London, and I took the ship to Southampton. The Queen was at this time at Osborne. I passed the palace at an hour too early to salute, but I have regretted since that I did not so far disregard the regulations upon that subject as to do so anyhow, for I feel that too much honor cannot be paid to the woman who, by her long, beneficent, and prosperous reign, has elicited the admiration of the whole world. At Southampton I anchored off Netley Abbey, and soon afterwards went, myself, to London.

I have been so often in that great City, which to me is the most interesting in the world, that I am very much mixed up as to what I did and what I saw at any especial time. Mr. Benjamin F. Stevens was then, as he has been for many years, the United States Dispatch Agent at London. One of his most faithful assistants is Mr. Petherick. To these two gentlemen all Naval officers who go to London must feel under the greatest obligation, for they have never spared themselves in ministering to their wants and in aiding them in every possible way, and not only themselves, but their wives and families as well. Petherick would accompany me to such places as the Cheshire Cheese, an old haunt of Dr. Johnson's, and the Cock Tavern, where Ben Jonson used to hold forth. At the Cheshire Cheese I sat in the same seat in which Boswell's hero was accustomed to delight not only his biographer, but all his hearers. The beefsteak and beer were, I fancy, served

in much the same way as they were when the great poets and other literary characters of the time visited this celebrated haunt. In the place where we took our luncheon it seemed that nothing stronger than beer was served to the guests, but we were afterwards shown to a room up-stairs where we partook of a cork and fathom of clay, which, translated, means a glass of Scotch whiskey and a clay pipe. At the entrance of the Cheshire Cheese was a bar, which was attended by a pretty barmaid, and many a passer-by on the Strand was no doubt attracted by her comely face and tempted as he went along to stop and take a drink. Another place of interest, which I think is not known to the ordinary tourist, is Crosby Hall. It is said that it was formerly the palace of Richard III., whether truthfully so or not I am unable to say. It was an excellent restaurant, however, and its dainty dishes were served by young and handsome English girls, generally above the medium height. With their pretty white caps and aprons, as they flitted about the dining-hall, they certainly made it a most attractive place to gratify one's palate and taste for the beautiful as well. The Criterion had a reputation for its good dinners, but I tried it and was disappointed. At Simpson's Tavern, where I dined very well, it was the custom, if one wanted a piece of roast-beef, to notify the waiter, when a huge piece was wheeled up to the table of the sitter and a slice was carved from it then and there.

I do not think that I visited at this time many of the main objects of interest in which London abounds. I said to Mr. Stevens, one day, that I desired to get information upon a certain subject, whereupon he replied, "We will go to the British Museum." While there I went to the library, and in looking at the name of Franklin

I lighted upon the names of my father, my brother, and a cousin of mine. It was very interesting, but it was not what I was looking for, and certainly not what I expected to see. What struck me most agreeably while I was in the library was the perfect order in which everything was conducted, how every one writing at the numerous desks was accommodated by the attendants, in furnishing them with books either to keep with them or merely to refer to and then return. Such profound silence reigned throughout that one could have heard a pin drop, and the whole machinery of the establishment worked like a well-regulated clock.

The autumn of 1875 had now arrived. The following year was to be that of our Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. The Government had decided to transport, free of expense, the works of art of American artists who desired to send them to the United States. In furtherance of this determination, the Admiral received an order to send the *Franklin* to Cherbourg to pick up these works, convey them to Gibraltar, and there transfer them to the Government store-ship *Supply*, which would meet the *Franklin* there and receive them on board. The Admiral, of course, did not go in the ship, but directed me to take the *Franklin* to Cherbourg, receive the articles, and then proceed to Gibraltar, and, further, carry out the orders of the Department.

I accordingly got under way from Southampton, but, the weather being foul for crossing the Channel, I anchored for the night at St. Helen's Bay. It blew hard, and, as the wind was constantly increasing, I let go a second anchor underfoot. In a sudden shift of wind, owing to some oversight in reference to the compressor the cable of the second anchor parted, but fortunately the port-bower brought the ship up, and she lay very

comfortably at single anchor, with a long scope, for the remainder of the night. In the morning Lieutenant-Commander Nelson, the Navigator, an excellent officer, who had entered the service from the volunteer ranks, went to work with hearty good-will, succeeded in grappling the chain, and the anchor was soon again at the bows. With a fair wind we ran over to Cherbourg, where we remained only long enough to execute the orders of the Admiral, when we sailed for Gibraltar. I found at that port the *Supply*, Lieutenant-Commander Hayward, to which I transferred the works of art, which she conveyed to the United States. During this visit to Gibraltar I met the Duke of Connaught, who was stationed there as an officer of the British Army. He was a dapper young fellow at that time, and seemed to be a favorite with his comrades of the Army, and, indeed, generally with the people of the garrison. I had made all my preparations to sail on Saturday, and consequently was obliged to decline an invitation to dine with him on that day. Although he occupied a subordinate position in the Army, as a Prince of the blood and son of the Queen he maintained a certain amount of state in Gibraltar, and entertained in a manner becoming his high rank. He was the second of Victoria's children that I had thus far met.

I sailed on the day appointed for Villefranche, where I arrived in due course of time, and secured to the inshore buoy, which is so close that one can almost throw a biscuit on shore. Although there is plenty of water at Villefranche for the largest ships, yet we always took the old pilot who has been there for a generation, and who could always give us information with reference to the French Fleet; for if it happened to be coming to Villefranche we so arranged the mooring of our

vessels as not to interfere with the French in their own port. The Admiral returned from England soon after we arrived, and took up his quarters at Nice. We had been cruising very actively since leaving the Tagus, where Admiral Worden had hoisted his flag, and now hoped to have a season of rest, more especially as the winter was close upon us, when the ships rarely cruise unless there is some especial reason which might render it important to do so. The gales in the Mediterranean, in the winter season, are strong and frequent, and I remember that Vice-Admiral Sir Yelverton Hastings, R. N., advised Admiral Case not to permit his ships to be battered about in the winter unless there was some good reason for it, but to keep them in port, so that they would be ready for service in the spring, when he most required them.

Nice, as every one knows, is the city of which Villefranche, it might be said, is the port. It was always very gay when the ships were there in the winter, and they added not a little to the festivities which were constantly taking place both ashore and afloat. There were two clubs, the "*Cercle Méditerranée*" and the "*Cercle Masséna*," to both of which the officers were always invited. Then there were dinners and evening-parties at private houses, so that there was no end of gayety going on all the time. By far the most enjoyable, however, of all these entertainments were those given on board the Flag-ship at Villefranche. An invitation to these matinées was always eagerly sought, and all the gay world of Nice would flock in great numbers to these enjoyable dances; and not only from Nice, but they would come from Cannes and Mentone, for the fame of these entertainments had spread all along the Riviera.

Our Consul at Nice at this time was Mr. Veasey. He was admirably adapted to the position—a peculiar one, in which good manners and good address were very large factors, and the kind of people with which he would have dealings were generally those accustomed to be treated with politeness and consideration. Such qualifications Mr. Veasey possessed in a very high degree, and they were thoroughly appreciated by all who came in contact with him. A rough and ill-mannered man, such as we often see in our Consulates, would be very much out of place in the American colony of Nice, and amongst those of our countrymen who pass through this pleasant winter watering-place as they flit along the Riviera. One of the most agreeable and interesting American families residing at Nice at that time was that of Mr. Gignoux, a naturalized American citizen, who had lived for many years abroad, and finally settled down at Nice. He married Miss Christmas, who, I think, was from Brooklyn. They had a number of children, three of whom were living with them at this time. One was a widow, Mrs. Matthiessen, a lovely woman, who devoted most of her time to good works, and was very highly esteemed by the entire community. There were also two unmarried daughters, who were extremely handsome, and great favorites in the society of Nice in those days. Many were the pleasant entertainments that we had at the house of this charming family, whose hospitality will be long remembered by those who were there at the time about which I write. One of the most interesting characters residing there then was Madame Borell; she was a member of the Astor family; had been a Maid of Honor to the Queen of Holland, and had now taken up her residence at Nice. She entertained very handsomely, and it was a privilege, as

well as a great pleasure, to be a guest at her delightful dinners. Amongst others who passed the winter of '75 and '76 at Nice was the family of Mr. Storrs Willis, a brother of N. P. Willis, who was, like his brother, a highly cultivated man of considerable literary ability; it consisted of Mrs. Willis, one of the handsomest women of her day, and three young ladies. They were charming girls at that time, and are charming women now. They all married officers of the *Franklin*. Commander Emory is the husband of one of them, Lieutenant Ward of another, and Mr. Broadhead of the youngest. The last named of these gentlemen resigned some years ago, but the other two are still in the service, and belong to the highest type of Naval officers.

Ward was married on board the *Franklin*, by the Archbishop of Nice. I was a witness to the civil marriage, which took place before that of the Church, by the prelate whom I have just named. On the appointed day, which opened most auspiciously, the marriage-bell was in place, the Archbishop had taken his stand in front of the happy couple, the guests were all assembled in their rich gowns, and the ceremony had begun, when, as if a cloud had burst immediately over our heads, the rain poured down in such torrents upon the awning, and so flooded the decks, that the ladies were obliged to trundle their handsome dresses, almost in the time it takes to tell it, to the deck below. The whole scene was transferred to the main-deck, where the ceremony was completed. This unlooked-for interruption did not, however, mar the jollity of the occasion, for every one looked upon it—inconvenient as it was—as a good joke.

No Naval officer who was at Nice about this time can fail to appreciate the kindness of Mr. Edward Vial, who furnished our ships with coal, and through whom most

of the business of the fleet was transacted. He not only attended to the public business, but was untiring in his efforts to make the officers and their families comfortable and happy. Madame Vial was a handsome woman, member of a noble Italian family, of agreeable, sprightly manners. She survived her husband, who died a few years ago, and has since consoled herself by marrying again, a *préfet* of one of the French provinces.

CHAPTER XXII

J. A. MacGahan—In Lisbon—The Channel Fleet—Lord Lytton—A Country Visit—Captain Mahan—Admiral Luce—Return to the Mediterranean—On Leave in Paris—A Sudden Recall—In Hurry to the East.

Our sojourn at this pleasant resting-place was soon to be brought to an end. Another Cuban war cloud appeared upon the horizon, and the Admiral was directed to remove his command from the Mediterranean and proceed to Lisbon, there to await the course of events; what the trouble at this time was has passed from my mind, but it terminated, as all the others have done, in an amicable adjustment with Spain. It was now the spring of 1876. We sailed for Lisbon, touching at Gibraltar *en route;* the passage was uneventful, and in due time we reached our destination. I took with me in the cabin the war correspondent of the *New York Herald*, whom I had known before, as he was a passenger in the *Wabash* when I took her to Key West, more than two years before. This was J. A. MacGahan, a very able man, whose life had been full of adventure, for he always took his life in his hands and braved every danger to accomplish his ends. He has written two charming books, the result of his experiences—one is called *Campaigning on the Oxus*, and the other *Under the Northern Lights;* the former relates to what happened in the Russian Army when he accompanied it, and the other to what he saw in the *Jeannette* when she

went in search of the log-books of Sir John Franklin's Expedition. He was one of the favorite correspondents of Bennett, who always felt that whatever work he laid out for him to do would be thoroughly well done. I enjoyed the society of MacGahan very much, for he had many interesting experiences to relate, as he had been in many lands and seen many strange sights. When we reached Lisbon, he left us. I missed him very much, for it left a great gap in the mess, which had consisted only of him and me.

We made a long stay at Lisbon. The war cloud hung in the sky for some time before it disappeared altogether, and we remained quietly at anchor in the Tagus. Our Minister at Lisbon was Mr. Moran, an accomplished and competent official. He had served a long time as Secretary of Legation in London, and had there attained a great proficiency in diplomacy, and had been a great favorite in London society. He told me that he had collected many volumes of matter which he intended to present to the State of Pennsylvania, with a request that it should not be published until thirty years after his death. I never could quite see how the State of Pennsylvania could publish such material at all. I passed a good deal of my time at the Legation, and never tired of hearing Moran relate his experiences of his many years of diplomatic life. He was suffering at this time with a sort of palsy of the left arm and hand, which not only affected his general health, but his spirits as well. He bore it all, however, with manly patience. His death, which took place some years ago, was no doubt hastened by this malady, for he was not an old man when he died.

The British Channel Fleet happened in while we were there. It was commanded by Sir Beauchamp

Seymour, whose sobriquet was "The Swell of the Ocean." He was an excellent Admiral and a most charming man. I dined with him several times on board his Flag-ship, and found him always a most genial and courtly gentleman. There was a good deal of dining and wining going on, as there always is when British and American Squadrons find themselves together in port for any length of time. Admiral Seymour's dinners were very handsome affairs, as those of British Admirals always are; he was a man of excellent taste, and his dinners showed it. He was devoted to his profession, and liked to talk about matters relating to it. I remember asking him once if he did not like our expressions "line" and "column" better than theirs of "line abreast" and "line ahead," saying that I thought the former a more military way of expressing the same idea. He replied that there was a good deal to be said on both sides of that question, but did not seem to care to discuss it. Sir Beauchamp Seymour commanded the British Fleet at the bombardment of Alexandria, and was afterwards created Lord Alcester. I do not think I ever met him after we parted at Lisbon. When I was last in London he wrote me a note enclosing a card for the Senior United Service Club, which gave me the *entrée* of that comfortable establishment during the whole of my official sojourn in and about Great Britain. I had some correspondence with him when I was President of the International Marine Conference, but I lost sight of him soon after that.

In the fleet under Seymour's command was Captain Lyon, afterwards Admiral Lyon. I remember he told me that it was a custom of his, or of the Service—I am not sure which—for the Commanding Officer to invite all the officers of every rank and grade to dine with him

on what they call Commission-day—that is, the anniversary of the day on which the ship was put in commission. He told me that he had just dined fifty-four officers, including in the number the Boatswain, Carpenter, Gunner, and Sail-maker. I thought this was doing pretty well for aristocratic old England. In the Navy of democratic America I do not believe such a thing has ever occurred. I think, however, it is a very pretty custom, and I see no reason why it should not obtain with us. When Lyon came to see me on board the *Franklin* he looked about my cabin with a view of seeing how many people I could dine, for he seemed full of the project which he had just carried out in his own ship.

Lord Lytton was at this time the British Minister at the Court of Portugal. As every one knows, he was the "Owen Meredith" of *Lucile*. He lived in beautiful style in Lisbon, every part of his house showing evidence of his exquisite taste. On entering the hall the first thing which presented itself to the eye was a sort of receptacle filled with about a hundred yellow gourds of different kinds. The effect was very startling, and it seemed odd and strange, but nevertheless it produced a most pleasing impression upon the eye. His dining-room walls were so covered with rare china that one could hardly see them at all, and the whole establishment was filled with things of beauty. He gave our Admiral a handsome dinner, to which I had the honor of being invited. At the time I thought it was altogether the most beautiful dinner I had ever attended. Everything was delightfully cooked, and served in excellent taste, and, the wines were as good as could be had anywhere. The only lady present was Lady Lytton herself, and, besides our Admiral, the only distinguished guest was

Sir Beauchamp Seymour, the Admiral I have referred to who commanded the British Channel Fleet. The dinner passed off most pleasantly. Lady Lytton, at the proper time, arose and retired to the drawing-room. The men sat for some time, as was the English custom at that day, and continued their wine-drinking. Finally, when I was quite sure we had all had enough, Lord Lytton said, "I know that you are all dying for a smoke; whoever wants to smoke, follow me." Whereupon we all rose from the table and followed him out of the dining-room. To my surprise, he ushered us into the drawing-room and said, "Here is where we smoke; Lady Lytton likes it, and we always smoke here." Lady Lytton smiled sweetly, acknowledging the truth of what her husband had just said, and we all sat down to our cigars and coffee. Lady Lytton was a charming, handsome woman, in every way fitted to be the wife of a man so distinguished as Lord Lytton then was, and who was further to occupy positions of great trust and responsibility, first as Viceroy of India and afterwards as Ambassador to France. Lord Lytton conceived a great liking for Admiral Worden, and seemed to enjoy his society very much. He frequently visited the *Franklin*, and manifested his preference for him in many ways. During our stay in the Tagus, Lytton was appointed by Disraeli Viceroy of India. At first he pleaded ill-health, and was rather averse to accepting the position, high and honorable as it was; but, notwithstanding, the Premier insisted upon his going, and he finally accepted. He was obliged to go off hurriedly to England, and leave Lady Lytton in Lisbon to follow in a few days. On the day that she sailed Worden went himself in his barge to the landing and escorted her to the steamer. When Lytton was appointed to India he had not yet

reached a very high position in the Diplomatic Corps, but Disraeli knew his man, and felt assured that he possessed the very qualifications which would fit him to fill with credit that exalted position. I was told by a British Admiral about this time that the Viceroy of India could spend from his salary all that was proper and necessary and yet at the end of his term of office easily have saved fifty thousand pounds.

In the country, at some distance from Lisbon, at this time was living a Major Smith, formerly of the British Army. He also took a great fancy to the Admiral. He had resigned from the Army, and was afterwards appointed Consul at Lisbon. At this time he was living at a pretty place he had purchased, which was formerly a convent, and was operating a paper-mill. His wife, a handsome and interesting woman, was the daughter of an Admiral in the British Navy—I think Admiral Keppel. Major Smith invited the Admiral, Lieutenant Soley, and me to visit him at his home, which was not far from the lines of Torres Vedras. We could not resist such an alluring opportunity of seeing something of inland Portugal. The convent, transformed into a dwelling-house, possessed every comfort that can be found in any well-regulated country gentleman's establishment in England, and, although there was not much to do, there was real enjoyment in passing a few days in this hospitable mansion. The Major was a good farmer, and his table was always loaded with the choicest products of the kitchen, garden, and dairy. We all appreciated the delicious cream and butter which the latter produced. We enjoyed this visit of three or four days very much, and returned to the ship with a lively appreciation of the Major's hospitality.

The only American woman that resided at Lisbon at

this time was Madame Susa Lobo. She had married, some years before, the Portuguese Minister of that name, then representing his country at Washington. I think her name had been Allen before she married. I used to see her from time to time, and enjoyed her sprightly and animated conversation very much. Her husband was not employed at this time. A few years afterwards I met her in the United States; she had fallen into ill-health, and I think soon afterwards died. I have always remembered her as an agreeable and interesting woman.

It was during this visit to Lisbon that I met Captain Mahan for the second time. My first meeting with him was in the autumn of 1863, when I was Chief of Staff to Commodore Bell; he came from the North, and reported for duty on board the *Seminole*. I suggested to him that there was a vacancy in the *Monongahela*, and that Bell might, if he were asked, transfer him to her; he did ask, but was refused—an officer named Prentiss was ordered to her, and was killed at Mobile. Mahan, in a letter to me, says, "Perhaps we exchanged destinies." I have no hesitation in saying that, in my opinion, Captain Mahan is the foremost writer of Naval history that the world has ever produced. He is not only a clear and logical writer about every matter connected with that interesting subject, but his illustrations mark him as possessing literary ability of the highest order. I will quote, in corroboration of what I have stated, two or three examples. He says of the growth of the French Navy when fostered by Colbert: "Yet all this wonderful growth, forced by the action of the Government, withered away like Jonah's gourd when the Government's favor was withdrawn." Again: "The sea power of England, therefore, was not merely in the

great Navy with which we too commonly and exclusively associate it. France had such a Navy in 1688, and it shrivelled away like a leaf in the fire." Then again, in speaking of the power of Napoleon: "Great as was the power of Napoleon, it ceased, like that of certain wizards, when it reached the water." These expressions are so indelibly fixed in my mind that I doubt if I shall ever forget them. Mahan's *Life of Nelson*, which I have just read, is so interesting, and differs so much from what has hitherto been written concerning that illustrious Admiral, that I trust he will continue his labors until he has presented us with the lives and characters of all the great Naval heroes known to history.

In the preface to his second work on Sea Power, Mahan says, in speaking of himself: "That the author has done so is due wholly and exclusively to the Naval War College, which was instituted to promote such studies. If further success attend his present venture, it is his hope that this avowal may help to assure the long uncertain fortunes of the College to which — and to its founder, Rear-Admiral Stephen B. Luce—he gratefully acknowledges his indebtedness for guiding him into a path he would not himself have found." I make this brief quotation from Mahan to show what a high appreciation he had of Admiral Luce, and also that it may give me an opportunity to say how entirely I am in accord with his idea of this distinguished Naval officer. Luce was one of my classmates, who early in his career gave promise of what he would achieve in the future. He was a great reader and student, and when he was still quite young published Luce's *Seamanship*, which was for years the text-book at the Naval Academy on that important branch of the profession. He after-

wards became interested in the training system, and did more than any one else to establish it upon a firm basis. One day, when we were together in Washington, he told me that he desired to have a conversation with me upon a subject to which he had been giving a great deal of thought; it was that of the importance of the study of grand strategy by Naval officers. I thoroughly agreed with him in all he had to say upon the important subject which he had so much at heart. He desired to have established a War College at which Naval officers could take a post-graduate course, and he battled away against adverse criticism and serious opposition until his idea became embodied and the College was a fixed fact.

I regard Luce as one of the most distinguished Naval officers this country has produced, and am glad to be able to place my opinion on record here.

There was now no longer any reason why we should not return to the Mediterranean. Diplomacy, instead of war, had brought our differences with Spain to a successful termination. Accordingly we left the Tagus, and soon found ourselves moored at the Flag-ship's buoy in Villefranche. My cruise of three years would now soon be completed, and I informed the Navy Department that I desired to be relieved when I had seen the usual amount of service afloat. When Admiral Worden knew of my application, he was so earnest in his desire that I should recall it that he caused his Flag Lieutenant to write to me expressing his strong desire that I should continue to command the *Franklin* after my three years had expired, suggesting at the same time that I should take a long leave of absence in Europe and then return to my command. When I found that the Admiral had the matter so much at heart, I

felt that I could no longer insist upon my application, and consented to remain.

Having now determined to continue the cruise, I was granted a leave of absence, and left Nice for Paris, intending to be absent from the ship for a month or more. I took up my quarters at the Grand Hôtel du Louvre, which was at that time to my mind a delightful hotel. The *table d'hôte* was excellent, and each guest was furnished with a large carafe of excellent Macon wine, and if that gave out he was supplied with another. The price for all this was only six francs. A *dame de comptoir* sat at a table near the door of the dining *salon*, and for the consideration of the above-named price furnished each guest with a ticket which gave him the *entrée*. There were two long tables parallel to each other, which stretched nearly the whole length of the *salon*. These tables were nearly always filled, and, as the room was brilliantly lighted, the scene presented was very attractive. The dinner was served in courses, and, as it was always good, it was not difficult to imagine one's self at a well-ordered dinner-party. I amused myself strolling about Paris, and visited the various objects of interest, so many of which present themselves in this gay capital. I had never seen the *Jardin Mabille*, of which so much has been said and written, so one evening I drifted into that far-famed place of amusement. It happened to be an off night, and there was no dancing. I had expected to see that of which I had heard so much—I mean, to see one of the dancing-girls kick off the hat of her partner as they whirled around in the mazes of the dance, etc.—but the whole scene at the garden was as tame as it could be, and I felt very much disappointed at not having seen the great Parisian sight.

I was not long permitted to enjoy the pleasures of

Europe's gay capital, for I had been there not more than a week when I received a telegram from the Admiral directing me to join the ship without delay. The occasion of this abrupt ending to my leave of absence was some difficulty which had arisen in Salonica, which necessitated the presence there of the Admiral with the Flag-ship at once. I left Paris immediately, and the moment I joined the ship we got under way for the above-named port. It seems that some fanatical Mussulmans had attacked and killed a Consul of some nation, and in the broil our Consulate had in some way become involved, so that it was necessary for us to show a force as quickly as possible at that point. We lost so little time in getting there that I carried with me later dates from Paris than those carried by the regular mails. The Mediterranean was as quiet as a mill-pond during the entire trip, and the *Franklin* did her best. In all my cruising in that sea I have never known the scenery to appear so beautiful. As we passed through the Straits of Messina the sun was getting low, and would apparently set behind a hill, when suddenly it would rise to us again, at the same time shedding the loveliest coloring on all the surrounding country. It was one of those pictures that makes an impression never to be forgotten.

CHAPTER XXIII

Life in Smyrna—At Villefranche—Mayoral Receptions—Monte Carlo —After "Boss" Tweed—Return Home—An Ugly Time on the *Franklin*—Origin of a True Story—"Ben" and the "Meadowlarks."

The Salonica difficulty was soon arranged, but there was trouble brewing in the East, and the Admiral decided to remain in those waters for the present. We went to Smyrna, where we lay at anchor for a considerable period. The Admiral went to Constantinople to consult with the Minister, Mr. Maynard. He was obliged to go by merchant steamer, as a ship of the size of the *Franklin* was not permitted to pass the Dardanelles. Turkey was in trouble, as she always is. Abdul-Aziz was found dead in his bath, and there seemed to be some confusion about the succession. I heard a good deal of talk about the Sheik ul Islam and the Softas, but I do not now know what it all meant; it is difficult to understand Turkish politics when one is on the spot, but still more difficult to have an appreciation of it after a lapse of years. The joke of the day, I remember, was that "the late Sultan was no longer Abdul-Aziz, but Abdul as was."

The Admiral returned from Constantinople, but affairs in the East were so unsettled that he decided to remain some time longer in Smyrna. It was a dull, uninteresting place. One could not venture outside of the limits of the City without risking an attack from brig-

ands. The ruins of the great Temple of Diana of the Ephesians are not far from the City, but even after one takes the risk of seeing its site there is nothing but that to repay him, for scarcely a vestige of the ruin remains. As we lay at Smyrna, day after day, the life became very tiresome, and we all longed for the time when we would leave the fez, the veiled women, and the dirt of the East far behind us. The condition of affairs soon afterwards became such that its bearing upon the interests of the United States was of so little importance that the Admiral determined to take the Flag-ship to the western part of the Station. We accordingly sailed from Smyrna, and made our way towards the Headquarters of the Station at Villefranche. We were delayed on this passage by a persistent head-wind from the westward, which blew at times with such violence that we could make scarcely any headway against it; indeed, we were obliged to anchor one night under the lee of the Island of Cyprus, in order to save fuel, which we were consuming at a rate altogether out of proportion to the end to be accomplished. I happen to remember this night so distinctly from the fact that years after one of the officers told me that some of his messmates had swum ashore to a village abreast of where the ship was anchored, had had a little frolic, and had then swum back again. The weather was warm, and I have a dim recollection of having given some of the officers permission to bathe alongside. This little escapade did not reach my ears at the time, or I should have felt it my duty to discipline the offenders. I am glad it did not, for now, through the long interval of time that has since passed, I look upon it as a prank of a lot of dashing young fellows who were ready for anything.

By morning the wind had sufficiently moderated to enable us to make good headway on our course, so we sailed for Villefranche, where we arrived in the course of a few days, and settled down to the routine life of the place. It was a great boon to the inhabitants of this little town to have it the Headquarters of the American Squadron. It contained about a thousand inhabitants, and I think we contributed more than any thing else to the support of its people. It was an interesting sight every day at noon to see a row of milk-women ranged along the port gangway, nicely dressed, wearing white aprons and white caps, dispensing to the sailors, for the consideration of a few sous, enough bread and milk to make them a comfortable meal, always accompanying the bargain with a pleasant smile to warm up Jacky's heart. They made a good deal of money as the laundry-women of the fleet, for although Jack always washes his own clothes at sea, yet he always likes to have an ironed shirt for Sunday and holiday wear. In various other ways the people managed to turn an honest penny. Their men were the boatmen of the Squadron, and I presume they often brought off to the ship as many as a hundred passengers in the course of a day. Our sailors would sometimes marry in Villefranche, but I doubt if they could always be relied upon to return to their wives after the cruise was over. It was altogether a very interesting little community, and there was always a strong friendship between the people of the fleet and those of this little French town.

The Mayor of Villefranche was a very interesting character named Pollonais. He had amassed a large fortune, and had built himself a beautiful villa on Cape Ferrat, a point which helps to make the harbor. He was an exceedingly charitable man, and untiring in his

efforts to make the people of the little community over which he presided prosperous and happy; and when one saw the air of content which seemed to pervade these people, one could not help feeling that he had been successful. His wife, Madame Pollonais, was not behind him in ministering to their wants and comforts, for her life was full of works of charity and kindness, and she was adored by every one who knew her. The Pollonais were in the habit of giving large breakfast-parties every Sunday. The Commanding Officers of our ships of war, when they were at Villefranche, were never left out of these feasts, for that is what they literally were. I have never forgotten the immense salmon which was always a part of breakfast, and which stretched from one side of the table to the other. Sunday was the reception-day of these hospitable people, and the breakfast guests were expected to pass the afternoon there and meet the visitors from Nice and those who were passing to and from Monte Carlo, for their villa was nearly in the direct route between these places.

In those days, as perhaps now, every one went to Monte Carlo. For my own part, I can say with truth that I never played there, not as a matter of principle, but because it was distasteful to me to mix as a player with the crowd which surrounded the tables. I have chipped in with others to form a pool, but never won in a single instance. I used to take great pleasure in drifting into the little theatre connected with the Casino, where music of the choicest kind could always be heard. I also enjoyed the dinners and *petits soupers* which could be had there in perfection. I was told that one of the officers of the Squadron won a large sum of money, going up into the thousands, and that he had the good sense to send it home and to stop playing. When I

was Commander-in-Chief of the European Squadron at a later day, I was obliged to shut down on some of the frequenters of Monte Carlo. I shall not mention the names of these gentlemen, but they will probably recognize themselves if this narrative should ever meet their eyes. It has always been a mooted question whether, on account of the gambling at Monte Carlo, it would not be better to have our Headquarters at some place where there was not this temptation. The question then arises whether, if the people will gamble, it is not better that they should lose their money at a public table than to play amongst themselves and win from each other. There is a story about Monte Carlo, I presume well known to Naval officers who frequented that place, about some officer who had worked out mathematically how he could beat the bank, and induced some of his messmates to chip in with him. It was rather early in the night when he returned to the ship. As he came alongside he requested the boatman to wait a moment, and, rushing up to the officer of the deck, requested him to lend him a franc to pay the man for bringing him on board. It is needless to say that his mathematical problem proved a failure.

It was now about midsummer of the year 1876. The Salonica affair having brought my leave of absence to a sudden termination, I determined to make another effort to have a few weeks of freedom from the care and responsibility of my command. Accordingly I took a leave, and ran about Europe for a while, taking in the Pyrenees, when I visited such places of interest as Lourdes, and saw there the famous grotto, so renowned all over the Catholic world; also the Bagnères-de-Luchon, the "Serchon" of Owen Meredith's *Lucile*. As one ascends the mountains at this place he encounters

lake after lake, until he reaches the region of perpetual snow, where he finds one the surface of which is always frozen. After remaining awhile in these mountains, I returned to Villefrance by way of lakes Como and Maggiore, and rejoined the ship. This trip, and the sights seen during journeyings over it, have been so often described by travellers that I will not undertake description here.

The terms of service for which the crew of the *Franklin* had enlisted were now soon to expire. In September orders arrived from home directing the Admiral to send the ship to the United States. He was to remain in command of the Squadron. The *Trenton* was then either on her way out or being fitted to be his Flag-ship. I accordingly bid farewell to Nice and its beautiful surroundings, and in a few days reached Gibraltar. While there, expecting to sail for home in a few days, a cablegram reached me directing me to proceed to Vigo in Spain, and there take on board "Boss" Tweed and convey him to the United States. The cablegram also directed me to treat him kindly, which I should have done anyhow. Upon my arrival at Vigo I immediately made arrangements with the authorities to receive him on board. In order to avoid anything sensational, it was agreed between us that a boat should be sent for him at ten o'clock. By this time the crew would have been in bed for an hour, for we always "piped down," as it is called, at nine o'clock. As he came on board I was at the gangway and said, "How do you do, Mr. Tweed?" whereupon some one who accompanied him — I think his son-in-law — stepped forward and said, "Not Mr. Tweed — Mr. Secor." This attempt at concealment was so weak that I took no notice of it, but accompanied him at once to the Ad-

miral's cabin, which was to be his place of sojourn during the voyage. It was not occupied by any one at this time, and seemed a very good place for him. I told him that a young man had been inquiring for him, whereupon he told me it was his son. He had too much sense to attempt any concealment himself.

The passage home was uneventful and very long. The trade-winds were light, and we did not carry coal enough to justify me in using it up for the purpose of shortening the passage a little. Some of the officers would go into the Admiral's cabin during the voyage and play cards with my passenger to help him while away the time. Finally, after a long passage, we arrived off our coast, having touched at St. Thomas *en route* to fill up with coal. It was a cool November day as we passed Sandy Hook. I delivered my charge to the proper authorities, anchored the ship off the Battery, and my cruise was at an end. It was not thought proper to put the ship out of commission at this time. The Presidential election had not yet been decided, and the times were uncertain. Things looked a little squally, and I was told by one in authority, who knew, that it was thought best to keep the *Franklin* in commission. I saw Mr. Robeson, then Secretary of the Navy, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and told him that I desired to be relieved; he was very pleasant, and replied at once that he would accede to my wishes, and that I should have some pleasant duty assigned to me. In a few days Captain Ransom reported as my relief, and I was happy to turn over to him the finest ship that I think the Navy then possessed of the old type.

Before bidding adieu to the old *Franklin* I must relate an incident of the cruise that might have been attended with very serious consequences. When it was

nearly at an end, at a time when Jack is hoarding up his gains for his final frolic, the Department sent out a lot of working-clothes, directing that a suit should be issued to each man on board. As many of the men already had clothes in which they did their rough work, and as the new ones would have to be paid for out of their wages, they complained of this as being, what they thought, an act of injustice. When I learned what the feeling was, although I lamented the necessity, under the circumstances, of having to enforce the order, I felt that it must be done and that discipline must be maintained, cost what it might. I ordered the officer of the first division to call his men to quarters and direct each man in his division to take a suit of these clothes. The result was that the men all declined. I saw then that I must take the matter in hand in person. I sent for the Master-of-Arms and asked him how many irons he had, to which he replied that he had two hundred pairs. I then had the men mustered on the quarter-deck. I called upon the first man on the roll, and asked him if he would take the clothes, to which he replied in the negative; he was immediately placed in double irons. The second, third, fourth, and fifth men made the same reply and shared the same fate. Things began to look grave, but by a piece of great good-luck the sixth man happened to be one of my gig's crew; he touched his hat respectfully and said, "I suppose I must, sir." Had this man not had a personal liking for me, the refusal to accept those clothes might have become general. As it was, after he set the example, the rest of the crew followed in his wake, and the cause of discipline triumphed.

I often feel uncomfortable now when I think of what might have been the consequence if the whole crew had

followed the lead of the first five—my irons would soon have become exhausted, and I should have been obliged to secure three hundred of the men in some other way; and after they had all been secured, what then? I could not recede from the stand I had taken, for I was obliged to maintain the discipline of the ship, for which I was answerable to the Admiral. To be sure, there were still the guard of Marines, numbering fifty or sixty men, the servants and idlers, numbering perhaps as many more, but the ship would, for the time being, have been disabled, and so would have remained as long as this spirit of disobedience continued with the crew. I have always felt under the deepest obligation to the member of my boat's crew who, from his personal liking for me, sacrificed himself, I am sure, to relieve me from the very embarrassing position in which I was necessarily placed by the peculiar situation. I think that he felt that his shipmates were wrong in not obeying the order, but he also felt, I am sure, that their cause was a just one. After the matter had thus been settled, without any further trouble, I caused the five men to be released from confinement. I then called up the petty officers, and told them that, since the crew had shown a better disposition, I would so far take the responsibility upon myself as to modify the Department's order, and require only those who had no working-clothes to accept a suit of those that had been sent out. This seemed entirely satisfactory, and thus the matter ended. Not long after this affair there appeared in the *New York Herald* a most sensational notice, headed, "Mutiny on board the United States S.S. *Franklin*. The Captain seen on the Bridge in his Shirt-sleeves, Armed with a Revolver, having already Killed Two Men," etc. This startling notice, calculated as it was to alarm the friends of the people of the *Frank-*

lin, was immediately telegraphed to the ship, whereupon Lieutenant Soley, the Admiral's Flag Lieutenant, at once placed himself in communication with the agent of the *Herald* in London, and the result was that the report was promptly denied the next day.

Before leaving the subject of the *Franklin* I must relate a story well known to both the American and British Navies, although its real origin is known perhaps to very few in either service, in which the *Franklin* plays a very conspicuous part. The King of Naples and his *suite* were visiting a man-of-war lying in the Bay, when one of the *suite*, taking a wind-sail, which conveys the air through the hatchway to the lower decks, and very much resembles a marble pillar, to be a real pillar, leaned against it, and as it yielded to his weight he was precipitated down the hatch and broke his leg. The officer of the deck did not happen to see what had occurred, and was very busily engaged about the decks when an old shell-back Quartermaster rushed up to him, repeatedly touching his hat without receiving any recognition. Finally he could stand it no longer, and yelled out at the top of his lungs, "Please, sir, one of them Kings has fallen down the hatch!" I have heard this story told in many different ways, but the idea is always the same, that Jack's notion was that they were all Kings, *suite* and all. And now as to its origin. I was taking luncheon one day with the Commandant of the Naval Station at Gibraltar. His place of residence is situated well up on the Rock, commanding a beautiful view of the surroundings and the anchorage. One of my fellow-guests at this luncheon was a retired British Admiral, whose name, I regret to say, I have forgotten. After having had a most agreeable time at the table, we all retired to a pretty little summer-house, where we smoked our

cigars as we looked down upon the shipping in the Bay below. We had not been sitting long when the eye of the British Admiral happened to light upon the *Franklin*. Turning to me, he said, "Captain, do you happen to know that the ship you command is the same upon which occurred the event on which is founded that celebrated story, well known to both services, about 'one of them Kings'?" When I replied that I did not, he proceeded to tell me how he knew it to be true, for he was on the spot himself. He said the *Franklin* was then a line-of-battle ship, and that he was a Midshipman on board of one of H. B. M.'s. ships at the time; that he remembered the event perfectly, and that it was impressed upon his mind so strongly because the Surgeon of his ship was sent for from the *Franklin* to assist in setting the man's broken leg. So the story of "one of them Kings," which, as I said before, is a standard yarn in both services, belongs to the *Franklin*.

It will be observed that I have spoken of the *Franklin* as a line-of-battle ship, or, as they were also called in those days, a seventy-four. When she was rebuilt she was an entirely different vessel, having, when I commanded her, but two fighting decks, whereas the original ship had three. I remember, when I was a youngster still, I wandered about her half-finished hull when she was on the stocks at Portsmouth, and wondered if it would ever be my fate to serve in this ship bearing my own name, never dreaming, then, that I should ever reach a rank high enough to command her. While I was cruising in the eastern part of the Mediterranean, the similarity of the names would give rise to curious questions on the part of the Orientals, who, not being accustomed to Anglo-Saxon names, would always be puzzled until they thoroughly understood the situation.

The officers at the Quarantine Stations, when our Medical officer would give the name of the ship, and then of the Captain, would say, "Yes, we understand; but we want the Captain's name;" and when told it was Franklin would look mystified and ask if the ship belonged to him, and would want to know if the ship was named after him, or he was named after the ship.

The story of this cruise of the *Franklin* would be incomplete if I failed to make some mention of a dog which held a large place in the affections of the officers and crew. This little animal, a brindled French terrier, was brought on board by one of the sailors when he returned from his leave on shore. It was very small, and was immediately called "Ben Franklin," without regard to its sex. Almost the first thing that Ben did was to fall down a hatch and break her leg; this was thought to be the end of Ben, but she was taken to the hospital, her leg put in splints, and in the course of time she recovered, although always limping a little afterwards. Lieutenant Stevens took an especial interest in Ben, and by care and attention she grew up to be a very respectable dog. Some of the officers formed themselves into a society, which they called the "Meadow-larks," membership in which was not confined to human beings, but might include anything that was new and strange, or any person or thing that was agreeable to them. So Ben became a member of this organization, as did also a comet which appeared in the heavens about this time; and since the Queen of Greece was a special favorite with the members of the society, she was elected a member also. Some of the "Meadow-larks" are still living, and, I think, look back with pleasure to the days when their little Club was first formed.

Ben was soon a favorite with the crew; they taught

her all sorts of tricks, until she became very accomplished. Strange as it may seem, they taught her to sing, and almost always, when guests were on board, one of the sights was to have Ben up on the poop-deck to sing, and nothing that they had seen on board seemed to give visitors more pleasure, or excite more interest, than the performance of this wonderful dog. For a long time after she came on board, nothing could induce her to approach the quarter-deck; she was, *par excellence*, a forecastle dog. By degrees she became bolder and bolder, and was induced one day to go as far as the cabin; but when she looked inside something seemed to frighten her, and she rushed forward, apparently very much alarmed. In a few days, however, she was emboldened to make another attempt, so that not long afterwards she was induced to come in and lie down on the sofa. All at once it seemed to have dawned upon her that she had found a soft spot, and soon she ceased to be a forecastle dog altogether. One of her peculiarities was to eat raw potatoes, oranges, and apples, the only instance of the kind I have ever seen or heard of. At the end of the cruise I took Ben home with me, and she finally brought up on a farm near Washington, where she died.

CHAPTER XXIV

Promoted Commodore—The West Point Board of Visitors—Appointment of Cadets — Life in Washington—Observatory Management —In Command of the European Station—Promoted Rear-Admiral.

When I was relieved by Captain Ransom of the command of the *Franklin*, I took a short leave of absence, after which I reported for duty at the Navy-Yard at Norfolk, as Executive Officer of the Yard. This position at that time carried with it no authority, and I was glad to be relieved, which I soon was at my own request. I was afterwards, for short periods, Executive Officer of the Naval Station at New London, and of the Navy-Yard at Washington. When Admiral Wyman was promoted, I succeeded him as Hydrographer. I became subsequently President of the Examining Board for the promotion of officers to the next higher grade. I was promoted to the grade of Commodore on the 28th of May, 1881.

About this time I was appointed by the President one of the Board of Visitors to West Point. Associated with me on the part of the Army was General Augur. At that time it was the custom to have both branches of the Military Service represented on the Board, but I believe this practice has now been abandoned altogether. One of the most interesting of my colleagues was Mr. John C. Ropes, of Boston. His knowledge of military matters was something wonderful; he was not only an expert in matters of grand

strategy, but he was equally good in the most minute details connected with war. It was delightful to hear him discuss the great battles of the Civil War with the veterans who fought in them, with an intelligence equal to their own, and with a knowledge which it seemed quite impossible to possess without having been on the spot while the engagements were going on. In illustration of what I have stated with reference to his knowledge of details, I think he had stored away in his brain the names of every Brigadier-General, if not of every Colonel of a regiment, that fought on the field of Gettysburg. Mr. Ropes possesses the finest private military library in this or perhaps any other country, and I fancy that there is but little in the volumes it contains that is not familiar to him in a greater or less degree. His knowledge of Napoleon, and everything connected with that great soldier, is wonderful; and while one might, perhaps, in view of the literature about Napoleon's life and times with which the world has recently been flooded, differ from him in his admiration of Bonaparte, yet, upon the whole, it has always seemed to me his estimate of the man, and what he did for Europe, is correct. I was also very much struck with the ability which Mr. Ropes displayed in matters other than those that were military. It happened that there were two clergymen on the Board, and in one of our informal discussions he proved himself to be an excellent theologian. Another member of our Board was Mr. David A. Wells, the well-known political economist. He would discourse upon his pet theme, "Free Trade," and I remember well, after enlarging one day upon how its existence in this country would benefit the people, he wound up by saying that if, with our fine climate, fertile soil, and industrious population, we could not get

on without a tariff, we had better get up and go somewhere else. Professor Venable, from the University of Virginia, was also one of my colleagues. He had been on General Lee's Staff at the battle of Gettysburg, and Mr. Ropes never tired of conversing with him upon this great fight, with regard to which he himself was so familiar.

The subject of the best method of appointing Cadets to West Point, which would apply equally well to those of the Naval Academy, was informally discussed one day by the members of the Board. The question was whether it was better to appoint boys from public schools who had succeeded best in competitive examinations, or whether better results could not be obtained by adhering to the custom of leaving the appointment to the judgment of the Member of Congress of the District from which the Cadet was to be named. My recollection of the result of this discussion is that the latter system was regarded as much the better of the two. It was argued that because a boy excelled in book-learning it by no means followed that he possessed the qualities necessary to make a good Military or Naval officer, as mere scholarship would not meet the requirements that these positions demanded; while, on the other hand, the Member of Congress was more competent to select the proper person, from the knowledge that he necessarily possessed of the children of his constituents, with whom his position must, more or less, intimately throw him. I thought that the reasoning was good, and I think so now. Mr. David A. Wells wrote the report of the Board, and in conclusion said that the system of education and training at the Military Academy was calculated to produce a class of men that would neither steal nor tell lies.

During a portion of the years 1878 and 1879 I lived at the Ebbitt House, where I knew more or less intimately a number of distinguished people. Major McKinley and Mrs. McKinley were then living there, both of whom I had the pleasure of knowing very well. When the Major was elected Governor of Ohio I wrote him a letter of congratulation, and the following is a copy of the letter which I received in reply:

CANTON, OHIO, *December 10th*, 1891.

"ADMIRAL S. R. FRANKLIN, Washington, D. C.:

"*My dear Admiral,* — Your very cordial letter of November 23d reached me in due course of mail, and would have been answered earlier, but I have been absent from home.

"I want to say that of the thousands of letters I have received since election none have given me more real pleasure than yours. I remember very well fifteen years ago, when we were together at the Ebbitt House—you a Captain. I remember the delightful days we had together. I have noticed from time to time with satisfaction the progress you have made in your profession, going through the various grades until you have reached the highest place. All these you have deserved. It seems to me, though, hardly right that you should be retired from active service when you are really now at your best.

"Mrs. McKinley joins me in kind regards to yourself and Mrs. Franklin.

"Cannot you run over to Columbus and see us?

"Yours truly,

"(Signed) WM. MCKINLEY."

I have seen him several times since his elevation to the high position which he now occupies, and I still find him the same genial gentleman that he was in those days.

General Sherman lived at the Ebbitt House at that time, and I had the pleasure of knowing him and his interesting family as well. The General invited me to accompany him to one of the annual reunions of the

Army of the Tennessee, which met that year at Indianapolis. I accepted the invitation, and went in company with him, General McFeeley, Commodore Law, and a number of others. At the banquet which formed a part of the occasion I was expected to reply to the toast to the Navy, and had written out a brief speech and committed it to memory. While we were at the table the newspaper men appeared and asked for my speech, which, as I knew it by heart, I gave without hesitation. As the dinner advanced, and the time for speech-making came, I found that so distinguished a statesman as Mr. Hendricks read his speech from a manuscript. With this example before my eyes I sent at once to the printer to have mine returned, in order that I might not appear presumptuous by an effort to extemporize when so distinguished a man as Hendricks had not done so. Meanwhile Sherman rose and replied to the toast to the Army, while I was becoming more and more nervous as he was nearing the end of his remarks, for fear that a copy of my speech would not be returned to me before he finished; and, as a matter of fact, it was not. To my horror I heard Sherman say: "And now I will turn you over to Commodore Franklin, who will talk to you about the Navy." It is a wonder to me now, as I look back to that scene, that I had not forgotten what I had to say altogether, but it so happened that I remembered every word of it and I believe I acquitted myself creditably enough. At a meeting that was held afterwards in the theatre, General Harrison—who afterwards became President—replied to the toast to the ladies, and I have never forgotten how beautifully he spoke.

In February, 1884, I was ordered to relieve Admiral Shufeldt as Superintendent of the Observatory. These

orders were especially agreeable, for I was now occupying a position that had been held by my father-in-law, Rear-Admiral Sands, for seven years. I had now about three years and a half of active service before me, and I had expected—and I think it was so understood at the Navy Department—to remain at the head of the Observatory until I was retired; but it was otherwise ordered, and I passed two years and a half of that time as Commander-in-Chief of the European Station. When I took charge of my new duties I found already at the Observatory Commander Sampson, a most competent officer, one who was in all respects admirably adapted to the position of Assistant to the Superintendent, a good organizer, as well as a good astronomer. I found that under Admiral Shufeldt he had everything in good running order, and the duties were so distributed that the right man was always to be found in the right place, and the work so arranged that the officers were employed in such branches of the scientific duties of the Observatory as suited each one's taste. I therefore found it necessary to make but little change. I did, however, create a permanent Board, whose duty it was to formulate a system of work for each year, which was to be communicated to the other Observatories, in order that the work of all might be harmonious throughout. I think this plan was adopted by one of my successors, Commodore McNair, but I do not know whether it was adhered to by all of them. The Transit of Venus Commission, of which I was a member, was in existence at this time. My colleagues were Professors Newcomb and Harkness, both men of the highest order of scientific attainments. Professor Newcomb has an international reputation, and not only is regarded as one of the first living astronomers, but he

has excelled in every other branch of science. Professor Hall was stationed at the Observatory at this time. He had charge of the great Equatorial, which I think at that time was amongst the largest, if not the largest, in the world. He was most zealous and painstaking in his work with this instrument, as he was with everything he undertook. He was the man of science whom I conveyed to Plover Bay some years before in order to observe the total eclipse of the sun; I conceived an affectionate friendship for him then which I have continued to cherish ever since. To my mind he is one of the most charming of men. Every one knows that Professor Hall discovered the satellites of Mars, by which discovery his name became well known all over the scientific world, and by which he gained a reputation of which any astronomer might be proud.

The scientific men of the country have been long endeavoring to secure the Superintendency of the Observatory for one of their number, and thus take it out of the hands of the Navy altogether. They have brought forward many arguments which have hitherto been unavailing, and I sincerely hope they always will be. The head of the French National Observatory was formerly selected from amongst the scientific men of France, but it was found that the energies of that institution were always bent in the direction of the Superintendent's specialty, while other branches of the establishment would suffer. It was then decided, when this fact had been well determined, to place Admiral Monché at its head for a period of five years. It was thought that a Naval officer, without leaning towards any special branch of science, would direct the Observatory in the interests of all; and it so turned out. The Admiral remained for the five years for which he was

appointed, in order that the experiment might be tried, and was continued in office afterwards, the conclusion having been reached that the experiment was successful. This practical demonstration of the question seems to be the strongest argument in behalf of the system which now obtains with us that could be brought forward. I do not believe, however, that the matter is yet settled, for I have understood that efforts are now being made to place at the head of our Observatory one of our most distinguished scientific men.

I did not occupy the Superintendent's house during my tour of duty at the Observatory, having found Captain Sampson there, comfortably placed, and I had no desire to oust him. I remained with my family at the Portland, where I had a large apartment, and continued to live there until the warm weather came on. I then moved out to the Barber house, which was a part of the property that had been purchased for the site of the new Observatory, a charming spot, from which one could have the finest view of Washington and its surroundings that can be found anywhere in the vicinity of the City. It was delightfully cool, and altogether a very pleasant place to pass the summer. I would drive into my office in the morning, attend to my official work, take my luncheon at the Club, and return to the country in the evening; and so the summer passed rapidly away. At the end of August I was ordered to Newport, as the President of the Board for the purpose of witnessing the examinations at the Torpedo School, after which I returned to my Station at Washington, where I remained until I was ordered to command the European Station, in February, 1885.

The *Pensacola* was fitted out at Norfolk for my Flagship. Captain Dewey, at my request, and with his own

consent, was ordered to command her. Lieutenant-Commander Hitchcock was her Executive Officer, and Lieutenant Mansfield her Navigator. I was promoted to the grade of Rear-Admiral on the 24th of January, 1885. The present Senator Chandler was the Secretary of the Navy. He was, in my opinion, the best Secretary we had ever had up to that date. He had been connected with the Navy Department in former years, was thoroughly conversant with the needs of the service, and always had the courage of his convictions. Secretary Chandler had offered me, some months before I received my orders to the European Station, the command of our forces in China, but I was obliged to decline, for reasons which he thought so good that he said if he were in my place he would not go either.

CHAPTER XXV

On the Flag-ship *Pensacola* — At Work on a Derelict — Tobogganing in Madeira—Festivities at Gibraltar and Cherbourg—Fatal Balloon Experiment—Copenhagen and Stockholm—A Royal Visit—Dinner at the Palace — Mormon Propaganda — The American Minister's Feast—American Women Abroad.

I HOISTED my flag on board the *Pensacola* early in the year 1885, and joined her at Hampton Roads early in the month of May. The ship lay a week or ten days off Fortress Monroe while we were making our final preparations. There were a good many people at the Hygeia Hotel at the time, many of whom visited the *Pensacola*. I remember that there happened to be there a party of women school-teachers from the North, who came on board in a body. One of their number, a smart Yankee girl, who was very much interested in everything, not being able to suppress her curiosity, turned to the Captain and said, "Captain, what is the object of the expedition?" She did not care to leave the ship without knowing all there was to be known.

I invited my friend Dr. E. L. Keyes, of New York, to take passage with me to Europe, and he accepted the invitation. It was a great pleasure to me to have him, and I think it was a pleasure, as it was a novelty, to him to go in that way. He was very much interested in what was going on during the passage across, and became a good man-of-war's-man. The apprentices seemed especially to attract his attention, for they were a bright set

of boys. We had a school-master for them, and, strange to say, the one who was at the head of his class in everything was a negro.

We sailed from Hampton Roads on the 18th of May, and soon after we hauled the fires and made the best of our way under sail. We had not been out many days when we made out to windward a barque apparently lying to under a spanker. Upon further observation it was discovered that she was deserted, for no signs of life whatever were apparent on board of her. As she was dead to windward, there was no way of getting at her except with steam, so we lighted the fires, steamed up to her, and sent a boat alongside. We found, as we anticipated, that she was deserted. Her log-book was on the cabin table, the last record having been made about eight days before. As she lay there she was an impediment to navigation. She was water-logged, being loaded with lumber, so that there was no sink in her. We at once went to work with our torpedoes, trying to destroy her, but we found it was no easy undertaking. The first torpedo drove a hole through her bottom and carried away the starboard yard-arm of the maintop-gallant-yard, leaving the port yard-arm intact. It seemed a hopeless task to attempt to sink her with torpedoes, but we continued driving them through her until her hull was so disintegrated that we felt sure she would go to pieces in the first blow. Night was now approaching, and bad weather was coming on at the same time, so we squared away on our course, leaving her to break up, perhaps that very night.

We were bound to Madeira, and before many days we anchored in front of Funchal. We passed a few days here very pleasantly, living at one of the Reed hotels, which are well known to frequenters of Madeira. The

hotel to which we went was exceedingly comfortable and very clean. The roast-beef of Madeira is finer than that of old England, and it was especially enjoyable after our rather long sea trip. There was not much to do during the few days that we remained here but loll about and enjoy the change from life on board ship. We did one thing, however, which I believe nearly everybody does who goes to Madeira; I refer to the excursion on horseback to the Church of Pico Pico. This Church is situated well up in the mountains which form the Island of Madeira. The excursionists all mount their horses and ride up to this point. Then comes tobogganing on a large scale. The descent, that is in a different direction, is made in large sledges which hold two people very comfortably. Each of these sledges is managed by two men. The start is then made down the hill at a breakneck rate, the managers of these strange vehicles running through nearly the entire descent at full speed. The road over which the tobogganing is done is nearly as smooth as glass, and resembles as much as anything to which I can compare it a huge mosaic, with its millions of small stones packed into the roadway. It looks dangerous, and feels so, as one speeds along, flying through the air, accomplishing in from five to ten minutes the descent, when it took more than an hour to go up. I found it rather exhilarating, and liked it so much the first time that I tried it again.

I sailed from Madeira on the 14th of June, and reached Gibraltar on the 18th. I found the *Kearsarge*, which had just arrived from a long cruise on the coast of Africa, at anchor under the Rock. Her crew had been a long time subject to the malign influences of that climate, so I determined to take her with me on a cruise into the Baltic. During the stay of the *Pensacola* and *Kearsarge* at

U. S. STEAM FRIGATE *PENSACOLA*

Gibraltar, we received much attention. I quote from my correspondence with the Department upon this subject the following: "During the stay of both vessels at this port I have received every kindness and attention from the Governor, Sir John Adye, which have also been extended to the officers and crews under my command. I have endeavored on my part to show my appreciation of it by reciprocating as much as possible what has been done by the Governor and the officers of the garrison." We gave a *matinée* to the officers of the Station, which, of course, included the ladies of their families, and we invited the citizens of Gibraltar, the foreign Consuls, etc. I had constructed on the bridge a sort of dais, from which Lady Adye could view the dancing and get away from the crowd when she felt disposed. She did not remain there all the time, of course, and on one occasion, when she was mingling with the throng, I invited one of the other ladies of the garrison to accompany me to it, but she declined. I saw then that there was some little feeling about it, and, therefore, did not press her. My object was to do especial honor to Lady Adye, the wife of the Governor, but I saw that the distinction I made was not taken as I intended it should be, and, perhaps, it would have been better not to do it. The whole affair, however, was, I think, considered very creditable, and I feel sure that the Americans present were not ashamed of it. Besides our Consul, Mr. Sprague, and his interesting family, there were present, also, Mr. Matthews, our Consul at Tangier, and his handsome young daughter. I remember how proud she appeared to be that day as she danced under the folds of her own flag, which she seemed to love so much.

Early in July I sailed with the *Pensacola* and *Kearsarge* for Cherbourg, where we arrived on the 10th of the

same month. The Naval Arsenal at this port is very extensive and strongly fortified. The harbor has been rescued from the sea by an immense breakwater, and is safe and commodious. A statue of Napoleon with his arm stretched towards the English Channel stands on the shore, bearing the following inscription: "*J'avais résolu de répéter à Cherbourg les merveilles d'Égypte.*" While this declaration has not been fulfilled, the French nation has made Cherbourg a military port of which any country might be proud. The *Préfet Maritime* at this time was Vice-Admiral du Petit-Thouars, whose wife was an Englishwoman. He invited me to accompany him on a grand review of the forces at Cherbourg, on the occasion of one of their annual celebrations, I think the "Fall of the Bastille." I accepted the invitation, and found the affair most interesting. At night there was a grand reception at his house, to which all the officers of both ships were invited, and we received every attention from the Vice-Admiral and Madame du Petit-Thouars. On Sunday I went to mass, and was very much interested in the manner in which the French churches are conducted. There is a sort of uniformed sexton called *le Suisse*, who seems to be a kind of combination of sexton and police officer, for he carries in his hand a *bâton*, with which he could enforce his orders if necessary. Two collections were taken up, one, as was called out by the official, "*Pour les pauvres*," and the other "*Pour l'Église.*" It was all very novel and interesting to me, although I had often been in French churches before.

There was at Cherbourg at this time an American named Gower, who had become rich as one of the original stockholders of the Telephone Company, and amused himself by spending his money in ways to suit his tastes, which were peculiar. The scheme which was now oc-

cupying his attention was to blow up London or any other city by means of balloons, or, rather, by heavy projectiles dropped from them into the doomed city. He came on board to see me the day after my arrival, and explained his plan, which seemed to be visionary, but not impossible. He told me that the *préfet* had been very kind to him, and had sent some French sailors to assist him in preparing his balloons for an experiment which he was about to make. He was going to accompany the experimental balloon, that was a good deal smaller than his own, and of the size ordinarily used by aeronauts. He had finished his preparations, and was now waiting only for a favorable wind, which, in order to carry him over London, should be southwest. Finally, all the conditions seemed to be favorable. He invited Vice-Admiral du Petit Thouars, Rear-Admiral Kaznakoff, of the Russian Navy, and me to be present at the start. We accordingly all appeared upon the scene at the appointed hour. The inflated balloons were pitching and rearing in their efforts to get away from the fastenings. Gower was in the basket of his own balloon. He looked pale and nervous, not, I think, from apprehension of disaster, but rather from the feeling of how much was depending upon the experiment he was about to make. We all stepped up to him and shook him by the hand, and wished him "*bon voyage.*" It was a lowering evening, the clouds and scud flying fast from the southwest. At the appointed time the fastenings were cut, and the two balloons shot up into the sky, darting off to the northeast with the swiftness of the wind. We watched them for a while, but they soon disappeared amidst the mist and clouds with which the atmosphere was filled, and were seen no more. About ten o'clock that night, just as I was retiring, I received

a despatch from the Vice-Admiral, in which he said: "My dear Admiral, I am afraid we shall never see our friend Gower again. The basket of his balloon was picked up in the Channel by one of my fishing-boats and brought to me. He has probably been drowned." It was a great shock to me, and I could not help recalling that pale and anxious face as we wished him *bon voyage*, when he was about to cut his fastenings and start off on his perilous trip. After the event which I have just related, many theories with reference to the fate of Gower arose, and were discussed in the newspapers of the day. It was said by some that he had been picked up in the English Channel by some India-bound steamer, and carried to India, and every now and then some reference is made in the public prints to his perilous venture. I was called upon afterwards in London by his brother, who naturally desired to know all about his last moments, for what I saw of him would seem indeed to have been such, since surely he must have perished soon after we three Admirals shook him by the hand and bade him good-bye. His brother told me that there was a widow, who would probably call on me, but she never did. I have understood since that she was a well-known singer, who has lately figured in that capacity at musical entertainments at Washington. She and her husband, I think, had been divorced, and were living apart at the time of his death.

The following extract from a letter of mine to the Navy Department will show the feeling which existed with reference to Americans at the time I was at Cherbourg:

"I have observed during my stay at Cherbourg that the French authorities have been very much impressed with the attentions paid to the Representatives of

France at the time of the reception of the Bartholdi Statue in New York, and they have done all in their power to show to me and the officers and men under my command how much they appreciate this kindness on the part of the people of the United States. On the other hand, I have done all that I could to foster these sentiments, and am sure that the presence of the *Pensacola* and *Kearsarge* in a French port at this time has done much towards cementing the good feeling which already existed between the two peoples."

I sailed with the Flag-ship and *Kearsarge* for Copenhagen, where I arrived on the 26th of July. I had been presented to King Christian when I was at this Capital on a former occasion, and had then had a very agreeable dinner at the palace, where I met the Royal family, not only at dinner, but afterwards in the drawing-room. The evening which I passed with them was such as one might pass with any well-regulated family of well-bred people; the grandchildren, who were not at dinner, were brought in and mixed with the guests, and made themselves agreeable in their childish way. The Crown-Prince of Denmark was at the Royal palace on a visit to his family. He was accompanied by his wife, a most agreeable person, with whom I conversed a good deal during the evening. She was very fond of dancing, and when she told me how much pleasure it gave her I suggested to her to make up her party and I would give them a dance on board. She was delighted at the idea, and told me that nothing would give her greater pleasure, but she said that as she was a guest at the palace she could not suggest the idea to Her Majesty, as any affair of that kind would have to originate with the Queen. I did not pursue the subject further, so the matter was dropped. I lived on shore

most of the time that the ship remained in Copenhagen, and roamed around seeing the sights, some of which are especially interesting. The Thorwaldsen Museum would be a credit to any city, but it is especially so to Copenhagen, where are assembled so many of the works of its great sculptor. Munkaczy's picture of "Christ before Pilate" was on exhibition at Copenhagen at this time, and attracting a great deal of attention. It was then a great novelty. It has found its way to this country since, where it has had a great success.

Our new Minister, Mr. Anderson, had just reached Denmark, having superseded Mr. Wickham Hoffman, an appointee of the former Administration. I had known the Hoffmans for a long time very pleasantly, and passed a good deal of my time at their house; I have had occasion to mention them before in the course of this narrative. Hoffman had always been a most creditable representative American wherever he had been, having before this always served as Secretary of Legation, and he left Denmark with a high reputation both as a diplomat and a gentleman. I invited both the Minister and the ex-Minister to take passage with me to Stockholm. They both accepted my invitation, and we had a very pleasant time together. Hoffman remained as the guest of Captain Dewey and myself for a fortnight or more and then returned to Copenhagen.

I left the last-named place with my small Squadron after a brief visit, and reached Stockholm early in August. I had been at this port on a former cruise and had had the honor of being presented to King Oscar at that time, but I thought proper, as Commander-in-Chief, to ask for another audience, which was promptly granted. I quote from my correspondence with the De-

partment the following extract: "I asked for an audience with the King of Sweden and Norway, which was granted. I took occasion to say to him that if it would be agreeable and convenient for him to visit the *Pensacola*, I would be happy to receive him; he appointed Tuesday, the 11th inst., for his visit, and came on board that day with two of his sons and several members of his Staff. All the ceremonies usual on such occasions took place, in addition to which I had the ship's battalion exercised in his presence, which seemed to interest and gratify him very much." To show the appreciation of His Majesty of his visit to the *Pensacola*, he immediately, upon his arrival on shore, sent me a note, accompanied with three photographs — one for Captain Dewey, one for Commander Bridgman, and one for me. The following is a copy of the note referred to:

"STOCKHOLM, *August 11th*, 1885.

"DEAR ADMIRAL FRANKLIN,— Hereby I send you three photograph portraits of mine, of which I hope you will keep one for yourself, and give the others to the Commanding Officers of the ships. I wish you a good and happy time at sea, and have seen you here again with great pleasure. Hoping it will not be the last time,

"(Signed) OSCAR."

At the audience to which I referred in my letter of the Department, an extract of which I have just quoted, I was accompanied by the two above-named Commanding Officers. His Majesty invited us to partake of a sort of mid-day dinner, which took place after the presentation. On one side of the table were seated the King and Queen and Royal family; just opposite to them sat Captain Dewey, Commander Bridgman, and I; the Royal *suite* were distributed about the table on both sides. As the dinner was served, the conversation be-

came general, and as King Oscar is a jolly sort of King, who took a glass of American whiskey with me when on board the *Pensacola*, the natural feeling of restraint which one feels on such occasions had passed away. His Majesty, who had succeeded his brother as King of Sweden and Norway, had, before he ascended the throne, been an Admiral at the head of the Royal Navy of Sweden. He appeared to take great pleasure in conversing about his experiences in his former profession, and, while talking about it at the dinner, looking Bridgman full in the face, he said: "It is a profession to be preferred to my present one; don't you think so, Captain?" When, without a moment's hesitation, Bridgman said: "Your Majesty, I have only tried one of the professions, and therefore do not feel competent to decide which I would prefer." A courtier would probably have agreed with the King, but this prompt reply pleased every one very much, and there was a general laugh all around the table. His Majesty seemed to have taken an especial liking to Bridgman, who was a handsome fellow of very pleasing manners. Indeed, this fancy extended so far that he invited him to remain in those waters and join a hunting-party that he was soon to give to the Prince of Wales. After dinner we adjourned to the palace grounds, where there was a free mingling of all those who were at the table. I had quite a long talk with the Queen, who was a German Princess, and I think a descendant of Eugène de Beauharnais, and, as the King himself was a descendant of Bernadotte, it might be said that this Royal family is the outcome of the French Revolution. In my conversation with the Queen, she referred with much feeling to the proselytizing that was being done by the Mormons amongst their people; how, by their flattering representations,

they have managed to induce many of them to embrace their faith, and go with the Mormon emissaries to the fertile fields of Western America. She asked me if I did not think our Government could do something to arrest this system, which she said caused her so much unhappiness. I could, of course, give her no encouragement, and told her that I feared the Government of the United States was entirely powerless in matters of that kind, and I presume she felt the same way about her own.

The approach to Stockholm from the sea is beautiful beyond description. As the *Pensacola* and *Kearsarge* would wind amongst the thousands of islands which bar the way, they would seem to be in the midst of an archipelago of villas and country-seats, nearly every island containing more or less of these prettily constructed buildings. The band was on deck for hours replying to the salutes of the people, who, as we would suddenly appear in sight, would rush from the table with napkins and table-cloths, and, when they were exhausted, with sheets and pillow-cases, which they would wave frantically in the air to signify their welcome to the strangers. It seemed as if all Stockholm had gone to these summer resorts, for they were as thick as ant-hills. When we went to the audience and dinner at the country palace of the King, we passed many islands beyond the city, but we were then in a government vessel of Sweden, which was not quite the same thing as approaching as visitors to their country, with our own colors flying.

Our Minister at Stockholm at this time was Mr. Magee. He had not been there long, and felt a stranger at his new post. The advent of our little Squadron was a source of great pleasure and gratification to him, as the

display of our flag always is to our representatives abroad. He gave us a very handsome dinner at the restaurant of the Public Garden—a beautiful place of resort on the outskirts of the city, to which the citizens flock in great numbers, where, in feasting and revelry, they pass half of the summer nights, which at this season were nearly all daylight. He had invited to meet us some of the members of the King's Cabinet and other distinguished people. It was a feast, taken with its beautiful surroundings, well worth remembering, and it has left a very pleasing memory. We drove out to the dinner, but the night was so lovely that we concluded to walk back, a distance of about two miles from the point from which we started. It was eleven o'clock, and still daylight, as we marched in a procession to the boat-landing, where we separated and went on board the ship. My companion as we walked back was the Minister of Marine, a bright fellow, who interested me very much in relating to me many curious things about his country. He told me, amongst other things, that the Swedes had been a very intemperate people, but a great reformation had taken place in this respect, and that they could be considered so no longer. This trait in the character of this people was entirely new to me, for when I first went to sea, fifty years ago, we had many Swedes amongst the crews of our ships, and my recollection is that they were amongst the best and soberest men we had. Notwithstanding the high latitude in which they live, they are a bright and sunny people, and Stockholm well deserves its name of the Venice of the North.

Sweden is no exception to the rule that at nearly every Court in Europe there is at least one American woman, a wife of a member of the Diplomatic Corps.

At Stockholm it was Countess D'Aunay, whose husband was the French Minister there at that time, and a prominent member of the Corps. They lived in very handsome style, as I can bear witness, for one of the most elegant dinners that I can remember I partook of at their hospitable mansion. We had an entertainment for the Countess and other guests on board the *Pensacola*, at which there was another American, the Countess Rosen. Madame D'Aunay is the daughter of the late General Berdan, and a sister of the wife of Marion Crawford. She was a very handsome woman, and, to use a slang expression, she held up the American end very well. Countess Rosen is the daughter of a well-known Philadelphian, Mrs. Bloomfield Moore. I had seen her ten years before, when I was cruising in the Baltic, and at the time of the visit now described she was still a handsome woman. Her husband is Count Rosen, of the Swedish Navy.

The time which I had set apart for my cruise in the Baltic was now nearly expired, and I sailed a few days after the events about which I have been writing, intending to touch at Kiel on my way to Southampton, but the wind remained so persistently ahead that I determined to put into Copenhagen for coal, abandon the Kiel trip altogether, and go direct to Southampton. When I anchored at Copenhagen for the second time my former passengers, the Minister and the ex-Minister, Colonel Hoffman, both of whom had preceded me, were very much surprised until I related to them the cause. I found Hoffman in bed with a bad fit of gout, which he told me he had never had before; I felt rather flattered to think this attack was, perhaps, the result of the good cheer of the *Pensacola*. As soon as we had filled up with coal I got under way and went to

Southampton, arriving there on August 26th, thus bringing the cruise in the Baltic to an end. I left the ship, went to London, and took up my quarters at Carter's Hotel, in Albemarle Street, where my wife had preceded me.

CHAPTER XXVI

In English Waters — Mr. Phelps on Board — Among the Docks — A Southampton Banquet — Boar Hunting at Tangier — Changes at Nice—A Christmas Dinner—American Diplomatists—An Extraordinary Request—Interview with the Pope—Americans in Rome—The Highlands of Sicily.

I REMAINED in and about London and Southampton for about six weeks before sailing for the southern part of the Station. Our Minister at the Court of St. James's at this time was Mr. Phelps. It is needless for me to say here how well we were represented by this distinguished diplomat; he and Mrs. Phelps were held in the highest respect and esteem by all classes of the English people, and I am sure that our Minister at that time ranked high amongst the great Americans who have always filled this exalted position. Mr. Phelps was very fortunate in having attached to the Legation such men as Harry White and Commander Chadwick, the latter of whom was our able Naval Attaché. Mrs. White and Mrs. Chadwick were both ladies who occupied high social positions at home, and were enabled, thus, to assist their husbands in a very important branch of the diplomatic career. I invited Mr. and Mrs. Phelps and a party of Americans to visit the *Pensacola*, where they were entertained by Captain Dewey and me at luncheon. I had the honor of giving Mr. Phelps his first salute, which I remember because he told me it was the first he ever received. Amongst others pres-

ent were some of my American friends whom I hold in high esteem. I mean Miss Alice Riggs and her sister, Mrs. Howard, and her children. The young people had a dance on the main-deck, while those of us who were not so young amused ourselves as best we could. It was all a novelty to the Minister, and, as he seemed pleased with everything that took place, I was satisfied with the result of the entertainment. The party remained on board for several hours, and in the evening took train back to town.

I met in London at this time Colonel Taylor, the secretary of the various dock companies and Equerry to the Queen. The Tilbury Docks were just being constructed, an immense work, which, during the excavations, unearthed many curious relics, going back even to the time of the Romans. Colonel Taylor asked me and my Staff to accompany a party of invited guests to visit this interesting work. I had the pleasure of meeting there Sir Montagu McMurdough, who, with his charming family, entertained us afterwards at their pretty country-seat on the Thames. Lady McMurdough was the daughter of Sir Charles Napier, of Sinde, and was, naturally, very proud of the reputation of her gallant father. Colonel Taylor invited us to lunch with him at his offices, in the building of the East India Dock Company. We afterwards accompanied him to the East and West India Docks. The sight which interested me most in the West India Docks was the American Frigate *President*, which had been captured from us by the English in the war of 1812. There she lay, a fixture, to remain as long as she could be utilized for the purpose for which she was then used, that, I think, of a school-ship for apprentices, and then, probably, to be broken up for firewood. It seemed an inglorious fate for this gallant

American Frigate, which in her day was one of the finest ships of our Navy. We visited also the warehouses of the dock companies, filled with articles of the world's commerce of every possible description. I shall never forget the immense rum-cellar, stored with great butts containing hundreds of thousands of gallons of this product of the West Indies. Amongst those of our party on this occasion were Lieutenant Mason and his wife, his mother, Mrs. Myers, and his sister, Mrs. Julian James. We all lived at the same family hotel, and formed friendships which have existed up to the present time.

During these days in London I would frequently lunch at the United Service Club. Lord Alcester had sent me a card which gave me the *entrée* during my official stay in England. I was glad to be introduced by one for whom I had so high a regard, and who was so highly esteemed by the members of the Club. I shall never forget those great English mutton-chops that were served to us for luncheon, resembling porterhouse steaks more than anything else, nor can I forget the general air of good cheer and comfort which pervades the whole establishment.

While the *Pensacola* was lying at Southampton, I was a guest at one of the banquets for which its people are quite famous. I had attended one on a former occasion, when Admiral Worden was the guest of honor, and I was the Captain of his Flag-ship, the *Franklin*. That was a far more elaborate affair than the one about which I am now writing, for this, as well as I remember, was a sort of electioneering feast, the most important person present being Vice-Admiral Commerel, who was standing for Parliament for the City of Southampton. Commerel and I sat side by side, and were both expected to make speeches. By great good luck mine was called

for first. I knew what was coming, and was prepared for it. I had strung together a few phrases embracing what was, I thought, the proper thing to say, and had learned my speech by heart. I suppose I stumbled through it well enough, for it was received with loud applause, which I presume it would have received in any case. Commerel congratulated me, and, he said, envied me at the same time, for his speech was yet to come, and he did not relish it any more than I had. It was altogether a jolly occasion of speeches, song, and wine.

I sailed from Southampton with the *Pensacola* about the middle of October, leaving the *Kearsarge* behind to complete her repairs. I arrived at Lisbon on the 22d, and anchored in the Tagus, where I remained about a week. Our Minister at this time was Mr. Lewis, a descendant of General Washington's family. We dined with each other, drove together, and so the week of my stay passed pleasantly away. I found Mr. Lewis a representative of our country of whom all Americans might feel justly proud. The British Minister was Mr. Petre, an agreeable and accomplished diplomat. He invited me to dinner, which invitation I accepted, and we passed a very pleasant evening together.

I sailed from Lisbon early in November, arriving on the 7th at Tangier, Morocco, where I remained until the 12th. Our Consul at Tangier was Colonel Matthews, who had filled the position off and on for many years. He is a very competent man, speaks Arabic fluently, and has, I think, always been *personâ gratâ* to the authorities of Morocco. He is again an applicant for his old position, and I hope will succeed in getting reappointed. While I was there Colonel Matthews made a boar-hunt for me. There was a large party of us from the ship, but I think it was more of

the nature of a picnic than anything else. We were joined about lunch-time by the ladies of the Consul's family, who brought baskets well filled with everything that was good to eat and drink. Before they came we had all been placed in position in the brushwood, armed with rifles and revolvers, for both long range and close quarters, in case the boar should be wounded and make an attack upon us. The Arabs were then sent out for perhaps a quarter of a mile ahead; they would then deploy and beat the brush in front of them, when it is supposed the frightened boar will go in the direction of those who are waiting to pink him with a rifle. At the same time the Arabs would hello, and make a tremendous noise, shouting as they advanced towards those who were to kill the boar. On this occasion, however, no boar appeared. A poor unlucky dog ran across the line of fire, was taken for the game we were in search of, and was shot, and thus ended our day's sport. I was very much disappointed, for I had set my heart on seeing a successful issue to what is generally found to be at Tangier an exciting day's sport. We all now gathered about the luncheon, which was served on the ground, and although we had not been successful in killing the animal, yet some cold boar was served to us from Colonel Matthews' baskets, which we found very good indeed. The Consul was good enough to get up a large dinner-party for me while we were at Tangier, but a Levanter (an easterly gale) came up, which produced such an ugly sea that I was obliged at the last moment to give up going. I was very much disappointed, and so was he, but it could not be helped.

I had intended remaining in Tangier until the Levanter had blown out, but it is not a secure harbor in an easterly gale, so I got under way and ran over and

anchored under the Rock of Gibraltar. I remained at Gibraltar until the gale blew itself out, meantime filling up the ship with coal. I found on this visit our Consul, Mr. Sprague, as kind and attentive as ever, losing no opportunities to make himself useful, always doing something to hold up still higher the American name, which both his father and himself had done so much to sustain. When the Levanter was over I sailed for Villefranche, where I arrived after a pleasant passage of six days.

Nearly ten years had elapsed since I had been in Nice before, and I found naturally that many changes had taken place, not only in the City itself, but amongst the many friends I had known when I was there in command of the *Franklin*. Mr. Veasey, the model Consul whom we all liked so much, was dead and gone. Mr. Gignoux, at whose hospitable home I had passed so many pleasant hours, had died, and great changes had taken place in that interesting family. His two handsome daughters had married Frenchmen of the best type of the men of that nation, and were very happy in their home lives. I had the pleasure of seeing them and their husbands while they were on a visit to their mother, who still resided in Nice. Mr. Vial was still living, and was, as formerly, of great service to us in providing for the wants of the ships, and in making himself useful and agreeable to the officers and their families.

During my stay at Villefranche at this time the usual routine which generally took place while our ships were there was carried out. The crew were exercised in their various drills on board ship, and by the courtesy of the French Government we were permitted to land the Battalion of Seamen and Marines for ma-

nœuvres on shore, while the boats were exercised in fleet sailing in the waters of the Bay. The social life was much the same as I have described it before in the course of this narrative. The entertainments on board the Flag-ship were, as before, the most popular of all the *fêtes* that were given, and all Americans in and about Nice that were entitled to go to them were always invited. Apropos of what I have just said, I quote from my letter-book the following extract from a letter to the Secretary of the Navy: "The usual number of resident and travelling Americans are now here, and it gives me pleasure to grant them every facility for visiting the ships, which seems to afford them great gratification. In the low state of our merchant marine just now, it is about the only way they can experience the pleasure of seeing our flag in foreign waters."

Amongst the Americans visiting at Nice this winter were Admiral and Mrs. Baldwin, Mrs. Nichols Beach, and her charming daughter. It occurred to me that it would be a pleasant thing for them to take their Christmas dinner under the folds of the American flag. Captain Dewey and I, therefore, made a little dinner-party for them and a few other friends, which I think they all considered a very happy way of partaking of a Christmas dinner in a foreign land. Bennett's yacht, the *Namouna*, was lying at Villefranche. We exchanged calls without meeting, but I happened to know him by sight, and stopped him in the street at Nice and introduced myself to him. When he heard my name he said, "Upon my word, I am very much relieved, for I thought you were some French Marshal with whom I had dined and whose name I had forgotten." Bennett made up a party of ladies and gentlemen and took us on a little sea excursion as far as Cannes. We

had breakfast on board, and found him a charming host. He told us that when he named the *Namouna*, he thought it rather a stylish Persian name, but learned afterwards that it was as common in Persia as Bridget was in Ireland.

The *Pensacola* sailed in January for Naples. Mr. Cope Whitehouse, the Egyptologist, went in her as passenger. He had a letter from the Navy Department to me, asking me to give him an opportunity of making a passage in a man-of-war, which I was only too glad to do, for I was greatly prepossessed in his favor the moment I saw him.

I did not go in the ship myself to Naples, but took advantage of what seemed a good opportunity to visit Rome. Mrs. Franklin and I took up our quarters at the Hôtel Quirinal. We remained in Rome but a few days at this time, intending to return there, however, at a later period. After a brief visit we went to Naples, where I found the ship securely moored inside the mole. We went to the Hôtel Nobile, which is pleasantly situated on high ground in the new part of the city, where I remained during most of the time that the ship was in Naples. I had seen so much of this City when it was the Capital of a Kingdom that it seemed rather tame now compared to what it was in those days. Some of the gayety, however, of the old Capital still remained. There were grand balls given, at which the dancing would begin at two o'clock. People who frequented them would go to bed and have a partial night's rest, would then dress and make a night of it. As for myself, I never went to any of them.

While I was at Naples at this time, our Minister to Persia appeared upon the scene, *en route* to the country to which he was accredited. He had succeeded in hav-

ing himself created a Major-General on the Staff of a Western Governor. He was full of a marriage which he had in contemplation with a very charming actress, a young woman of high character, who, as I understood, had promised to marry him. He was going to his Station by way of Constantinople, and as I was going there myself I told him that if he could arrange a firman from the Sultan, permitting the *Pensacola* to pass the Dardanelles, he could be married on board the Flag-ship. He was quite full of it, and determined to make the effort. As I never heard that the firman had been granted, I presume it never was, and my impression is that the marriage never took place. I took the Minister on board ship with me one Sunday, and said to him as we were going on board that our regulations did not permit us to salute on that day, or I would be happy to salute him, but I saw such an expression of disappointment creep over his face that I took the responsibility and fired the guns.

When I was in Rome for the short visit to which I have just referred, I did myself the honor of calling upon our Minister, Mr. Stallo, whom I found to be a very original character. He was not a Chesterfield, and the manner in which he deported himself as Minister subjected him to very severe criticism. He was an able man, and, I believe, of very high character, but he seemed unwilling to submit to the usages which obtained amongst his colleagues in the Diplomatic Corps and had been the custom for centuries. He said to me as I was taking my leave of him: "Admiral, do not expect me to return your call; I am going soon to Sorrento, and will return it at Naples." I said in reply: "As you please, Mr. Stallo. If you will let me know when you are in Naples, I shall send a boat for you, which will

take you on board ship." He then said, "Oh no! I will take a shore-boat and go alongside." I then told him that I could not permit him to do that, but that it was my desire to treat him with all the respect and consideration to which his high rank entitled him. His reply was, "As you please," and so the matter ended. I subsequently went to Rome, and as my call had never been returned I did not take the trouble to call upon him again. I was in my hotel one day, when the card of the Secretary of Legation was sent to me. When he entered my room he told me that he had been sent by the Minister to say that he desired to see me, when I at once replied that he had never done me the honor to return my call, and that if he desired to see me I could be found at almost any time at my hotel. After my first impulse, however, I reflected that he might wish to consult me upon matters connected with our Government, and I concluded to pocket the affront and go. When I reached his house, he received me most cordially, and told me that he had been searching for me, without success, that he had been to several hotels to look for me, etc., etc. I found when I was closeted with the Minister that my conjecture was correct, and that he desired to consult with me upon some matters in which our own Government might be involved. I passed two hours with him most pleasantly, and I have rarely met with a more interesting and agreeable man. I was almost willing to forgive him for his indifference to the etiquette demanded by his high position.

During my stay in Naples at this time an extraordinary request was made of me by the municipal authorities, which I will relate in the form of an extract from a letter to the Secretary of the Navy, as follows: "A request was made through the U. S. Consul at this

place yesterday by the Municipal authorities for permission to come on board and examine the crew, for the purpose of identifying, as it was stated, an unknown; they requested at the same time that the crew might be mustered for that purpose. I told the Consul to inform them that this was entirely out of the question, that an American man-of-war was United States territory, and that such a proceeding was unusual and unprecedented. It does not appear that there is any charge against any particular man, but against an unknown man they desire to identify. My own opinion is that there was a sailors' brawl on shore, an event which is not at all unusual, and that some of our men happened to be concerned in it. It was entirely competent for the authorities to have arrested on the spot, and to have tried, any offender against their laws, which it seemed they failed to do. I did not see how it was in my power to assist them, as I always do in such cases, when it can properly be done. I have mentioned this in my despatch in order that the Department may be in possession of the facts in case it should go any further; I think, however, that my refusal to grant the request will end the matter."

There was a good deal of small-pox at Naples at this time; indeed, I do not believe that the City is ever without it. At the request of the Surgeon, I had two calves brought on board, and all the officers and men were vaccinated from them. It was a novel sight to see this performance, which I had never witnessed on board ship before. As it is the very best form of vaccine matter to be had, we all felt now pretty well protected from this terrible scourge.

The time was now approaching when I intended to sail for a cruise to the eastward. I took advantage of

the interval to make another visit to Rome. This time I went to the Hôtel Molaro, where we found ourselves comparatively comfortable. My wife and I had the happiness of obtaining a card of admission to the Pope's Mass, and of receiving Communion at the hands of His Holiness himself. After the Mass, I had the honor of a personal interview with Leo XIII., and was, as every one is, profoundly impressed with the personality of the distinguished head of the Roman Catholic Church. His Holiness was very much interested to know all about the Flag-ship. He asked me if we had a Chaplain on board, and when I replied that we had, but that he was not of our persuasion, he did not seem to care to pursue the conversation on that subject any further. I left his presence deeply impressed with what I had seen and heard, and very much gratified to have had this opportunity of seeing and conversing with one of the greatest men of the age.

I met at Rome at this time Mr. Charles H. Marshall. I had known him at home, but in my association with him at Rome I formed a strong friendship for him which has continued up to the present time. He was quite domesticated here, and knew everybody that was worth knowing in the place. He was especially attentive to us, and his politeness added very much to our pleasure in the Eternal City. He was about making a journey to the East, and, as I was going soon to sail for that part of my station, I invited him to join me and accompany me in the *Pensacola*, which invitation he accepted, and was the guest of Captain Dewey and myself for about six weeks. I need not say that I enjoyed his presence on board very much indeed.

I had the pleasure of knowing at this time Mr. Story and his interesting family. The receptions at his apart-

ment were attended by the best people in Rome, and were always most interesting occasions. Story was an excellent sculptor, and was full of talent of every kind; his art productions are familiar to all Americans. He did me the honor to suggest giving me a dinner at which would have been present all the Diplomatic Corps, but my friends said they felt it their duty to tell me that, although I should be the guest of honor, etiquette demanded that I should have to sit below all the Ambassadors and Ministers. I felt that under the circumstances this would be somewhat embarrassing, and so I was obliged to decline the honor. There were two Americans here to whom I feel under especial obligation—Mr. Herriman and Mr. Hazeltine. The former was a gentleman of wealth and culture, who made Rome his home; the other was an artist of great merit, brother-in-law of my friend Marshall. Both of them were American gentlemen of the highest type, and both lived in very handsome style. At the houses of these two Americans were assembled, twice a week, a number of cultivated men, mostly of the Diplomatic Corps, who would drop in after their dinner-parties, and pass the rest of the evening playing whist, and in conversation, which was always bright and interesting, for they had all seen a great deal, and were all men of the world. I attended some of these entertainments, and the memory of them remains in my mind as amongst the most agreeable evenings I have ever passed in any part of the world. They were always accompanied with something to cheer the passing hours and keep up our spirits until about two o'clock in the morning. I had the pleasure of meeting on this visit to Rome Mr. Junius S. Morgan. He was living in the luxurious apartment of Mr. Wirts, and I shall never forget the pleasing impression that

his gentle manners left upon me when I called upon him there. I also know his son Pierpont, who, like his father, is an excellent specimen of the American gentleman.

One of the most pleasant occasions that took place while I was in Rome at this time was a picnic to Ostia, at the mouth of the Tiber, given by Mrs. Mason, an American lady who was passing the winter here, and whom I remember most agreeably for her kindness and attention to us at this time. Ostia was a place of importance in the days of Ancient Rome, but at this time was of no consequence except as a place for excursions and picnics. My friend Marshall had intended to sail with me in the *Pensacola* from Naples for the East, but poor Herriman became so ill after our excursion to Ostia that he did not feel satisfied in leaving Rome while his friend was in such a critical condition. Both Herriman and Hazeltine had intended coming down to Naples to see us off, but this desperate illness of the former, from which he came very near dying, broke up this pleasant arrangement altogether. I was accordingly obliged to sail without Marshall, much to my regret.

From Naples I went to Messina, and placed the ship in dry-dock. I went myself, accompanied by my staff, to a place up in the highlands of Sicily, called Taormino. There was a little Sicilian hostelry there, where we found ourselves very comfortable, but there was absolutely nothing to do but lounge about and look at Mount Etna, which was in front of us, towering away up into the clouds. It was too mountainous for walking, and so we remained most of the time around our little hotel. My Flag Lieutenant, my Secretary, and I would play dummy-whist three times a day, and this passed the interval of time between our meals. The only occupants

of the establishment were two maiden ladies of a certain age, who seemed to have gone there for rest and solitude, for it was one of the loneliest places I have ever known, but very restful. The scenery was grand, and one never tired of gazing upon Mount Etna, covered with eternal snow, and for ever pouring from its peak volumes of steam and smoke. I happened to be at this place on a Sunday, and went to mass, which was celebrated in a very primitive church. The congregation consisted of a very primitive people. I reached the church too early for mass, and so I waited and watched with great interest the people as they came in. Some would be accompanied by very young children, too young to leave at home unattended, so the mothers would either have to bring them or stay away from mass themselves; some would be accompanied by dogs, who would lie down and behave themselves decorously during service. These people seemed to feel towards the church edifice as though it was their own home, for they would bring their knitting-work and ply their needles diligently while awaiting the arrival of the priest. It was all very edifying, for it proved to me how earnest they were in their faith, and how they regarded going to mass as a matter of course—something to be done without the least ostentation or display.

As we were leaving our little hotel to get into the carriage that was to convey us to Messina, I observed that one of the maiden ladies to whom I have referred above slipped into the hand of the Surgeon, who was one of the party, an envelope, which, upon being opened, was found to contain a fee. One of our party said, "Doctor, I suppose you will return that, will you not?" "Not at all," he replied; "I was called in professionally, and this is in payment of the services I rendered."

Upon reaching Messina, I found the *Pensacola* ready for sea, so I got under way and went to Malta. In making the passage from Naples to Malta the navigator passes the volcano of Stromboli, which rises abruptly from the sea, and which served the ancients as a light-house. Its fires are never extinguished, and they burn with the same glow that they did in those far-away days. Scylla and Charybdis, at the entrance of the Straits of Messina, were considered a great stumbling-block to early navigation, but they have long since ceased to cause any anxiety. The former, consisting of some rocks on the Calabrian shore, and the latter of a whirlpool, might have been considered obstacles to small craft centuries ago.

CHAPTER XXVII

At Malta—Royal Dukes in Port—The Duke of Edinburgh's Ball and Dinner — Sir Lintorn Simmons — Admiral Ward — An Excellent Consul—At Alexandria—Reception by the Khedive—The Pyramids—Jaffa and Jerusalem—American College at Beirut.

I REACHED Malta on the 16th of April, when I found at anchor a large portion of the British Fleet under the command of Admiral His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh. Prince Alfred and I exchanged courtesies at once; I paid my respects to him, and he returned my call almost immediately. It was early in the day when he came on board the *Pensacola*, and in doing the honors I said to him: "Perhaps it is a little early for your Royal Highness, but if it is not I shall be happy to offer you a glass of brandy-and-water." He replied, "Oh, not at all; it will give me much pleasure." So we retired to the after-cabin, and had our drink and a cigarette. I found the Admiral Duke a most agreeable fellow, and had a very pleasant conversation with him at the time, and often met him very agreeably afterwards during my stay in Malta. At the time he was on board he expressed his admiration several times for a little water-color of a mulatto boy painted by my sister-in-law, Miss Sands, and I have regretted ever since that I did not present it to him.

Serving in his uncle's fleet, at this time, was the young Duke of York, the son of the Prince of Wales, who was a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy. He was

attached to a ship commanded by Captain Stevenson. When I returned the Captain's call he was not at the gangway to receive me, but a dapper young fellow with a spy-glass under his arm stepped up, and, apologizing for the Captain's absence, invited me to his cabin, and said he would go immediately and inform him that I was on board. It turned out that this young gentleman was the Prince himself, who was the officer of the watch when I went on board. The Commanding Officer, who had been unavoidably detained, soon appeared in his cabin, the Prince accompanying him as far as the door; he was rushing off to resume his duties on deck, when the Captain called him in and introduced him. I had half suspected it was he all the time, but was not at all sure. I found him a very pleasant young fellow, and invited him to come and see me on board the *Pensacola*, and told him I would be glad to have a battalion drill for him. He seemed very much gratified, and accepted my invitation with apparent pleasure. In a day or two afterwards he and Captain Stevenson came on board, and I gave him the function I had promised. He expressed himself very much pleased, and I have no doubt that he was, for our Blue-Jackets, Marines, and Band, organized as a battalion, made a very handsome display. I then took him below, and gave him a glass of wine and a cigarette. I remember his asking me, as we were smoking our cigarettes, whether I *inhaled*. I did not quite understand then what it meant, but I have learned since that it is the act of drawing the smoke into one's lungs, and then letting it remain for a while and puffing it out again. Since then the Duke of York has married, and is the father of a small family. He is heir-presumptive of the Throne of the British Empire.

I was invited by the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh to the grand ball given to the citizens of Malta and the officers of the fleet and their families. I danced in the opening quadrille in the Duke's set, having for my partner an American woman, who had married an officer in the British Navy, whose name, I regret to say, I have forgotten. Afterwards I took the Duchess into supper, and we sat down at the table with two others, forming a *partie carrée*. I found the Duchess had a charming personality; she chatted away at the supper-table, and made herself most agreeable. I was quite prepared to like her, for I was told that in the passage out in the Royal Yacht *Osborne* the weather was very bad, and her maids all became sea-sick, so that the entire care of her children devolved upon herself; she bathed and dressed them, and did all the work for them that the maids were accustomed to do. She proved, on this occasion, that, although she was a Royal Duchess, she was entirely equal to the care of her children when occasion required, and although I suppose any woman, whatever might have been her rank, would have done the same thing, yet I could not resist a feeling of admiration for her on this account when I met her face to face.

The Duke invited me to dine with him and the Duchess at the Palace of St. Antonio, near Valetta. I occupied the seat of honor on the right of the Duchess, having followed immediately after her as we walked into the dining-room from the anteroom in which we had all assembled before dinner. Into this anteroom had been brought the little Prince and Princess, the former in the dress of a sailor. I do not know that this was the custom before the State dinners, and flattered myself that the little sailor-man was produced in

order that he might see the American Admiral. I found the Duchess a most agreeable dinner-table companion. The occasion passed off very pleasantly; while there was sufficient reserve on the part of the host and hostess to give dignity to the affair, yet no one was made to feel that it must necessarily be an occasion of great formality. As one, naturally, is more observant at such times, I noticed the disposition that the Duchess made of her *impedimenta.* As she took her seat at the table she placed on her left, advanced about six inches from the edge of the table, her fan, her gloves, and her *lorgnon* close alongside of each other, so that they occupied very little space and did not at all interfere with her left-hand neighbor. I am thus particular in citing this little incident, because I have so often witnessed the struggle that ladies have with these articles, in their efforts to dispose of them so as not to be embarrassed by them, that I thought if any one who might by chance read this narrative had no better system of their own, it might not be a bad plan to follow that of the Duchess. After dinner I sat down to a whist-table consisting of Her Royal Highness, two officers of the British Army, and myself. We played for shilling points, and the Duchess, who, by the way, was an excellent player, was, I think, when we settled at the end of the game, about the only winner. She was most amiable all the time, and by her gracious manner caused the evening to pass very agreeably. There was a good deal of humor in her conversation, visible from time to time. I remember when we happened to be talking about the Captain of her husband's Flag-ship, she said, "I do not like to play with Captain Fellows, he always scolds me so." Fellows, by the way, was a very superior player, and he no doubt suggested sometimes to

Her Highness how she might have made a better play, and she put it, in her humorous way, as scolding her. My whole intercourse with these distinguished personages was most agreeable, and I recall it all with a great deal of pleasure.

Sir Lintorn Simmons was at this time the Governor-General of Malta. He was a distinguished soldier of high repute, and his fine appearance and military bearing marked him as a fine specimen of the British general officer. I had the honor of dining with him several times during my stay at Malta, and Lady Simmons did me the honor of coming on board the *Pensacola* two or three times during my visit there. It was an agreeable and interesting family, that of the Governor, and they added very much to the pleasure of my sojourn at this interesting stronghold of Great Britain. The palace of the Governor was perhaps the finest of those occupied by the old Knights of Malta. The stairway, if it might be so called, was so gentle in its ascent that one could easily ride up on horseback. The dining-hall was an immense apartment, the walls of which were covered by the portraits of many a grim old warrior, while the halls were lined with the armor which their originals once wore. One is vividly reminded by everything he sees of the downfall and decay of these warrior Knights, and is gratified to feel that the legacy has fallen into such good hands. The Governor-General was very proud of his dining-table, which he had had constructed according to his own idea; it was a kind of sharp ellipse, so made that the host without effort could see every one of his guests. In the central part of this ellipse was a large mirror, so arranged that it had the effect of a lake dotted with islands. Forty people could easily be seated at the table, which I think was the

number that sat down to it the first day that I dined there.

This distinguished British General was a great admirer of General Grant. He had just finished reading his book, and told me that before that he was not an enthusiastic admirer of the General, but he said that the events described therein, in which he was actively engaged, were so clearly the result of great military genius that he could not fail to award to him generalship of the very highest order.

The officer who commanded the Dockyard at Malta at this time was Rear-Admiral Ward. We had known each other, I was going to say, from infancy; as a matter of fact, we first met as Midshipmen in the Pacific, away back in the forties; afterwards we met when I commanded the *Aroostook*, as one of the blockading fleet off Mobile. He was commanding a British ship-of-war at the time, and visited our fleet to communicate with the Senior Officer present; he sent me some bottles of rum, which were most acceptable. Ward and I again met in the Mediterranean; he commanded the ironclad *Swiftsure*, and I was Captain of the *Wabash*. Then again, as I have before stated, he was in command at Malta, when I was Commander-in-Chief of the European Station; and, finally, we met again in Washington, only a few years ago. There was a singular parallelism in our careers, continuing from the time we were both Midshipmen up through all the grades until we became Rear-Admirals. He gave me a very handsome dinner at Malta, at which were present the young Duke of York and many other notables.

The American Consul was Mr. John Worthington. He and his charming wife were great favorites, not only with the Government people, but with the Maltese

generally; their tastes were such as to commend them in a high degree at a Military Post such as Malta is, where a mere politician would be entirely out of place. Mr. Worthington remained in this position for twelve years; he held over the first term of the Cleveland administration, but was superseded during the second. He is again an applicant for his old place, and I sincerely hope he will be successful in getting it. The Worthingtons had as a guest at their house a relative, Miss Gregory. I was a guest at the same time, and occupied a room which had been hers before it was mine; in the closet of this room her dresses were still hanging. One evening when I was absent from the house, and she was dressing for an entertainment of some kind, having already donned her satin slippers, she approached this closet for the purpose of getting her gown, when she plumped both slippered feet into my bath-tub, which happened at the time to be filled with water. I met her only a few years ago, when the incident was still fresh in her memory. She was a very interesting young girl, very pretty and very attractive. She is now the wife of Commander Savory, of the Royal Navy. Worthington took passage with us to Alexandria, and was the guest of the Captain and myself for a week or more. My friend Marshall joined the ship at Malta.

My visit, which was a very satisfactory one, was now at an end, and I sailed for Alexandria, where I arrived early in May. I quote from my report to the Department of the presence of the ship there the following: "On my arrival here I communicated with the Consul-General at Cairo, informing him that I desired an audience with His Highness the Khedive. The audience was promptly granted, and I accordingly proceeded to Cairo with the members of my staff, and was received

by the Khedive on May 8th. His reception was of the most cordial and friendly nature. He expressed himself as having the most kindly feelings towards the United States, and referred with great pleasure to his association with General Stone and the other Americans who had served in his Army. After a reasonable time spent with His Highness I retired, much gratified with the reception which he had given me." During the audience Chibouks were brought in filled with the most delicious Turkish tobacco. A number of slaves, with Fez caps on their heads and with skins so black that charcoal would make a white mark on them, placed these in our hands, and then each one that had given us the pipes returned with a live coal to the guest whom he had before served and placed it in the bowl of his pipe. Coffee was then brought in, and, while we conversed, we smoked and sipped our coffee, and enjoyed the novelty of the occasion.

A visit to the Khedive is attended with a good deal of ceremony. For instance, the carriage which contains the visitor, if he is of sufficiently high rank, is preceded by what is called a Sais. He is a man dressed in a showy uniform, with a staff in his hand, who runs at a rapid pace about twenty yards in advance of the conveyance. The idea is, I presume, to clear the way as a sort of *avant-coureur* for the distinguished comers. On our arrival at the railway-station at Cairo, I was very much struck with the manner in which the Station-Master seemed to preserve order. When a train comes in there is a rush of baggage-carriers for the unwary traveller in such force that if one is not careful his hand-baggage will be seized by these importunate Egyptians, who insist upon carrying it *nolens-volens*. This wave of humanity is, however, generally arrested

by the Station-Master, who stands at the top of the steps as one ascends towards the station, brandishing a horsewhip with a lash long enough to sweep the crowd; this he brings down every now and then with a tremendous whack, and thus manages in a general way to keep the gang at bay. Lieutenant Staunton, of my staff, remarked as he witnessed this scene, "Well, a people that will stand that sort of thing does not deserve to be free."

Our party all put up at Shepheard's Hotel, which seemed to be the best in Cairo. Although it was early in May, the weather was intensely hot, and the flies were so thick that one was obliged to keep some sort of fly-brush always on hand. I never saw these pests in greater numbers than they were at Cairo at this time. I presume as one ascends the Nile they are less in number, or I cannot conceive how the trip up the river could be enjoyable. The British had been in possession of Egypt for some time when I was at Cairo, and the City was as orderly as possible; one could roam the streets then at any time without fear of molestation. This civilizing people are still there, and I hope they are there to stay. Wherever they go they seem to influence the inhabitants for good. They bring order out of chaos, cleanliness out of filth, and good out of everything. Our Consul-General at Cairo at this time was Mr. Caldwell, a very efficient officer, who thoroughly appreciated his position, and was most zealous in the performance of his duties.

Unless one ascends the Nile, there is really not much to see or do in this part of Egypt after having made a visit to the Pyramids and Museum. Our party made the first of these excursions in a body. Some of them ascended Cheops, the greatest of all the Pyramids, and

entered the place of the tombs, but I was satisfied to look on and see them tugging their way to the top. It is a difficult work, and one should be young and vigorous to undertake it. The guides are very expert, and, of course, are of great assistance to those who mount these vast structures; the visitors have to be boosted up, and almost lifted at times, from one step to the other. There was a time when some of the most expert guides would for a consideration mount like monkeys to the top of the great Pyramid and then rush down at a breakneck pace to the bottom; and when it is remembered that some of the steps are from four to six feet high, it will be seen how hazardous it seems. Those who were in the habit of performing this feat almost always died of heart disease, so that the Egyptian Government intervened, and finally forbade it altogether. So much has been said and written about the Great Pyramids and the Sphinx that I propose to touch very lightly upon them here. Descriptions of them are familiar to all those who are interested in Egypt and Egyptology. I will only say that they are great wonders, and that it is worth a trip across the Atlantic Ocean to see them. The American Egyptologist, Mr. Cope Whitehouse, who has been a student of everything Egyptian for many years, I have been told has a theory that the Pyramids were built from the top down, and when one reflects upon the immense undertaking of transporting the great blocks of stone of which they are composed from the base to a point five hundred feet above, it would seem that there might be something plausible in his theory. I have never heard that any one else agreed with him. He had another theory, which was that if Lake Mœris could be restored to what it was in the days of the Ancients, the surround-

ing country would be as fertile as it was in the time of Joseph.

When I was in Cairo the Museum was in charge of the greatest of all Egyptologists, Maspero. He personally conducted me around that interesting institution, and pointed out to me, amongst other mummies, that of Rameses II., one of Egypt's most famous Monarchs; I think he reigned when the Children of Israel were captives in that country. My visit to the Museum was so hurried that it has left a very faint impression upon my mind, but I remember how interesting it was to wander around amongst the relics of this famous portion of the globe. Our party returned to Alexandria, and soon after our arrival there I sailed for the North. Before leaving I wrote to the Department a letter, from which I extract the following: "Everything seems to be quiet in Egypt at present, and the British are about to withdraw some of their troops, but it does not appear at all likely that they will remove them altogether in the near future, if they do at all." I arrived at Jaffa about the middle of May. While there I gave the officers and crew an opportunity of visiting Jerusalem, of which twenty-five officers and one hundred and fifty seamen availed themselves.

At Jaffa the house of Simon the Tanner was pointed out to me. I went from Jaffa to Beirut, and met there the Governor-General of Lebanon, who, in accordance with the treaty between Turkey and the Powers, must be a Christian. He was a charming, agreeable man; if I remember aright this was Rustem Pasha, an Italian by birth. While at Beirut I wrote to the Department as follows:

"The presence of the Squadron here seems to have been a source of great gratification to the American

Missionaries; they felt that it strengthened their position very much with the Ottoman authorities, and encouraged them in the good work in which they are employed.

"The American College, of which Dr. Bliss, a Presbyterian clergyman, is at the head, is in a very flourishing condition. In addition to the college proper, there are attached to the institution a Theological Seminary and a Medical School. The establishment is not at all sectarian in its character, but opens its doors to every branch of the Christian and Mohammedan faiths. I gave the Missionaries a very cordial invitation to visit the *Pensacola*, of which they availed themselves, and it was gratifying to see how much pleasure it gave them to find themselves for the time under the protection of their own Flag. They held a reception on shore, which was largely attended by the officers in uniform. The Orientals are so much impressed by display that whenever I desire to sustain the Consular Office or give strength to the Missionaries I direct that the uniform shall be worn."

CHAPTER XXVIII

Damascus—Entrance to the City—Shops and Churches—The Public Gardens—Scriptural Scenes—Damascene Houses—Constantinople—"Sunset" Cox—Courtesy from the Sultan—The Salaamlic—Audience at the Sublime Porte—Social Enjoyments—The Charms of Prinkapo—An American *Prima Donna*—Dining at the Palace.

I took advantage of the presence of the Flag-ship at Beirut to make a visit to Damascus. My party consisted of Lieutenant Staunton, my Flag-Lieutenant; Lieutenant Potts, my Secretary; and my friend Mr. Marshall, who was now on board the *Pensacola*. We made a very early start, I think about four o'clock in the morning, and were soon rattling over a beautiful macadamized road at the rate of eight to ten miles an hour. The vehicle was a comfortable *diligence* of the French pattern; the road and everything connected with it were the property of a French company. The distance to Damascus was about seventy miles, and we changed horses, I think, ten times, so we always had a comparatively fresh team. The journey across the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon mountains, although a long drive, was not fatiguing. The Druses who occupy this region are Christians, and I think Roman Catholics; they were extremely polite to us as we passed along through their country, almost to obsequiousness, and would raise both hands over their heads and bow almost to the ground, always expressing with a pleasant smile

their gladness to see us amongst them. The country through which we drove, especially in crossing the mountains, was arid and uninteresting. Almost parallel with the beautiful smooth surface over which we were travelling was the old track or roadway, if it deserves the name, which has been in use for centuries. The caravans of camels and donkeys, which in order to avoid the toll always traverse this path, made a very picturesque feature of the landscape. These Ships of the Desert, as the camels are called, were transporting supplies from the coast and the rich valleys of Syria and Asia Minor to Damascus in the desert. Except to change horses, we made but one stop during the whole journey, and this was at the junction where a road leads to Baalbec, about half-way between Beirut and Damascus. We were very anxious to visit these famous ruins, perhaps the grandest in the world, and were deterred from doing so only by our unwillingness to submit to what we considered to be an imposition, for instead of charging us the fare from the junction to Baalbec, they insisted that we should pay all the way from Beirut in addition to the fare we had already paid to that point. This was too much opposed to our American ideas of fair play, so we abandoned the trip altogether. I regretted afterwards that we had not permitted ourselves to be imposed upon, rather than to have missed seeing these interesting ruins. After leaving the junction referred to above, we traversed a country in which one sees scarcely a blade of grass; from that point until one reaches Damascus it is a barren desert. Not a dwelling nor a tree is seen for miles and miles, when suddenly the City of Damascus comes in full view, and a thrill of delight passes through the mind at the sight of the green trees and flowering

meadows which go to make up this charming oasis. At about one league's distance from the City, the *diligence* reaches the River Bareda, and then comes what seems like a race between the *diligence* and the river. The horses are put at their highest speed, and the river, as it rushes and dashes and splashes along, seems almost to gain on the *diligence*. From that time until Damascus is reached, which seems but a few moments, the excitement is very great; the driver, the horses, the passengers, and even the *diligence* itself, all seem to partake of the general enthusiasm. The Bareda as it enters Damascus divides itself into three separate streams, each one taking a different course as it flows through the City, so that no portion is left without the cleansing and fertilizing effect of its waters.

When we alighted at our hotel we found a comfortable bath awaiting us, after which we sat down to an excellent dinner, and it was difficult to realize that we were now in the land of the Arab and the Bedouin. We were so little fatigued by the journey that I sat down with my staff officers and played several games of dummy-whist. Our representative here was a commercial agent; I am not quite sure of his nationality, but he was a subject of the Turkish Empire, and I think a Christian. He was bed-ridden, but was very anxious to meet me, so I called upon him in his bedroom. He was a fine-looking fellow, with a strongly marked Eastern face. He had never been to America, but was a most enthusiastic admirer of the country which he represented. Of course his health was such that he could not give us his personal attention, but his son, an intelligent young fellow, was untiring in his efforts to make things agreeable for us, and acted as our *cicerone* during the whole of our stay. Turkish towns are so much

alike, and the bazaars so nearly resemble one another, that what one sees in Constantinople he sees in every other place, perhaps on a smaller scale. The imperturbable Turk sits cross-legged on a sort of platform, which is a part of his store, and is surrounded by his wares. These bazaars are directly on the street; immediately behind the place where the proprietor sits is a doorway leading to a sort of warehouse, where he keeps an inexhaustible supply of the special article in which he deals. Each street has its specialty: there is a street for rugs, another for shoes, another for tinware, another for brassware, and so on. I was very much interested in an artificer of brassware. He was employed manufacturing plaques, which were repoussé work. He would place the plaque on a sort of anvil, or rather on that which served its purpose. This was an ordinary barrel sawed in half and then filled with pitch, which, when it hardened, would become the anvil. He would then place the plaque upon it, and it would present just resistance enough to enable him to work with ease. I purchased a couple of these plaques from him, and I prize them, not for their intrinsic value, but because they are very curious specimens of that particular art. Our guide showed us all there was to be seen in Damascus, which, after all, is not very much.

I went to church, and was surprised to see the Christian women masked like the Orientals. I did not know then that it was the custom, but it seems that it belongs to the East, and not to any particular sect. While the Mohammedans mask at all times, my impression is that the Christians and the Jews do so only on special occasions, for on visiting the Public Gardens, where the women assemble in great numbers, I have no recollection that any of them were masked. It was very in-

teresting to visit these gardens and witness the distinction amongst the different sects. The Christians would sit in clusters by themselves; at some distance from them would be an assemblage of Jewish women, and at about equal distances from these two sects would be the Mohammedans. Not a man was to be seen amongst them. The Oriental idea cannot brook anything which violates custom. The gardens were pretty places, filled with flowers and shrubbery, traversed by little streams diverted from the Bareda River, which added very much to the beauty of these places of resort. We would sit apart, smoking our narghiles and sipping coffee, while enjoying the novelty of the scene.

One of the most curious spectacles which I witnessed was the general bazaar, or market, where can be seen, if it might be so called, the peasantry of that part of the East selling their wares. Amongst others were some Bedouins of the desert, who scowled at us as if they would like to cut our throats—a thing they probably would have done if they had found us in some by-place where there would have been no fear of discovery. The time of the last massacre of the Christians was not so far remote as to make it entirely safe for them even then. When we went about the streets in our carriage, the driver would drive recklessly amongst the crowd, and I was in constant dread that he would kill some one, then we probably should have been mobbed outright, which, in all likelihood, would have been the end of us.

We saw the street spoken of in the Acts of the Apostles as "the street which is called Straight," which, as a matter of fact, is crooked; but great changes have taken place since the Apostles' days, and it may have been straight at that time. We were shown the place

in the wall where St. Paul was let down in a basket, and I can quite understand how the spot could have been marked, and known to generation after generation to the present time.

Damascus is said to be the oldest city in the world at this time. Our Consul at Beirut, Mr. Bissinger, who was an excellect Oriental scholar, gave me a list of the different places in the Bible where it is mentioned. I think they were eighteen in number, beginning with the Book of Genesis. The Turkish dog, which is of no particular breed, exists here in great numbers. As at Constantinople, they are the only scavengers, and but for their presence these Eastern cities would be more pestilential than they are now, for I doubt if the inhabitants would take the trouble to remove what the dogs devour. They are a noisy, yelping set, but so useful that they are never seriously molested; they are cuffed and kicked, as a matter of course, but never are killed. These dogs do not belong to any one, but might be considered the property of the State; they go on from generation to generation, unthought of and uncared for; their kennels are the street-corners, where may often be seen a mother with a litter of puppies. The noise of these brutes is something very annoying. I remember when I was lying in my Flag-ship, the *Kearsarge*, close to shore at Constantinople, every now and then I would hear a dog concert. I happened to look on shore one day, in the direction from which it came, when I saw a sentinel swinging one of these animals by the tail. He was yelping as if he were being killed, and all the dogs in the neighborhood joined in sympathetic concert. The sentinel had not much to entertain him, so he amused himself from time to time with this interesting diversion. Our *cicerone*, the son of the

Commercial Agent to whom I have referred, conducted us around amongst the different quarters of Damascus which were inhabited by the Christians, Jews, and Turks. The first two were more interesting than the other, for we were asked into the houses of the occupants, and invited to sit down and take a cup of coffee, in the most friendly way. The houses had surrounding them a sort of yard, or what the Spaniards would call a *patio;* here the family would assemble, and, although it was surrounded by a high wall, the gate was always open, and they would invite us to join them there, and when we accepted would appear extremely gratified. We made several efforts to get into a Moslem habitation, but without success. These people are prejudiced against strangers, and they feared the contamination of admitting them within their walls.

We had now seen all that there was to see in and about Damascus, and returned to the ship after an absence of five or six days. Soon after my arrival on board I got under way and went to Smyrna, where I arrived about the end of May. At this port I shifted my flag to the *Kearsarge*, as a vessel of the size of the *Pensacola* was not permitted, under the treaty between the great Powers and Turkey, to pass the Dardanelles. I sailed from Smyrna for Constantinople in the *Kearsarge*, and fully endorse all that has been said of the beauties of the approach to the Golden Horn; it is grand, even sublime, but I shall make no effort to describe it, for I do not feel that I could do justice to that about which so much has been often written by many skilful pens. Upon my arrival off the City, I went, accompanied by my staff, to call on our minister, Mr. Cox, commonly called "Sunset." I was very much pleased with the manner of his reception, for I might say that it was with open

arms; and I feel sure that he was extremely gratified to have an American Admiral within the limits of his bailiwick. Mrs. Cox, the charming wife of the Minister, was with him, and assisted him in doing the honors with ease and grace. Champagne began to flow, and the occasion was, I am sure, pleasing and satisfactory to all concerned. Every one who knew Mr. Cox is aware of what a kindly, genial gentleman he was, and how he excelled as a man of wit and *esprit*. I remember how he would often in a laughing way refer to his "damnation" (Dalmatian) servant, and would ring all the changes on a joke, and get out of it all there was in it. My intercourse with him, during my stay in and about Constantinople, was most agreeable, and it gives me much pleasure to record it here.

The day after my arrival the Sultan sent an officer on board to welcome me to the Sublime Porte, and to tell me how much pleasure it gave him to see an American Admiral there. He also detailed an officer of the Imperial Navy as my aide-de-camp, to be in constant attendance upon me as long as I remained in the waters of Constantinople. I found this aide most useful, for he had been directed by the Sultan to take me to the Imperial Treasury, a place of great interest, and also to show me the great palaces and other objects in and about the City which he thought it would be agreeable to see. At all of these places where it was worth while to take more than a passing glimpse we would rest awhile, and coffee would be served in the Sultan's cups and saucers, and we would smoke his cigarettes, and thus further fortify ourselves for sight-seeing. I drank so much coffee that day that I doubt if I slept much during the night.

Constantinople is traversed almost entirely by water,

for the streets are so rough and so constantly out of repair that it would be almost impossible to use carriages. The places of interest are almost all bordering the edge of these beautiful waters, so in any case the conveyance by water is more agreeable. The harbor is always filled with boats of every description, from the *Mouche* of the Ambassador, down to the tiniest craft of the rank and file. The *Mouche* to which I have referred is a small steam-yacht which is a very important part of the equipment of every Ambassador. In it he makes his official calls, his calls of etiquette, and his pleasure excursions. They can be seen flitting about at all times, just as one sees the diplomatic carriages driving around in any capital city. I do not know whether our Government allows one to our Minister, and perhaps Mr. Cox was obliged to pay for his out of his salary; I infer from the shabby appearance of the American *Mouche* that the latter was the case. I had, while I was there, a small steam-cutter built by Herreshoff, which answered my purposes for this kind of work admirably. Steam could be gotten up in her in about five minutes, so that, when I ordered her, by the time I was prepared to go she was at the gangway ready for work. The Turks took a great fancy to her, and the dockyard people borrowed her for the purpose of constructing a boat of the same pattern; they had her a good while longer than I intended they should, but they are proverbial for not doing things in a hurry. Besides these small steamers which I have just described, the great Powers keep always at Constantinople small seagoing steamers in which the Embassies, in case of necessity, could take refuge, for in this ill-regulated country there is no telling when an emergency might arise which would render such a step essential to personal safety.

One of the great functions in Constantinople is what is called the Salaamlic. This event occurs once every week. On that day the Sultan, attended by the ladies of the Harem and slaves, proceeds to the Mosque, which he enters, remaining for fifteen or twenty minutes at prayer. Most of the attendants await outside, and the horses are unhitched from the carriage which contains the Sultan's wives, for fear, I presume, that they might run away and wreck this precious cargo. In front of the Mosque a regiment of troops is drawn up as a body-guard to His Majesty, and the occasion is one of great ceremony and Turkish solemnity. A few privileged persons are permitted to occupy a position set apart for that purpose, where they can see all that is going on without being jostled by the crowd. I happened to be amongst the favored few, and so saw it all to great advantage. The Sultan was accompanied on the occasion upon which I was there by Osman Pasha, the hero of Plevna, who at that time was the close friend and adviser of His Majesty; they drove up together in an open buggy, and this part of the function seemed to me to be so simple and unpretending that I could hardly realize that it was a portion of this glittering pageant.

After the Salaamlic, to which I have just referred, the Sultan received our Minister and me at a private audience. The only persons present were His Majesty and his Chief Master of Ceremonies, who was also his interpreter, Mr. Cox, Mr. Garguilo, our dragoman, and I. As we entered the audience-chamber, the Sultan was standing, and gave me a most cordial grasp of the hand, just as he would have done to the President of the United States. We all then took seats, and he opened the conversation with me, through the Master of Ceremonies, for even if he had had a knowledge of English,

the same thing would have obtained; the etiquette is, that the Sultan never converses directly with a foreigner; he communicates what he has to say to his interpreter, he in turn to the dragoman of the foreigner; the dragoman then communicates it to the foreigner. The reply gets back to the Sultan by precisely the same process reversed. This renders conversation somewhat slow and rather tedious, but nevertheless we managed to have a good deal to say to each other. Amongst other things he asked me if I should see the President upon my return, and when I replied in the affirmative he asked me to congratulate him in his behalf upon his recent marriage, and also upon the success of his Administration. I promised that I would do so, which, as a matter of fact, I did at a private audience given to me by Mr. Cleveland on my return to the United States. While we were in the Sultan's audience-chamber the inevitable coffee and cigarettes were brought in, of which we partook while we carried on the conversation. He had also brought in to show me the model of an ironclad man-of-war which he proposed building, but I doubt if its keel has ever been laid. Abdul-Hamid, the Sultan about whom I have been writing, is the same who has come so prominently to the front during the recent troubles in Turkey, with regard to the Armenian massacres and the war with Greece about the Island of Crete. He impressed me, during the brief conversation I had with him, as a kindly man, whose face was expressive of good-nature and amiability, withal of a serious character, and sensible of the high responsibilities which his position imposed upon him. I have always thought that Mr. Gladstone's strictures on him were not altogether fair, for I have no doubt that so far as in him lay he did all that he could to suppress the ir-

regularities in his Empire. Between the fear of assassination and the desire to benefit his subjects, he has for a long time been between the hither and the nether millstone. I doubt if he is a man of the sturdy courage of his predecessors, for during the rebellion of Arabi Pasha in Egypt he sent for Lew. Wallace, our Minister at that time, with whom he was on very intimate terms, and asked his advice as to what he should do. Wallace said to him: "My advice to your Majesty is to put yourself at the head of ten thousand men, go to Egypt in person, and the rebellion will be crushed out at once." He immediately had a sort of paroxysm, and called upon his attendants to have the Minister taken out of the room, but, instantly recovering himself, he saw the error he had committed and became reasonable. The race of great Sultans has long since disappeared, and will probably never be seen again. Their headquarters were in the field, and the life they led was calculated to produce rugged warriors, while the mode of life of the Sultans at present can only produce effeminate men.

During the first part of my stay at Constantinople I kept the ship at anchor off Topane, where the Ambassadors' gunboats are moored. It seems the most convenient point from which to reach the heart of the City. Later on, I took her up the Bosphorus and anchored at a place called Buyukdere, near the entrance of the Black Sea. At this point I was near Therapia, which is beautifully situated on the Bosphorus, and the resort of all the Diplomatic Corps during the summer months. The Bosphorus is more like a canal than an arm of the sea. Its shores on both sides are lined with palaces, the occupants of which step out of their front doors into their boats, which stop the way just as a carriage does in the street. There is no room for a vehicle of any

description, the distance between the door and the water being only a few feet. Indeed, the Bosphorus resembles the Grand Canal at Venice more than anything else to which I can compare it, and, if the gondolas were there, one could easily imagine himself in that unique city. The houses at which I visited most frequently while at Therapia were those of Sir Edward Thornton, the British Ambassador, and our Consul-General, Mr. Heap. Our Minister, Mr. Cox, was passing this summer at Prinkapo instead of at Therapia, as was his usual custom. The Thorntons were very polite to us, and gave us dinners and entertainments of all sorts. Lieutenant Potts, my Secretary, was a guest at their house for several days. The hospitable home of our Consul-General was always open to us, and evening after evening we assembled there for a rubber of whist. I would occasionally take my steam-cutter and run up into the Black Sea, but the contrast between its murky waters and the sunny Bosphorus was so great that I was always glad to get back again.

Thus passed a week or ten days in this lovely spot most agreeably, but it was time for me to be again on the move. I bade farewell to these pleasant shores, and in a few hours the *Kearsarge* was at anchor off the Island of Prinkapo, one of the Princess Islands, which form a group in the Sea of Marmora. Within a few hundred yards of the place where the ship was anchored stood the palace of an Armenian, Mr. Azarian, who was a naturalized American citizen. He had married an American woman, who was very proud of her country, and she urged me to make her house my home during my stay in those waters. She told me, moreover, that I must have with me a member of my staff and my servant; in fact, she said, "You must here make your *keiff*,"

which is an Eastern word to express positive and entire comfort. I passed a charming week with this interesting family. Mrs. and Miss Azarian were very intimate with most of the diplomatic people in Constantinople, and often on Saturdays the Thorntons and other young ladies from the different Embassies would come down to Prinkapo as their guests. The Secretaries and Attachés would also be on hand, so the times were very lively until Monday morning, when the men would return to the City. The house was very bright during their stay; there were games of all kinds, and music and flirting, which would continue into the small hours of the morning. We sat down to dinner at nine o'clock, and generally arose about midnight, when the evening would just begin. I would generally take advantage of some moment of confusion to steal off to bed. My room was so far removed from the sound of revelry which would naturally follow a dinner of three hours' duration as not to cause me any inconvenience or interfere at all with my slumbers. The Orientals have a custom of placing near the head of the bed of every guest a jar of sweet substance, somewhat resembling marmalade, which they call "Turkish delight." I would console myself with a little of this, and forget the joys that I was missing below. The *Kearsarge* was lying so close to the Azarian palace that the band could be as distinctly heard as if it was in the house on shore. This proximity of the ship to the shore was a source of great pleasure to all parties, for there was a constant change of civilities of one kind or another going on from morning to night. Our Minister, Mr. Cox, and his wife were passing the summer quietly at Prinkapo at this time, and I had the advantage of seeing a great deal of them during my visit to the Azarians. I remember with much pleasure

a breakfast I had with them the day before I left the island.

The servant who accompanied me to the house of Mrs. Azarian was a handsome mulatto named David. He was always a great favorite at the hotels where he happened to be with me. He would sit at the table of the host with the couriers and people of that class, and knew how to make himself agreeable. At the Azarians' there was a rather pretty English nursery governess; she and David happened to be thrown a great deal together. One day David wrote a note to her containing a proposal of marriage. We all considered it a good joke, but one of the young ladies of the family said that the governess had confided to her that if David had been a young man of better family she might have considered his proposition. As it was, however, she rejected him, and I do not think he ever quite got over it, for he was never the same afterwards. I was obliged soon to send him home, for I could never get any good out of him after the love affair.

There was an American *prima donna* at Constantinople at this time known as Mrs. Byron, who had taken a troupe of singers there for the Grand Opera, and was her own *impresario*. The result was a dismal failure. We all felt sorry for her, and were anxious to assist her in her difficulties. I first met her at the Salaamlic, and she afterwards came on board ship to see me. She happened to learn that the Sultan was going to give me a dinner, and the object of this visit was in connection with that event; she was accompanied on this occasion by our Secretary of Legation, who desired to befriend her. She had sung, I think, at one of the Sultan's dinners, and I believe had received after her performance a hundred-pound note. She thought if

she could be engaged for the dinner that was to be given to me, the same good-fortune would attend her. It was agreed that our dragoman should see the Chief Master of Ceremonies, who would naturally ask him how the American Admiral could best be entertained, which, as a matter of fact, he did. Our dragoman, Mr. Garguilo, who was a bright Italian, replied at once that he thought the Admiral would like to hear some American songs. The Master of Ceremonies said, at once, "How is it possible for us to find some one in Turkey to sing American songs?" whereupon Garguilo suggested to him that Mrs. Byron, the American *prima donna*, would be the very person he wanted for that purpose. The Oriental mind at once seized upon this idea, thought it a good one, and thought also that it might be arranged. Nothing, however, came of it, for the Sultan does not always appear at the dinners which he gives to strangers—I believe he seldom does—therefore such a plan as we had been trying to manage could not be carried out. As he did not appear at the dinner given to me, poor Mrs. Byron did not get her five hundred dollars, and our little scheme to put some money into her pocket fell to the ground. She bettered her condition, later on, by marrying Colonel Mapleson, who arranged engagements for her and brought her to Washington, where she was entertained at the White House during the administration of President Harrison.

It will perhaps be remembered by many that the Sultan presented General Grant, on the occasion of his visit to Constantinople, with a pair of gray Arabian horses. The General did not care to accept so valuable a present, but finally consented to take one horse. His friends, however, urged him to accept another, which he finally agreed

to do. When the second horse was sent it turned out to be a black one. Our dragoman, however, who was always ready for any emergency, went immediately to headquarters, and informed them there that the Presidents of the United States rode on white horses, having in mind perhaps "Old Whitey" and President Taylor. Now, if there is anything which the Oriental mind holds dear, it is precedent and custom, so the black horse was withdrawn and the gray one substituted. I cannot vouch for the truth of this story, but it was told me by those who were present at the time and were parties to the transaction.

In reference to the dinner given to me by the Sultan, to which I have referred above, I think I cannot do better than to insert here an extract from my letter to the Department about that time, as follows: "I have been assured by the Minister that my stay in the waters of Constantinople has been productive of great satisfaction, not only to the Legation, but to the various religious and educational establishments which exist there and in that vicinity, and which are almost entirely American in their character. I took occasion to visit with my staff the American (Robert) College and the American Female Seminary, at the time of their respective Commencements. I was much gratified to find that they felt that their positions were greatly strengthened by the presence of an American man-of-war, and the sight of the Flag in their midst seemed to encourage them to renewed efforts in the good work in which they are engaged. I also visited an American establishment in Stamboul, called the 'Bible House,' which is under the management of the Rev. Dr. Bliss, a Presbyterian Clergyman. At this place is published the Bible in many languages, as are also other books of a

kindred nature. Dr. Bliss called on board the *Kearsarge*, and especially requested that I should visit him there, which I did with very great interest, and I think with much gratification to himself and all his employés. I was very much surprised and pleased to find in the midst of a people almost entirely Mohammedan this Christian Institution, conducted and managed as it might have been had it existed in an American city, instead of in Stamboul, and I am satisfied that it is doing a great deal of good amongst the Christians of the Turkish Empire. My relations with Mr. Cox, our Minister, have been of the most agreeable and cordial nature, and we have always been in accord in everything that has been done during my presence in these waters, in my efforts to uphold the American name, which I am happy to say is highly esteemed throughout the whole East. On the 7th instant the Sultan entertained us at dinner, and was represented by the Minister of Marine. In the adjoining room were also entertained fifty of the *Kearsarge's* crew, and he further extended his civilities by sending on board, to those who were not at the dinner, an entertainment of the same character. Mr. Cox accompanied us to the dinner at the Palace, and made some very happy and appropriate remarks on the occasion. On the following day the Sultan sent his son, the Prince Imperial, on board, as his representative, to visit the *Kearsarge;* the appropriate honors were extended to him, and he made a speech to the officers and crew expressive of the Sultan's gratification at the presence of the ship at the Sublime Porte, and of his desire to make our stay there as agreeable as possible, to which I made a suitable reply. On the 9th instant the Sultan received the Minister and myself in a private audience, at which he was most cordial in his

manner, and where he expressed himself in terms of the greatest friendship towards the President of the United States."

In addition to the despatch from which I have just quoted, I sent a special one to the Department in reference to the conversation I had with the Sultan about the President. It was as follows:

"PIRÆUS, GREECE, *July 13th*, 1886.

"Hon. W. C. WHITNEY, Secretary of the Navy.

"*Sir*,—I have the honor to inform the Department that at an audience with the Sultan of Turkey of the 9th inst. he was so marked in his desire that I should convey to the President of the United States the expression of the high regard and esteem in which he held him, as well as his most cordial congratulations upon his recent marriage, that I feel it my duty to make a special despatch upon this subject. Had he made this request casually, I should have merely regarded it as one of the compliments usually paid on such occasions; but after conversing with him awhile upon other subjects he returned to it again, and in an earnest and especial manner requested that I should not forget to convey his messages to the President; I therefore place this despatch in the hands of the Department, in order that if it sees fit it may make known its contents to the President, and feel that I have thus fulfilled the obligations which the Sultan imposed upon me.

"Very respectfully,

"(Signed) S. R. FRANKLIN,

"Rear-Admiral U. S. Navy,

"Commanding U. S. Naval Force on European Station."

CHAPTER XXIX

Athens and the Greek Islands—Sea-Bathing at Leghorn—Americans in Italy—Society in Genoa—Eastward Again—Winter in Alexandria—Marvels of Our Consular System—An Agreeable Visit—Mrs. Franklin at Athens—Royal Hospitalities—Visit of the King and Queen—Domestic Dinner at the Palace.

I HAD now been several weeks in the waters of the Turkish Empire, and had, I thought, accomplished the object of my visit to that part of my Station. I got under way from Prinkapo, and rejoined the *Pensacola* at the Island of Syra. I then went to Piræus and Phalerum Bay. From the latter place I was, together with my staff and Commander Sigsbee, of the *Kearsarge*, presented to King George of Greece by our Minister at Athens, Mr. Fearn. Commander Sigsbee is the gallant officer who commanded the *Maine*, and behaved so handsomely when his ship was wrecked by an explosion in the harbor of Havana. The King, on the following day, visited the *Pensacola* and *Kearsarge*, when we manned the yards and gave him a Royal salute. Mr. Fearn, our Minister, was an agreeable man, and had a most interesting family; they did great credit to the United States in representing us as they did there, and were great favorites with the best people, as well as with the Royal family. A few years ago he was appointed one of the Judges of the International Court in Cairo. When last I heard of him I am sorry to say he was very ill.

I sailed from Phalerum Bay, which is near Athens, on the 20th of July, and arrived at the Island of Zante the next day. A friend of mine, Mr. Phocian Barf, a resident of Naples, had large interests at this island, and was the proprietor of a very pretty estate there. He had requested me if I went to Zante to visit his place, telling me, at the same time, that probably he would not be there himself, but would like me to see it. I accordingly paid it a visit, but found no one but the steward. When he discovered who I was, he placed in my hands a package which he said he had orders to give to me in case I should come to Zante. When I opened it I found, to my surprise, that it contained several dozen doilies, made in varieties of patterns, and of the most delicate fibre. It was a beautiful present, and, as the proprietor was not there, there was nothing for me to do but accept it, which I did.

I had now completed my cruising in the East, and sailed from Zante for the coast of Italy, arriving at Leghorn in the latter part of July. It was the height of the bathing season, and the place was filled with strangers from Rome and Florence and all the surrounding country. My wife, who had been in Switzerland during my cruise to the East, joined me here, and we took up our quarters at the Grand Hotel. The sea-bathing of Leghorn is, to my mind, the finest in the world; the water is beautifully clear, and the temperature most agreeable. The bathing-houses, or *baraccas*, as they are called, are so constructed as to project over the sea, as there is no beach like that to which we are accustomed in this country. The bathers enter the *baracca* from the shore side, and, when ready for the bath, descend a ladder into the water, which is about four feet deep; then, by raising a sort of canvas flap, which is on the

outside, they emerge into the ocean and find any depth they may desire. This system does away with the awkwardness of walking down a long beach to the water, which is embarrassing to so many. There one suddenly appears to the spectators with only his head above water, and so can remain, if he desires, through the whole of his bath. Stockings are never worn by the ladies, for it is entirely unnecessary, since their feet are never seen. I remember on one occasion an American woman appeared upon the scene encased in black stockings; she produced a sensation like unto that which would take place with us if the situation were reversed. I took almost daily swims at these beautiful baths, which were rendered very attractive, not only by their convenience, but also on account of their pretty surroundings. Within a stone's-throw of them was the Grand Hotel, one of the finest in Europe, and closer still were a number of excellent restaurants, where one could dine or breakfast in great comfort after the bath. The officers of the ship and those of their wives who were present were constant patrons of these baths. There was nothing in Leghorn that gave us more pleasure or rendered our stay there more agreeable than this daily diversion. I call to mind a little incident which occurred one day while I was swimming along that amused me at the time, and still amuses me when I think of it. Ensign Eames, the brother of the celebrated Emma Eames, was swimming in the opposite direction, and when he came abreast of me he brought himself to an upright position, and, treading water for an instant, gave me a full military salute and passed on. Eames was always ready for a joke, even to not ignoring the Commander-in-Chief, under any circumstances whatsoever.

There were several American Countesses at Leghorn at this time, amongst others the Countess Gianotti, whose husband held a high position in the household of the King of Italy. She was, before she married, a Miss Kinney. Another was the Countess Gherardesca, formerly a Miss Fisher, of New York. Both of them were excellent specimens of American women, and were both very much respected in Rome and Florence, where they respectively resided. My friend Mr. Fabricatti, whom I have mentioned before in the course of this narrative, gave me a dinner-party. Amongst the guests was Count Gianotti. Although, as I have stated above, he held a high position at Court, he seemed to go upon his summer travels without a dress-coat; thus the host was obliged to ask us to appear in frock-coats, in order to conform to this peculiarity of the Count. One of the most agreeable families residing at Leghorn at this time was that of Mr. Torrey, who was formerly our Consul at Carrara; he lives here in great ease and comfort. At his table would be found green-corn and buckwheat-cakes, the products of his own country-place, and given to his American guests to remind them of their own native land. His daughter married an American Naval Officer named Berwin; they reside in New York, and I think are very prosperous. I believe he is still on the retired list of the Navy.

I left Leghorn late in September, and went with the *Pensacola* to Genoa; went on shore and took up my quarters at the Hôtel du Parc. It was surrounded with beautiful gardens enclosed by high walls, which gave it, shut in as it was, the appearance of a beautiful *château;* indeed, it was formerly the residence of an Italian nobleman. We lived there very comfortably for several weeks. Amongst the distinguished guests that were

there at the time we were was the Comte de Paris. He seemed to be on easy terms with the landlady, considering the difference in their stations in life. We could hear them chattering away from where we would sit in the garden. I think he found her a good-natured person, and amused himself by gossiping with her. The Prince also knew very well Madame Garcia, a woman of Buenos Ayres; her husband had been the Argentine Minister to the United States some years before; she was at our hotel, and seemed to be an old acquaintance of the Count's. Madame Garcia was a cousin of Manuelita, the daughter of the famous Dictator of Buenos Ayres, Rosas, who held all that country in a state of terror fifty years ago. Manuelita was a great friend of American Naval Officers in those days, and there are some now living who no doubt remember her with pleasure, for she was a great favorite, although the daughter of a bloodthirsty tyrant. Our Consul at Genoa at this time was a Mr. Fletcher, an excellent officer, who I believe still occupies that position. He was a great friend of Miss Folsom's, who afterwards became the wife of President Cleveland; she and her mother spent a long time in Genoa, and Mr. Fletcher was very kind and attentive to them while they were there. Mrs. Folsom was quite an invalid at the time, which I think caused them to make the protracted stay at Genoa. On one occasion during the cruise they both made a visit to the *Pensacola*, but I was not on board at the time. Mrs. Cleveland talked to me afterwards about the visit, after she had become the wife of the President of the United States. As a great secret my wife and I were taken to see a marble bust of Miss Folsom which was being made by a sculptor in Genoa; it was the intention of Mrs. Cleveland to surprise her husband by pre-

senting it to him on the first Christmas after their marriage, which, as a matter of fact, she did.

About this time the cholera made its appearance in Genoa. The Consul came on board and informed me that it was spreading rapidly, so there was nothing to do but leave at once. The Surgeon went on shore and obtained a clean bill of health, when I got under way immediately and sailed for Villefranche. There we were subjected to a quarantine of twenty-four hours, and as there were no evidences of the disease on board we were permitted to land at the expiration of that time. I had received an order from the Navy Department, at the suggestion of the Department of State, to send one of the ships of the Squadron to the coast of Africa. I directed the *Quinebaug* to hold herself in readiness for this service, and despatched her, as soon as she was prepared for her cruise, to that part of the Station. As it was important that our flag should be constantly shown in the East, I sailed myself for Alexandria soon afterwards, touching at Palermo and Malta *en route*. I passed but a few days at each of these places, having found nothing of importance at either of them to detain me longer. Our Consul at the former port was Dr. Lee, who had been an official of the Department of State, and was well adapted to the position which he occupied. Palermo is a pretty Sicilian city, built with the regularity of an American town, the two principal streets crossing each other at right angles, having a small square at their intersection, resembling very much in that respect our Pennsylvania cities. On a former occasion when I visited this port, in consequence of the brigandage then existing, it was not safe to wander far beyond the limits of the city, but now it was all changed. Palermo is not an interesting city to the

ordinary tourist, but to the archæologist the Island of Sicily is full of objects of the deepest interest.

At Malta I found the Duke of Edinburgh with the British Fleet. I had met him there on a former visit to this island, as I have stated in another part of this narrative. We exchanged civilities, and I received every attention from him and the British authorities of the port, as I always did at their Military Posts. I remained here but a few days, when I made the best of my way to Alexandria, where I arrived on the 11th of December. I passed nearly the whole of the winter at this place, staying most of the time on board ship, where I was very comfortable—far more so than I could have been on shore. The members of my staff messed with me, and as I had a good steward and an excellent French *chef*, we lived delightfully; and so in this delicious winter climate the three months that we were there passed pleasantly away. Lieutenant Staunton and Potts, of my staff, and Lieutenant Alger, when he could be spared from duty, would go to the Club nearly every day after luncheon and have a rubber of whist. This recreation we kept up pretty much all the time we were there; indeed, without it I think our existence would have been dull and monotonous enough, but with this amusement the afternoons went like a flash. I would return on board ship towards dinner-time, and after dining would devote myself to reading and exercise; I would generally walk the bridge for two hours, and feel that I had then accomplished all the constitutional that I required. I made it a rule not to dine out while I was here, for the trouble and exposure to which it would have subjected me deterred me from it. My cabin was so comfortable, and even luxurious, that I was entirely contented on board. I was often urged to

break through my resolution, but I was inexorable. The Club people of Alexandria were extremely polite to us; several Clubs were placed at our disposition during the whole of our stay; they would not entertain any proposal to pay for their use as ordinary subscribers did. These Clubs were delightful places of resort; they were furnished in the very best style, and I have seen none more comfortable in any part of the world. Of course, they are kept up entirely by foreigners, generally men of wealth. In going to and returning from the Club we would almost always drive. The horses, although rather scrubby-looking, were all more or less thoroughbred. The street which we traversed was generally filled with people, but the drivers did not seem to heed that, and would dash along at a fearful rate, so that I was in constant dread lest some one should be killed.

What struck me as most peculiar was that here in a seaport of more than two hundred thousand people there was no American Consul. Americans were constantly passing through on their way to the Pyramids and the Nile, and yet the only person who could at all serve their interests was a sort of Commercial Agent, who, at the time I was there, was either a Missionary or a School-teacher, or perhaps both. I remember how difficult it was to find him. I have spoken of this want at home, but I doubt if any measures have been taken to remedy it. It is difficult to understand the workings of our Consular system, but we are all the time hoping for better things in this branch of the public service.

The incident which I remember most distinctly while at Alexandria was a sand-storm. These do not often occur, but when they do they are about as unpleasant as any storm could be. The wind blows a gale as it

drives across the great Desert of Sahara, bringing with it not only clouds of sand, but, one might say, thick mists of it, filling the air, and penetrating everything, even to the ears and eyes. In passing over the ship it would find its way into every crevice and crack and key-hole. Nothing could escape it, the hair and tooth brushes were filled with it, and after the storm subsided there had to be a general cleaning-up of everything. While this storm was upon us, although then not as severe as it afterwards became, there appeared upon the scene, as if she had come on the wings of the wind itself, a charming young woman whom I had known from her childhood—Mrs. Mason, the wife of Lieutenant Mason, who was then in China. She was on her way, alone, to join him there. She was a brave woman, but she was so womanly and attractive that the passengers took the greatest interest in her, and were constantly ministering to her wants. She had come in one of the P. & O. steamers to Alexandria, whence she would take the train to a point on the Red Sea where she would reembark for the far East. She happened upon us just at breakfast-time, and I know it gave her pleasure to be there, as it did us to have her. I feel sure that we all enjoyed our meal the more for having her with us, and that she felt happy at being once more under the folds of the American Flag. The wind had increased considerably while we were at breakfast, and I felt some concern about sending her ashore; but it was necessary for her to go and catch the train or miss her passage in the steamer, and she was the daughter of an Admiral and a sailor's wife, and seemed to have no hesitation about making the effort. I placed her in the steam-cutter and gave her in charge of Lieutenant Potts, of my staff, with the injunction that he had the care of

a precious cargo, and that he must see to it that it was safely landed. As the tiny craft left the ship, pitching and tumbling and tossing about, I watched her with profound anxiety; and when I saw her turn the point which placed her in smooth water, I heaved a sigh of intense relief. The days of the three months passed at Alexandria were so much alike that but for the few incidents that I have mentioned one was only the repetition of another. Upon the whole, however, the retrospect is pleasant, notwithstanding its monotony, and I am glad to have had this experience.

I sailed from Alexandria, and reached Piræus about the middle of February. I had recently received an order from the Navy Department to send Lieutenant Staunton, of my staff, off upon special duty connected with the Office of Intelligence at Washington. I accordingly despatched him at this point, and, as Mrs. Franklin was on her way from Switzerland to join me at Athens, it was convenient for him so to time it as to meet her at Brindisi *en route*. He accordingly did so, and placed her on board a little Greek steamer bound for Corinth. It can be easily imagined what kind of a craft it was, for when she called for the stewardess a small boy presented himself and said that he was the stewardess, and that there was no woman except herself on board. However, although this condition of things was not encouraging, she arrived safely at Corinth, where she was met by her son, Cadet Dutton, and me, when we went by train to Athens. Since that day a canal piercing the Isthmus has been opened, so that steamers can go directly there by water. Upon our arrival we went to the Hôtel Grande Bretagne, where we took up our quarters and remained during the stay of the *Pensacola* at Piræus.

Mr. Fearn was still our Minister at Athens. He gave a handsome entertainment soon after our arrival, at which their Majesties the King and Queen of Greece were present. Mrs. Franklin, who had just arrived, met them there for the first time, and was presented to them that night. The Queen afterwards sent for her and gave her a private audience at the palace. Their Majesties then gave me a state dinner, at which my wife was one of the guests. There were about thirty of us altogether. It was a very pretty affair, and seemed to me to be an enjoyable occasion for every one. As it was the season of Lent when we were at Athens, society was quite at a stand-still; there were no entertainments save those of the most quiet kind. We dined with the French Minister and breakfasted at our Legation, where we met Mr. Tricoupis, the Prime Minister of Greece, and one of her most distinguished men. These, and a few teas, were about all the affairs of that nature which took place during our stay. We passed most of our evenings at our hotel, after dinner retiring to the coffee-room, where we would generally meet some agreeable Greeks and Americans, and spend an hour or two with them.

I invited the Royal family to visit me on board the *Pensacola*, and to take the mid-day meal with me, dinner or luncheon. It was really a dinner, for the distance of Piræus from Athens, and the fact that they had to go afloat, would have made it very inconvenient for them to go on board at night and return afterwards to Athens. Besides that, they were very fond of going on board ship, and I felt sure they would like to pass the afternoon there, which, as a matter of fact, they did. At the appointed time their Majesties came, accompanied by all the members of the Royal family. I invited our Minis-

ter and his wife, Captain Dewey,* and some of the principal officers of the ship. My Staff-officers, Lieutenant Sargent and my step-son, Cadet Arthur H. Dutton, were also amongst the guests. The dinner passed off, as it seemed to me, very pleasantly; there was no restraint, and as soon as the wine began to flow the conversation became general and animated. The band was some distance removed from the cabin, so that, while we enjoyed the music, our conversation was not at all disturbed by it. When the King came on board the yards were manned and a Royal salute was fired. The battalion of blue-jackets and marines were put in full uniform, and drilled in the presence of their Majesties. The troops were then marched around the deck to the music of the band, and the whole scene was attractive and interesting. Towards evening the Royal family took their leave, apparently much gratified by their day on board.

Except to the archæologist, there is not much of interest to be seen in or about Athens. We went to Eleusis, the scene of the mysteries, and lunched in the Temple of Ceres. We were frequent visitors to the Acropolis, and often strolled amidst its beautiful ruins. We never tired of gazing upon the Parthenon, with its exquisite proportions, mutilated as they are by the vandalism of both Christians and Moslems. We would stroll about amongst the columns of the ruined Temple of Jupiter

* Since writing the foregoing, Captain Dewey has been promoted, and is now Commodore Dewey, commanding our Fleet in the East. He has just gained a most brilliant victory, has annihilated the Spanish Fleet at the Philippine Islands, and has, no doubt, by this time possession of the whole group. The country is now anxiously awaiting his report, filled with gratitude for what is already known, but it will not be satisfied until this gallant achievement is rewarded by the promotion of Commodore Dewey, and by a vote of the thanks of Congress, both of which would be well merited and richly deserved.

Olympus, some of which are still standing, marking the site and bearing witness to the grandeur of this beautiful structure of many centuries ago. We would sometimes pause in our walks and take a seat in an ancient Theatre, the ruins of which are not so complete but that marble seats are still there, with the initials of the owners yet upon them, which time has not entirely obliterated. The names of the streets still remind one of the ancient Greeks, for many of them bear the names of their distinguished Poets and Warriors. The modern Athens is well built, and, if water is ever introduced into it, promises some day to be a beautiful city. What it now wants is a sprinkling of green trees amongst its buildings, which are at present all white, and not a blade of grass exists to relieve the eye. The King told me that he had formulated a plan by which water was to be introduced into the City from a point a good many miles distant, for there was none available in any quantity close by. If he is successful, there is no reason why Athens should not be one of the most beautiful cities in the East.

I was very much struck with a peculiar custom of the Athenians in burying their dead. The body is borne upon a bier, dressed in the same costume that it was in the habit of wearing when living. The face is exposed to view and is painted so as to make it, as much as possible, resemble life. It is thus borne along the streets in procession, the mourners and other followers all being on foot. As it passes along the curious gaze upon the painted face of the dead, and perhaps think it a pleasant sight; to me it was ghastly beyond expression.

The time had now arrived which I had fixed for leaving the East. I determined to take a leave of absence, go to Venice, and pass down through Italy to Ville-

franche, which I eventually did. I had taken my passage in one of the Austrian Lloyds steamers for Sunday evening. On Friday the King sent one of his aides to me with an invitation to my wife, my step-son, Cadet Dutton, of my staff, and me to dine quietly with him and the Queen on Saturday night, requesting at the same time that I should not wear my uniform, but should come in a plain evening suit. Mrs. Franklin and I were glad to accept, because we knew that we were going to meet the Royal family at a family dinner such as they had every day. At the appointed time we appeared at the palace, and were met at the drawing-room door by His Majesty himself. As we entered the room, my wife made her reverence to the Queen, and was about to kiss her hand, when she said, "No, that must not be," and kissed her on the cheek; I regretted that it was not the custom to serve us both alike. I then kissed her hand, and the reception was accomplished. In a few moments dinner was announced, when the King gave his arm to Mrs. Franklin, and I gave mine to the Queen. At state dinners the Royal family always sit together, but on this occasion my wife sat on the King's right, and I, on the opposite side of the table, sat at the right of the Queen. The Royal children who were old enough sat at the table, and the younger ones hovered around us as we dined. Towards the end of the dinner, when it was time for the youngest to go to bed, he lingered, as if not quite ready to go, when the Queen said, "Do you know why he is hesitating about going?" and when my wife replied in the negative she said, "He has been promised that he might kiss you good-night, and that is what he is waiting for." This dinner was absolutely simple, just such as one might partake of at the house of any gentleman, at which no

special preparations whatsoever had been made. There was red and white still wine on the table, but no champagne. There were no maids of honor, no gentlemen-in-waiting, absolutely no one but the Royal family and ourselves. After dinner we adjourned to the library, where His Majesty and I smoked our cigars, and the Queen and Mrs. Franklin joined us there. The little Princesses amused us by grinding a sort of organ-piano. A heavy frame containing the music that was to be played would be roused about by these girls and placed in the piano, when they would go to work and grind like mad. It was very interesting to see their efforts to entertain their parents' guests, for it seemed to give them so much pleasure to do it. After they had kept this up for a while, they retired, and at the proper time we took leave. The Queen kissed Mrs. Franklin good-bye, and we returned to our hotel, having passed a most agreeable evening.

King George is the same Monarch who has so recently come before the public in the Greco-Turkish war. My pleasant acquaintance with him and his charming Queen added very much to the interest I felt in the late conflict. My sympathies would have been, in any case, with the Greeks, but this feeling was very much intensified by my personal acquaintance with these interesting Sovereigns. The King of Greece and his family are the only persons in the kingdom who have titles of nobility. Every other Greek, with the exception of the officers of the Army and Navy, never mind how exalted his station, is simply Mister. The Government is Republican in its character, with an hereditary ruler, who has the title of King; in all other respects it resembles a pure Democracy. I visited the Parliament, which consists of one Chamber, and was very much impressed with the dignity and simplicity of that body.

CHAPTER XXX

A Run through Italy—Trieste, Venice, and Bologna—Life at Beaulieu—Cadets in a Collision—The Baths of Lucca—Country Excursions—Retirement from Active Service—Ceremonies of Farewell—Home Again.

On the Sunday following the dinner which I have just described I gave a parting breakfast to our Minister and his interesting family, and embarked that evening on one of the Austrian Lloyds steamers for Trieste. We had a pleasant run up the Adriatic, touching at Corfu *en route*. Just before entering the port we had an ugly collision with a brig, which carried away her bowsprit and broke in our rail on the starboard quarter. It was quite dark, and the grinding noise of the two vessels as they scraped by each other was most unpleasant; but when I went on deck and heard the cocks crowing on shore I felt that if the worst should happen assistance was not far off. As it was, the damage was slight, and we were thankful to get off so easy. We merely touched at this beautiful island, and kept on our way to Trieste, where we arrived after the usual passage. The only incident besides the collision that impressed itself upon my mind during the passage was the fact that the agent of the company, who happened to be on a tour of inspection, drank every day at breakfast two bottles of red wine, and two also at dinner. Towards the end of the second bottle he would become exceedingly amiable and very

talkative. We remained at Trieste only a portion of a day, but took advantage of our presence there to visit Miramar, that beautiful spot where Maximilian and Carlotta had passed so many happy days together, and we could not help contemplating the sad fate which befell them both. The former, as is well known, became the Emperor of Mexico, and was shot, while Carlotta's life has been one of sadness ever since.

We left for Venice by steamer about midnight, and reached that lovely place early in the morning. The approach was beautiful as we steamed along the Lido over a sea as smooth as a mirror, with hardly wind enough to fill the sails of all colors which were carried on the tiny craft amongst which we threaded our way towards the Grand Canal. We took up our quarters at the Hôtel de l'Europe, not far from where the steamer anchored, and were comfortably lodged in our apartment, in which it is said Verdi composed the opera "Luisa Miller." Lieutenant Sargent, my Flag-Lieutenant, accompanied me from Athens. He sent for his wife, and we thus had a *partie carrée*. We did in Venice what everybody else does — went about in the gondola together, and saw all the sights. Amongst other things we did was to have our photographs taken while in the gondola, a trifling matter, which I mention only because our gondoliers, who were oldish fellows, and generally wore common though good clothes, got themselves up in their best garments for this, which to them was a grand occasion. They looked so different from what they did ordinarily that it was really pathetic to see the old fellows doing honor to their patrons in this way. When we were not doing the City in the gondola, we would lounge about the narrow streets, drift into the shops, and sometimes find a bargain. One day we happened

to see a time-worn but beautiful engraving of the Blessed Virgin made from one of Rafael's paintings; we priced it and were told it was fifty centimes (ten cents). We lost no time in clinching the bargain, and it is now, having been cleaned and framed, hanging up in my dressing-room at home. After we had passed a fortnight in Venice, we left for Nice, touching at Bologna on the way. In wandering about the latter city, I drifted into an umbrella store, and purchased what seemed to me to be a purely Yankee invention, although I had never seen one in this country. This was an umbrella that was opened by merely touching a spring in the handle, and it responded immediately. I was perhaps induced to purchase it because it seemed to me so strange that a labor-saving machine like this should be found in the ancient city of Bologna, where labor is a drug in the market. From Bologna we continued our journey, and took up our quarters, upon reaching the neighborhood of Nice, at Beaulieu, a pretty little village not far from Villefranche, situated between Nice and Monte Carlo. The hotel at which we stopped was prettily situated on the direct carriage-road between Nice and Monaco, which was rendered quite gay by the frequenters of Monte Carlo, many of whom preferred driving to going there by train.

Amongst the sojourners at Nice at this time were the popular Russian Minister, M. de Struve, and his attractive wife. He did us the honor of inviting us to breakfast, and gave us as a *pousse-café* some vodki, a Russian drink which corresponds with our whiskey. I found it very palatable, but strong enough to take the top of one's head off. They came on board the *Pensacola*, and gave us the pleasure of their company for part of the afternoon. Struve gave us some lessons in the use

of the samovar, which was very useful to us afterwards, for without a knowledge of how to manage it, although it is very useful at a tea entertainment it is very difficult to manipulate; I know of one instance in Washington where the tea was put into the boiler, and when the contents were drawn off the result was a kind of tea-soup. The samovar is really only a tea-kettle, a portion of which is the furnace that keeps the water continually boiling. It is of much use in the country where they have not hot and cold water constantly at hand; and in Russia the samovar is very useful. Where one is travelling, he finds them of all sizes at his tavern; if he desires a bath, a large one is sent to his room; if only a cup of tea, a small one. With the Russians they seem almost indispensable.

While we were living at Beaulieu, the *Pensacola* was lying at Villefranche. The distance around Cape Ferrat by boat was several miles, counting from one of these points to the other, but there was a very narrow Isthmus touched by the water at Beaulieu and also at Villefranche. By crossing the Isthmus, which was a walk of about ten minutes, we were within a few yards of the ship anchored at Villefranche. In good weather Mrs. Franklin would come on board and breakfast and dine with me, and I would accompany her back to the hotel in the evening. The *Quinebaug* was with me at Villefranche at this time, and advantage was taken of so favorable an opportunity to exercise the crews of the two vessels, both in fleet tactics and in the landing of their crews for military exercises on shore; the French authorities having very kindly given us permission to land an armed force on their territory, a privilege not often granted by one foreign Government to another.

I had received an order, while at Villefranche, to send

the Naval Cadets of the Squadron to the United States, preparatory to their examination, which would take place in June. They had left for Havre, and were to take passage in the French steamer *Champagne*. My wife and I were taking breakfast one Sunday morning with Mr. Pollonais, the Mayor of Villefranche, when a despatch was slipped into my hand stating that a collision had taken place between the *Champagne* and another steamer, in which the latter had been sunk and the former so much injured as to render necessary her return to Havre. As my step-son, Cadet Dutton, was on board the *Champagne*, I knew that my wife's anxiety would be intense if she knew of this before she heard of the safe arrival of the *Champagne*. I therefore withheld the information contained in the despatch, thinking to gain further knowledge of the matter when I reached the ship. When I returned on board a despatch was placed in my hands from Mr. Dutton himself, announcing his safe return to Havre, and his intention to sail in another French steamer of the same line. My wife was made as happy by the last despatch as she would have been rendered miserable by the first. I learned afterwards that the American Naval Cadets were of great assistance to the Captain of the *Champagne* after the collision in quieting the fears of the passengers, in encouraging them to feel that there was no doubt that they would arrive safely in port.

Soon after the events which I have just related the Flag-ship went to Spezzia, where she was placed in the dry-dock and thoroughly overhauled. I went, accompanied by my wife, to the Bagni di Lucca, where I remained for several weeks. Lieutenant Staunton, my Flag-Lieutenant, and his wife were also of the party. We went to Pagnini's Hotel, where I had stayed nearly

forty years before. I had the curiosity to look at the register of the hotel, and there saw inscribed the names of some of my shipmates during my first cruise as a Passed Midshipman. These baths at this time were no longer of the importance as a place of summer resort that they had been during my first visit. At that time the Grand Duchess of Tuscany held her court here, and many persons were attracted by the gayety which that circumstance gave to the place. Since those days Italy has become a united country, and these Princes and their Principalities have all disappeared. I amused myself while here in taking the baths, not for medicinal purposes, but because they were pleasant and even luxurious.

Through this beautiful valley in which the baths are situated flow two small rivers, the Lima and the Serchio; their waters are clear and sparkling, and, as they are in sight from every quarter of the village, they impart to the whole place an air of freshness which produces a most pleasing effect. The Stauntons and ourselves occupied much of the time while we were here by making excursions on mule-back to the various points of interest about the baths. The mountains which surround this lovely valley are nearly all surmounted by little villages, resembling, more than anything else to which I can liken them, wasps' nests plastered about on the different points. They were probably first placed in these inaccessible positions from motives of safety, so that they could more easily be defended than in the valleys below. As a rule, all the occupants of these little towns were tillers of the soil. They would sally out each morning from their little nests on the tops of the hills, taking with them their agricultural implements, and after the day's work would drag them back again

and lock them up within the walls of their little cities. My impression is that this custom, which had obtained for centuries, has continued until a very recent date; but now that Italy is united, and peace reigns amongst its inhabitants throughout the length and breadth of the land, it would seem to be no longer necessary. In our excursions we visited many of these villages, almost always meeting with some object of interest, besides the view from them, which was always superb. There were, of course, the churches, with sometimes a history connected with them, which the priest in charge seemed always glad to relate to us. It was thus that we passed two or three weeks very pleasantly, when we went to Leghorn by way of Pisa, where we passed one night at a hotel placed close down on the banks of the Arno. I met here, at the *table d'hôte* dinner, Mr. Eugene Schuyler, our former Secretary of Legation in Russia, and we spent an interesting evening with Mrs. Schuyler and him; they were both cultivated people, and their presence there caused the short time of our stay to pass very agreeably. Mrs. Schuyler belonged to the well-known New York family of Kings. Mr. Schuyler had seen a good deal of the Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria, and wrote a most powerful *exposé* of them, which I think at the time was considered as having had some weight in bringing about the Russo-Turkish war.

We left Pisa the following day and went to Leghorn, where again we took up our quarters at the Grand Hotel. I found the Flag-ship there, and went on board and made my preparations for turning over the command to my successor. The 24th day of August was approaching, when by the operation of law I would be placed upon the retired list. My Flag-Lieutenant, Staunton, and I despatched our wives to Paris some days in

advance of our intended departure, in order that all the preliminary arrangements with the dressmakers and cloakmakers and bonnet people might be made before our arrival. My successor, Rear-Admiral Greer, arrived at Leghorn a day or two before the day upon which I was to be relieved. On the 24th, at noon, my flag was hauled down and saluted with thirteen guns, and that of Admiral Greer was hoisted and saluted with the same number. The officers and crew were all assembled on the quarter-deck. I read my orders detaching me as Commander-in-Chief of the United States Naval force on the European Station, and Admiral Greer read his, appointing him as my successor. I made a few remarks to the crew, shook the officers by the hand in bidding them farewell, when the parting Admiral and the coming Admiral went below and drank each other's health; and the function was at an end. Admiral Greer was duly installed, and I was free to go and come as I liked.

I passed the rest of the day on board, and did not leave the ship until about ten o'clock, when I went directly to the train. I gave to the new Admiral and his staff that night the last dinner-party that I was to have on board the *Pensacola*, at which everything passed off in the most agreeable manner. When it was time to go to the train the barge was manned, and Admiral Greer with his Staff-officer, and Lieutenant Staunton, my Flag-Lieutenant, and I got into the boat. It is contrary to the regulations for the crew to be ordered to cheer any officer upon his taking or relinquishing a command, but it seems almost impossible to prevent an involuntary impulse of the kind. On this occasion, as the barge shoved off from the ship, I observed an unusual commotion on board, and three hearty

cheers went up from the forecastle, which we returned from the barge; then all was quiet, and we sped away for the landing at Scala Reggia. When we reached there I bade my old barge's crew good-bye, when they, fifteen in all, stood up in the boat with their oars erect, the blades high over their heads, and gave me three rousing cheers. This last demonstration was most touching, for these hearty fellows had been rowing me about the waters of Europe for more than two years, and I felt very much attached to them. I then went to the train, where I found some of my Leghorn friends to speed me on my way. I kissed the hands of the ladies, and shook those of the men, and was off for Paris. Staunton and I took the night train, and reached our destination in due time the next day. I had never crossed the Alps before, and as I was now free from all the care and responsibility of my late command, I enjoyed to the fullest extent the grandeur of the scenery through which we passed.

We went to the Hôtel de l'Empire, and found ourselves very comfortably lodged in a central position in Paris. Our passage had been taken in the *Bourgogne* for New York, and in a few days we were on board of her on our way home. My friend Charley Marshall, who had been with me on board the *Pensacola* in the East, had since then been appointed by Mr. Hewitt, the Mayor of New York, as one of the Dock Commissioners. I had written to him, asking him, now that he was a Dock Commissioner, to appear upon one of his docks when our steamer arrived and help me through with my trunks. Marshall was the first man I saw, and he did render me very great service in facilitating the examination of my baggage.

CHAPTER XXXI

At Home in Washington—Admiral Raymond Rodgers—A Club Coterie—Patriotic Societies—The Memorial Society of Washington—Suggestions and Plans—International Marine Conference—The Delegates and their Work—Courtesies to their President—Notes of the Proceedings.

After our arrival in America we made a few visits to friends in the North, and then took up our abode in the City of Washington, where some years before I had built a small house, to serve as a sort of moorings after I had completed the active work of my profession. I resumed my old habits and went to the Metropolitan Club every afternoon for whist, and, with the other occupations that I found myself taking up, I learned that the retired list was not at all a place for simple lounging, and soon discovered that all my time was fully occupied, and that it was, chiefly, to be so in the future.

My most intimate friend and almost constant companion at this time, and even up to the day of his death, was Admiral Raymond Rodgers. I never in all my intercourse with men had so great an admiration for any one as I had for him; to this was added an affection which ripened from day to day into a friendship such as I had never formed with any other man. There was a long period of time during which not a day passed without our seeing each other. I had an attack of *la grippe* which confined me to the house for a fort-

night. Rodgers came to see me every day except the last, when I felt sure that there was something wrong. The first time that I went out of the house after my attack, I called immediately at his hotel and found him ill in bed. I continued my visits each day, and soon felt that my poor friend would probably never recover; and when I learned that his physician had given orders that no one but the members of his immediate family and I were to be permitted to see him, my worst fears were realized. He lingered but a few days after that, and then passed quietly away. Admiral Rodgers throughout his whole career had always been an ornament to the Service; in him were embodied all the finest traits which go to make up the highest type of the Naval officer. Taking him altogether, he was, in my opinion, the most complete all-around man that I have ever known in any walk of life.

Another of my intimate friends at this time was Kearney Warren. His sweet nature endeared him to every one who knew him. He and Rodgers and I would take long walks together, and the memories of those promenades rest with me as amongst the most pleasing recollections of those days. I would often dine with Mrs. Warren and him at their charming home, and I never shall forget how delightful those entertainments always were. The last few years of Kearney Warren's life were passed as an invalid, but owing to the tender care of his devoted wife his illness was almost painless, and his faculties up to the very last were as bright as ever. It was a melancholy satisfaction to me to have been selected as pall-bearer to these two friends, to whom I was so much attached during their lives, and for whose memories, now that they are gone, I cherish the fondest devotion.

Amongst the other fine fellows who figured at the Metropolitan Club in those days, of whom I was very fond, were Jérôme Bonaparte, Titian Coffey, David King, and Admiral Temple. They are all now dead. During their lifetime a number of us would assemble in a certain corner of the Club; every day, about eleven o'clock, Temple would occupy the same seat, and was tacitly acknowledged as Chairman or Head Centre of this little coterie. There is no subject under the sun that was not discussed there, and as those composing it were all men of the world, full of experiences of all kinds, what was said was not only instructive but interesting, and if it could have been collected into a volume might have been extremely entertaining.

Governor John Lee Carroll, one of my most intimate friends, although not a resident of Washington, passed most of his winters there. I saw a great deal of him in those days, and formed a very strong attachment for him and his interesting family. I have visited them at their country-seat, Dougheregan Manor, where hospitality is dispensed in the best Maryland style, and where American country life is seen in its very best form. When the signer of the Declaration of Independence said, "Write me down as Charles Carroll of Carrollton," he established for this family a motto and granted to it a patent of American nobility, both of which will endure as long as there is a United States of America. The Governor is still comparatively a young man, and I trust he has yet many good years before him.

Amongst the notable characters in Washington at the present time is Colonel James G. Berret, whom it gives me much pleasure to enumerate amongst my warmest friends. He is now about eighty-three years of age, and seems to me to be as full of youth as he was at sixty.

He has been in political life since the days of General Jackson, and has filled many positions of trust and responsibility during that interval. He was sent a few years ago to the Legislature of Maryland, and held then identically the same position which he had occupied fifty-five years before. He looks now as if he might live to be a hundred.

My habit is to go to the Metropolitan Club in the morning, where I get my exercise at pool for the day, and in the afternoon, for my recreation at whist. The most unique figure in our pool-party is General Van Vliet, and although he is upwards of eighty years of age he plays as well as any of us. Our party generally consists of five; its *personnel* changes from time to time, some disappear and others come along. Van Vliet, Admiral Greer, and I have been constant attendants for a number of years. The three that I have mentioned, and Mr. Lequer and Mr. Richardson, at the present time make up the five. Our whist-party has consisted of much the same men for a number of years. As it is now constituted, the members are Colonel Berret, Admiral Greer, Ex-Surgeon-General Grier, Judge Hillyer, and I. Now and then an outsider comes in, and there are times when we form two tables, but these that I have named can be relied upon to be at their posts every day during the winter, when the weather is suitable.

I have been thus explicit in mentioning the persons who figured in these games at the time I write, for if these reminiscences should ever be published, and some member of the Metropolitan Club of the future should happen to see them, it might not be uninteresting to him to know who the people were that did the same thing one hundred years ago that he was doing in his day,

and it might be still more interesting if he discovered that some one of them was his great-grandfather.

After my return from my last cruise I became a member of a number of societies of a patriotic character—such as the Society of the Sons of the Revolution, the Washington Monument Society, and the Memorial Society of the City of Washington. I was also chosen an honorary member of the Society of Foreign Wars. The Washington Monument Society seems to have outlived its usefulness, but it still holds meetings from time to time, generally for the purpose of electing new members to fill vacancies. During the lifetime of Dr. Toner it was his habit to entertain at luncheon a large number of well-known people every 22d of February. A formal meeting of the Society would be held on that anniversary, after which several hundred guests would appear and do honor to the occasion.

The object of the Memorial Society of the City of Washington is a very commendable one. Its purpose is to preserve and mark with tablets containing inscriptions any place or house which would be interesting as a landmark in history, and would serve to perpetuate the name and deeds of distinguished Americans. This Society is composed of a number of distinguished gentlemen. The President is Chief-Justice Fuller of the Supreme Court of the United States, and the Secretary is the Rev. Dr. Hamlin, pastor of the Church of the Covenant. Amongst the members are: Judge Hagner, Judge Bancroft Davis, Mr. Gardner Hubbard, Mr. Leiter, Mr. Myron Parker, and a number of other well-known men. I have made one or two suggestions to the Society which I hope some day will be carried out. I proposed that when the *Constitution*, *Hartford*, and *Kearsarge* were no longer utilized as ships of war they should be

brought to Washington and permanently moored at some convenient point of easy access to the public. These ships should, as nearly as possible, be equipped in the same manner and have the same batteries that they had when they fought their battles. Once in a good state of repair, it would be an easy matter to keep them so, and it would require but few men to take care of them. An entrance-fee of, say, a dime might defray all the necessary expenses of such an establishment, even if but a fraction of the tourists who visit Washington should go on board of them. At the time I made this suggestion the *Kearsarge*, which has been since lost, was still in existence. The other suggestion which I made was to have a tablet placed on the house now occupied by Mrs. Beale. On the H Street side of the house is now a blind door, which was formerly a real door; I proposed to have placed there a tablet containing an inscription which shall read somewhat as follows: "This house is the property of Mrs. Beale. It is a portion of the estate of the late General Beale, who was formerly an Officer of the Navy, and later United States Minister to Austria-Hungary during the Administration of General Grant. It was through this doorway that Commodore Decatur was carried when he was mortally wounded in a duel which he fought with Commodore Barron, from the effects of which he died soon afterwards. Decatur was one of the most gallant officers the Navy ever produced, and the burning of the *Philadelphia*, on the Barbary Coast, was pronounced by the great Admiral, Lord Nelson, the most daring act of the age." The only tablet which our Society has thus far placed is upon the house now used as the Cosmos Club, formerly the residence of Mrs. Madison, but it is in such a position that it is hardly legible from the

street. The energies of the Society have been hitherto centred upon getting Congress to make an appropriation for the purchase of the house in which Mr. Lincoln died. In this they have met with success, and it is now the property of the Society, or, at all events, under its control. It is to be hoped, now that this more important point has been carried, more attention will be given to those of minor consequence.

Early in the year 1889 the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Whitney, sent for me and informed me that he desired me to serve as one of the delegates to the International Marine Conference which was soon to assemble in Washington. Congress had passed an Act creating the Conference, and had invited all of the maritime nations of the world to send delegates to participate in its deliberations. By the end of September nearly all of them had gathered at Washington, ready for the discussion of the programme which this Government had prepared and proposed to lay before them. We all assembled at the Diplomatic Chamber of the Department of State, where we were met by the Secretary of State, Mr. Blaine, who made a brief but impressive address. Then, upon motion of Mr. Charles Hall, a Member of Parliament and the leading delegate from Great Britain, I was elected President of the Conference. We afterwards called in a body at the White House, and were presented to President Harrison. Lieutenant Cottman was chosen Secretary, and by his able management we were soon prepared to proceed to business. Our first meeting was held at the house of Mrs. Wallach, which was hired for the occasion, and we continued our sessions there for a few weeks, when it was thought advisable to move to Wormley's Hotel, the large hall of which we occupied throughout the rest of the Conference.

The "Rules of the Road" was the topic that occupied most of our attention, but there was hardly a maritime subject that did not come in for a share of our deliberations. The delegates from Great Britain at first declared their intention of taking part only in the consideration of the "Rules of the Road," but when they discovered that the delegates were almost, if not altogether, unanimously in favor of discussing the whole programme, they fell into line and continued with us to the end. When we were fully organized and in good working order, we found that we had a great deal of work before us, more than I had anticipated, and I fancy more by far than many of the delegates had contemplated. Instead of eating their Christmas dinners at home, as they had expected, when that day arrived they were a deliberative body on this side of the water.

The proceedings of this Conference were published by the Department of State in three large volumes, so I do not propose to refer much to them in the course of this narrative. Easy access can be had to them by any one interested in their contents. The leaders in the debate were Judge Goodrich, then an Admiralty lawyer, but since then elevated to the bench, and Mr. Charles Hall, then a Member of Parliament, now Sir Charles Hall. Others who participated were Dr. Sieveking and Captain Mensing, of Germany; Captain Richard, of France; Captain Sampson,* of our Navy; Mr. Carter, Minister from Hawaii; Rear-Admiral Bowden-Smith; Rear-Admiral

* Sampson served with me as Assistant Superintendent of the Naval Observatory when I was the Superintendent, and also as one of my fellow-delegates to the International Marine Conference. He now commands our fleet in Cuban waters, and is engaged in most important work, and I am confident that when he is heard from he will give an account of himself of which the country will be proud.

Sir George Nares; Mr. Flood, of Norway, and many more, but these I have mentioned were generally the talking delegates, though they were working members as well. They gave a great deal of information to their hearers, and were as intelligent a body of men, in my opinion, as ever discussed these important subjects. I have forgotten the exact number of the delegates, but it was somewhere in the neighborhood of seventy. Including myself, seven Admirals sat in the Conference: those from Great Britain were Sir George Nares, Bowden-Smith, and Molyneux; from Russia came Admiral Kaznakoff; from Austria-Hungary, Admiral Spaun; from Chili, Admiral Viel. Admiral Bowden-Smith said to me, "Admiral, you command more Admirals than any one whom I have ever known or read of"—he meant, of course, in a parliamentary way. Nothing could have been more harmonious than our proceedings; points of order seemed to adjust themselves, and the manner of the delegates towards each other was always characterized by the utmost urbanity and courtesy. Towards me, as their Presiding Officer, and, indeed, at all times, they evinced the most profound respect, and I feel sure that when we separated there was a mutual feeling of the kindest nature between the delegates and the President of the Conference.

There were some very handsome entertainments given during the stay of the delegates amongst us, but they left just before the gay season was at its height, so that in this respect they did not see Washington at its best. The Metropolitan Club extended to them its privileges, and they were in all respects treated with a consideration which I think they highly appreciated. They presented to me a handsomely bound Album containing cabinet-size pictures of themselves, which I prize very

highly as a memento of this gathering of most interesting men from all parts of the maritime world. The Department of State also did me the honor to present me with the chair from which I presided, together with the gavel I used on that occasion. The latter had written upon it suitable inscriptions explanatory of the event.

This seems to me to be an appropriate place for inserting into this narrative the few brief remarks which were made at the opening and closing of the Conference, which I quote from its protocol as follows:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., *Wednesday, October* 16, 1889.

"In response to the invitation extended by the President of the United States to all the maritime governments to be represented at an International Marine Conference to secure greater safety for life and property at sea, delegates from the following countries, Austria-Hungary, Belgium, China, Chili, Denmark, France, Germany, Great Britain, Guatemala, Honduras, Italy, Japan, Mexico, The Netherlands, Norway, Russia, Siam, Spain, Sweden, the United States of America, and Venezuela, assembled at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of October 16, 1889, in the diplomatic reception-room of the State Department.

"After the presentation of the delegates to the Secretary of State, the latter welcomed them in the following words:

"'*Gentlemen:* It is the cause of extreme gratification to the Government of the United States that its invitation to the maritime powers of the world has been met with so general a response. Representatives from Asia, from Europe, from North and South America, and from the Isles of the Sea, will compose the Conference. On

behalf of the United States I welcome you all, gentlemen, to the honorable, the scientific, the philanthropic duties which lie before you. The already and the rapidly increasing intercourse between continent and continent, between nation and nation, demands that every protection against the dangers of the sea, and every guard for the safety of human life, shall be provided.

"'The spoken languages of the world will continue to be many; but necessity commands that the unspoken language of the sea shall be one. That language must be as universal as the needs of man for commerce and intercourse with his fellow-man. The deep interest which the maritime nations have taken in the questions at issue is shown by the eminent character and the wide experience of the delegates to whom they have committed the important work. Again, gentlemen, I welcome you, and, after your preliminary organization is completed, it will be my pleasure to present you in person to the President of the United States.'

"The delegates having then assembled for permanent organization, Mr. Charles Hall, Q.C., M.P., one of the delegates from Great Britain, being granted the floor, nominated Rear-Admiral S. R. Franklin, one of the delegates from the United States of America, as permanent President of the Conference. This motion being seconded by several delegates, and voted upon in the affirmative unanimously, Rear-Admiral S. R. Franklin was declared elected to the Chair; in accepting which honor he addressed the Conference in the following words:

"'Before proceeding to the further organization of the Conference, I desire to express to the delegates my high appreciation of the distinguished honor they have conferred upon me in selecting me to preside over their deliberations.

"'The little experience which my profession affords in the parliamentary duties I am now called upon to perform encourages me to hope for the indulgence of the Conference in any errors of judgment I may commit.

"'I feel that it is needless for me to say that in any rulings or decisions which I may be called upon to make, I shall endeavor to be governed by a spirit of entire fairness, and I trust that my efforts will meet the approval of the Conference.

"'Thanking you, gentlemen, for the honor you have done me, I now declare the Conference ready for its further organization.'

"Mr. William W. Goodrich, a delegate for the United States of America, then moved that the Conference adjourn until eleven o'clock in the forenoon of Thursday, October 17, 1889, to meet at the Wallach House. This motion being voted upon and carried unanimously, the meeting was declared adjourned.

"The delegates were afterwards formally presented to the President of the United States; the latter, standing in the centre of the semicircle, spoke a few informal words of welcome, expressing his gratification that the Conference had assembled under such pleasant auspices. He expressed his deep personal interest in the result which might be anticipated, and, he trusted, attained, by the Conference, and hoped that the passage of the seas might be made as safe as it has been made rapid.

"The President, in conclusion, said that the object for which the Conference had assembled was one which would attract universal interest, and its attainment would be warmly welcomed by all nations. . . .

. . . . . .

"*Mr. Hall* (Great Britain). 'Mr. President, now that the labors of the Conference are concluded, I would ask

your permission to be allowed to move a resolution, which, I can assure you, is not a mere matter of form. I wish to move a proposition which I am sure will be accepted without a single dissenting voice in this room, for it is a resolution to tender a hearty and cordial vote of thanks to you, Mr. President, for your courteous, impartial, and able conduct in the chair.

"'Now, Mr. President, I believe that there is not recorded in history any Conference at which so many Powers have attended as that which has been under your direction for the space of nearly three months; and I am certain that in future years we shall all of us look back with pride and satisfaction to the fact that our proceedings have not been marred by a single unpleasant feeling, by a single angry thought or word. I would fain like to say, on behalf of my immediate colleagues, the delegates for Great Britain, that we have a very deep sense of the kindness and good feeling which we have received from all of our brother-delegates. We shall go away from here feeling that we have made many, many good friends, and with the firm belief and hope that we have not made a single enemy.

"'When I refer to the good feeling and harmony which have prevailed throughout, I desire to state that it is due not only to the delegates themselves, but it is due in no little degree to the calm, judicial, and unbiassed manner in which you have conducted our proceedings, Mr. President. Therefore, it is with very great pleasure and very great pride that I express, however imperfectly I have done so, our gratification and thanks to you for your conduct in the chair. Mr. President, I would fain say more, but there are occasions when words will not come to the lips of the speaker, and I therefore move formally that a cordial vote of thanks be tendered by

the Conference to its President, Rear-Admiral Samuel R. Franklin, for his courteous, impartial, and able conduct in the chair.'

"*The President.* 'I thank you, gentlemen, for the kind words which have just fallen from the learned first delegate for Great Britain. Any language which I can command would inadequately express the feelings which I have upon this occasion. If I have administered the duties of my office to the satisfaction of the delegates present, it is owing in a great measure to the kind courtesy which they have always displayed towards me, and to the courtesy which they have at all times extended to each other, even in the midst of the most heated debates. You have done your duty, gentlemen, with great ability, and with industry such as is rarely witnessed in a Conference of this kind. You have worked untiringly and unceasingly, day and night. Now the results of your labors will come before the world, and I trust they will be found most satisfactory, as I hope and believe they will. In wishing you good-bye and a Happy New Year, I trust that you will find the Atlantic smooth for your passage across, and that you will be received at home by your Governments with the credit which you all so well deserve.'

"The motion of the delegate from Great Britain tendering a vote of thanks to the President of the Conference was put to the Conference, after having been seconded, by Admiral Kaznakoff (Russia), and unanimously adopted."

The American delegates remained in session a month or two after the adjournment of the Conference, and then dispersed. The history of what occurred afterwards it is not my purpose to discuss; any one interested

can find it in the archives of the Department of State and the Treasury Department. I will state, however, that it was thought expedient to pass an Act of Congress which provided for calling together the American delegates as a sort of advisory board, for the purpose of reconciling differences which had arisen between the nations interested in the recommendations of the Marine Conference. However, to make a long story short, the President's proclamation with reference to the "Rules of the Road," after many delays, went into operation on July 1, 1897.

Upon the supposition that the American delegates might yet be called upon in reference to certain maritime matters, it has not been thought fit to adjourn that body *sine die*, so that after having been ten years on the retired list as a Rear-Admiral I still find myself in harness.

THE END

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